CONTACT

CLASSES
41-B
41-C

Published by the Flying Cadets . . . .

AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT
HEMET, CALIFORNIA

C O N T A C T

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CONTACT

Hemet

41B - 42D

Green Fate

PUBLISHED BY

FLYING CADETS OF

Classes 41B and 41C

RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS

Hemet, California

ON TO RANDOLPH!

DEDICATION

INJURIES SUSTAINED IN A TRAINING ACCIDENT IN THE VICINITY OF SEGUIN, TEXAS LAST WEEK RESULTED IN THE DEATH OF FLYING CADET FRANK D. OLIVER.

FRANK POSSESSED IN AMPLITUDE ALL OF THOSE QUALITIES THAT WE CONSIDER THE VITAL FOUNDATION OF OFFICERS - GENTLEMEN - AND FRIENDS. LOYALTY TO HIS CLASSMATES, TO HIS SUPERIORS, TO HIS COUNTRY AND TO HIS OWN HIGH CONCEPTS OF RIGHT LIVING WERE HIS MOST OUTSTANDING TRAITS.

THAT WE TODAY AND IN OUR TOMORROWS MAY BE REMINDED OF HIS CLEAR CODE, AND THAT WE MAY HONOR A BROTHER FLYING CADET, WE HUMBLY DEDICATE THESE FEW PAGES TO THE IDEALISM THAT WAS AND IS FRANK D. OLIVER.

The Editor.

Another newspaper is born!! Not just a newsheet - not just a magazine, but a voice predicated upon the single platform of making pages that live. If we can mirror in some measure the esprit of the Flying Cadet Corps, if through our pages we can depict and engrave the high code of our unit, that we may in years to come rewhet the bright keen edge of our youth, desire, ambition, striving, and sure patriotism -- then our efforts have been worth while.

To the all inclusive "Yes, Sir" of the Flying Cadet with its full meaning of the indomitable faith that all things can and will be done and done well, we humbly submit this, the first "Contact."

Editor

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HEADQUARTERS
AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT
HEMET, CALIFORNIA

August 25, 1940

GENERAL ORDERS)
:
NUMBER 1)

1. Under the provisions of Par. 7, AR-350-3500, and in compliance with Par. 30, Special Orders No. 183, War Department, dated August 5, 1940, the Air Corps Training Detachment, Hemet, California, is hereby formed and the undersigned assumes command thereof.

Lloyd P. Hopwood

LLOYD P. HOPWOOD
1st Lieut., Air Corps
Commanding

With this terse phraseology of military procedure, a new training detachment was formed. There was no blare of bugles - no bands played and no wealth of bunting was waving. Despite the lack of fanfare, fifteen flying cadets of Class 41-B moved from San Diego on September 8, 1940 and a new star in the rising constellation of the National Defense had been born. Thousands of dollars, hundreds of workmen, and acres of blue prints were all pointed towards that significant arrival. Another chain in the link of National Defense had been welded. From Hemet, each five weeks will go the embryonic military pilot in units sufficiently large to man one three squadron Group of fighting planes. The potential personnel to fly the military airplanes of thirty full squadrons will be trained each year in this school. Thirty squadrons are a ponderable force in this day of massed might and the training of the men of those squadrons becomes the sacred duty of all at this station, be they of the military or be they civilians, that our efforts may give their full measure of strength to America's growing air arm.

I congratulate Mr. T. Claude Ryan and his staff on their sincere and generous planning for the most effective training program possible. I state in all sincerity that I believe the expenditure of time, care, and money to be in excess of any motive of profit, and that it was predicated to no small extent on the deep sense of patriotism and loyalty to the cause of adequate National Defense.

I solemnly consecrate my time, loyalties, and effort to the single minded task of making men and pilots, that they may with honor wear the uniform of their Government -, keenly and competently able to bear their full share of weight in the defense of the American way of life, be it peace or war. I congratulate the Flying Cadets of this command on their ready acceptance of the challenge that is theirs. It is our wish that your silver wings may be the brighter for your duty in Hemet.

Lloyd P. Hopwood

LLOYD P. HOPWOOD
Captain, Air Corps

WILLIE, THE DODO

Now, this is the tale of a Dodo named Willie,
A likeable cuss, though a little bit silly,
He was built pretty well, though a little bit paunchy,
And looked (like all Dodoes) a little bit raunchy.

Now Willie got into the service to fly,
And having no fear, thought he'd give her a try -
No one had told him, so he didn't allow
For the fact that first you had to learn how.

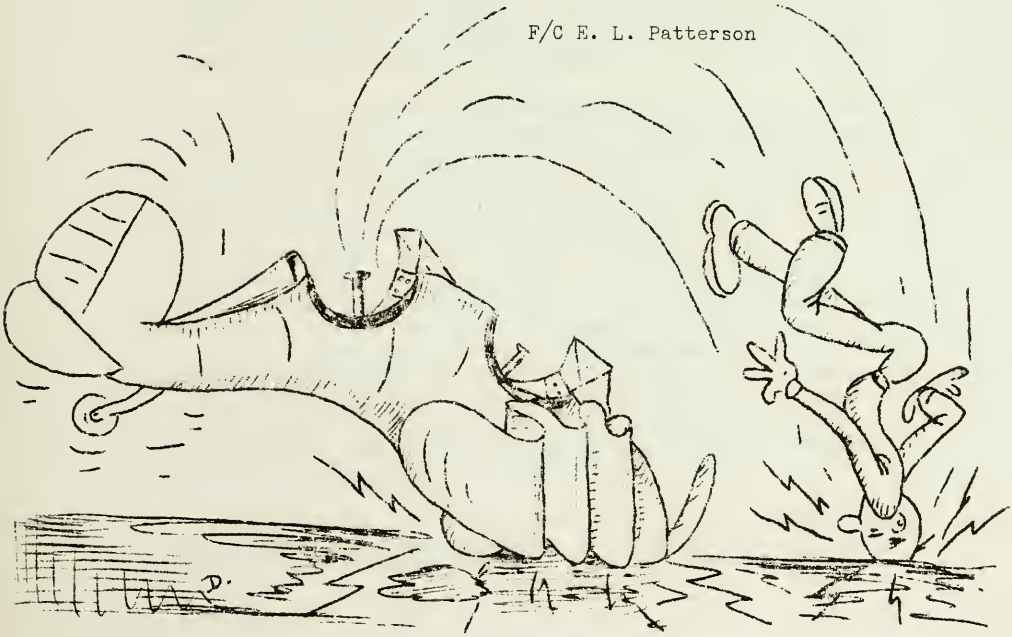
He climbed in a ship that was idling there,
And began to get ready to take to the air,
He acted as though he knew what was about,
So nobody there tried to make him get out.

The starter thought Will acted just like a Lieut.,
So he pulled out the blocks, and Will gave her the boot,
Nobody saw him get out on the field,
But soon down the runway ol' Willie had wheeled.

By some quirk of fate, the ship took to the air,
But when up forty feet, she decided to rare,
She went forward and sidewise, and then upside down,
And Willie the Dodo fell out on the ground.

Then all those around asked how come he weren't dead,
Will said "I'm a Dodo - I lit on my head,"
But,rubbing his pate, he said "Next time I fly,
I'm damned if I think I'll go up quite so high."

F/C E. L. Patterson



SAILS AND WINGS

By Flying Cadet W. F. Botterill

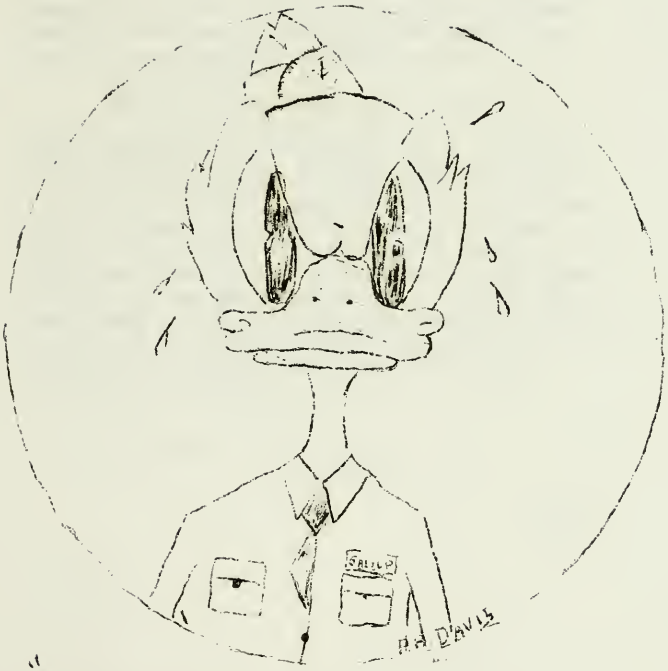
When reading the title of this article, you will no doubt wonder what the connection is between a sailboat and an airplane. You will also wonder just what this is doing in an air corps publication. In explanation and self defense, I will bring out a few of the similarities between an airplane and a sail boat. The boat I have in mind is one of the class known as Inland Lake Lee Board Scows. These are the fastest sail boats in the world; the largest of which sometimes attain a speed of over thirty-five miles an hour, in unusual wind conditions.

Both the airplane and sailboat operate on the theory of a curved surface in an air stream creating a vacuum. In the airplane this vacuum serves the purpose of overcoming the force of gravity while forward motion is achieved by the propellor. In the case of the sailboat the vacuum actually supplies most of the driving power, pulling the craft forward thru the water.

In the matter of design and construction there are still more similarities between the plane and sailboat. The more specialized racing boats such as scows must be as delicately balanced and carefully constructed as the airplane. Weight is of primary importance. Both must be as light as possible and still withstand the strains imposed on them. Of course there are more forces acting on an airplane, so the designing of the plane is more complicated than that of the sailboat, but a slight study of Naval Architecture will convince you that many complications arise in the designing of a sailboat.

When my instructor first turned the controls of the plane over to me, I was instantly struck by the similarity in handling an airplane and a sailboat. Of all man made conveyances, the sailboat and the airplane are the most animate. At times, I know the airplane has a mind of its own and its thoughts are just the opposite of mine. And from experience, I can tell you a sailboat is just as sensitive. A pilot must be a part of his plane, he must feel every movement of the ship as if his own body was going thru the motion, hence the expression "flying by the seat of your pants." That expression might be made nautical by saying a sailor must sail by the seat of his pants, because he must also feel his craft and be a part of it. Both sailing and flying require extreme alertness and perfect coordination in order to get the best performance from the plane or boat, whichever it may be.

In closing I will say that anyone who has ground looped one of their Stearmans and turned a Lee Board Scow over will know what I'm talking about when I say the two are alike!



"Step lively you RONCHY DuDas,"
Says Mr Gallup.

HEMET TRADITION

A necessary and integral part of every service organization is tradition. It is tradition that makes men proud of their outfit. It creates loyalty and respect and is a necessary component of any group which seeks efficiency.

Hemet Field is new and the establishment of a worthwhile and complete set of traditions has not yet been realized. However, it has already shown a definite individuality which forms an excellent foundation for a set of traditions which may well establish Hemet as the best primary training school in the country. It is up to the class of 41-C and those that follow to enlarge on this foundation - to establish new traditions and to conscientiously impress their importance on the successive incoming classes. Only by so doing will Hemet assume an enviable position as a superior primary outfit.

When we of the upperclass arrive at Randolph it will be with pride that we report "Hemet Detachment, all present sir." We will try to do our part to show the big school what to expect from Hemet men. It will be up to you, 41-C, to improve on us and to carry to your next station an attitude which will sparkle with efficiency and pride, and which will conclusively mark you as men who merit the silver wings and membership in the Air Corps Fraternity. You've got an excellent staff behind you, men, now let's not only set up tradition here, let's make Hemet a tradition.

Editor

Dont be a sissy Lieut:—
My ALTIMETER STILL SAYS 1500 feet.

CADET CAPTAIN'S VIEWPOINT

In graduating from Hemet, Class 41-B can look back on a short career in the Air Corps filled with a series of advantageous events. The prime factor influencing the trend of these happenings seems to be a little better than average attention from Lady Luck.

We feel lucky to have had, in Class 41-C, a group of "dodos" who quickly adapted themselves to the rapid and revolutionary changes necessary to a successful orientation in the accelerated program we have, and a class whose spontaneous and willing cooperation was evident from the start.

We feel fortunate to be the first class to graduate from Hemet in that our experience here in starting from scratch has been an invaluable one.

We are particularly fortunate in that we have been able to serve under a grand set of commanding officers in Captain McNaughton, Captain Hopwood, and Lieutenant Ford. Through the efforts of these officers, the consensus in 41-B predicts the greatest training center of the future West Coast Program to be located here at Hemet.

By Flying Cadet V. R. Ireland

Mr. Boelens leaves his writing ability to the authors of this class will - God knows they need it.

Mr. Willson wills his membership in the Southern California Chamber of Commerce to Mr. Christian. Perhaps we will hear less about Texas then.

Mr. Davis leaves his bowling prowess to Mr. Parsons.

Mr. Hall wills his bull-throwing to Mr. Frizzie.

Mr. Reading leaves his quiet, unassuming manner to Mr. Whiting.

Mr. Field leaves his self-confidence to Mr. Wertz.

Mr. Ireland wills his four stripes to Mr. Hopkins (Mr. Hopkins hopes).

Mr. Newman leaves his Sherlock Holmes' tendencies to Mr. Austin and associates in order that they might reciprocate with the next lowerclass.

Mr. O'Brien wills his illusions of finding dust in lamp shades to the next inspecting officers.

Mr. Hardegree leaves his usherette (or is it all his?) to the lowerclassman with a car who will lend it to him.

Mr. Benson will sell that picture of his girl to the highest bidder. And we think the bid will have to be plenty high.

Mr. Gallup wills his faculty for picking up women to Mr. Turk, although he doesn't seem to need it.

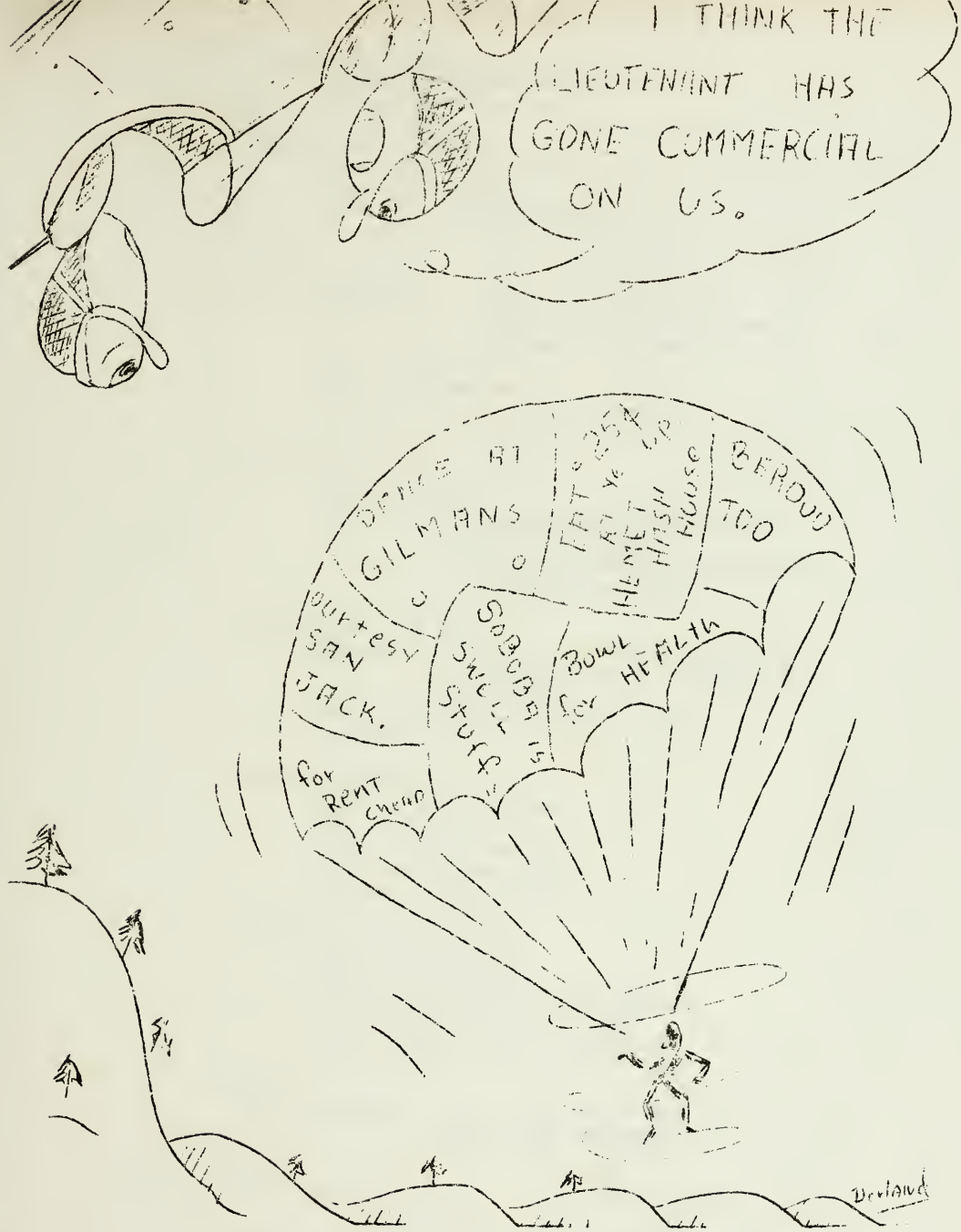
Mr. Birlem leaves his good disposition to Mr. Mullen.

Mr. Phinizy wills his liking to put lowerclassmen at mess "at rest" to Mr. Gillespie.

Mr. Halley leaves his flying ability to Mr. Nielsen.

By Flying Cadets:

J. A. Phillips
A. Vaughn


I THINK THE LIEUTENANT HAS GONE COMMERCIAL ON US.
DANCE AT GILMANS
EAT 25¢ AT YE UP HEMET HASH HOUSE
BEROUD TOO
Courtesy SAN JACK.
SOBOBA IS SWELL STUFF
BOWL for HEALTH
for RENT cheap
Derland

PIONEERING HEMET - By F/C Boelens

PREPARING TO LEAVE:
Crammed belongings in trunks.
Crammed trunks in cars.

LEAVING RYAN BARRACKS:
Date - Sept. 8, 1940.
Time - 11:00 AM
Route - Coast Highway #101.
Description - Caressing ocean breeze.

RYAN LEFT BEHIND:
Definitely - Turned east at Oceanside.
Desert Road - Appeared as if it were flung into the waste lands.
Heat - Imposing.
Air - Exhilirating.
Attitude of Group - Sub-hilarious.

ARRIVED AT HEMET:
Date - Sept. 8, 1940.
Time - 2:00 PM
Appearance - Pony Metropolis nestled in heart of the desert.
Both people constituting its population were out.

41-B MEETS AT THE POST:
Description of the post - Did it look like the beginning of a new post? NO, the finish.
General attitude - Dejected, glum.
Next move - IN.

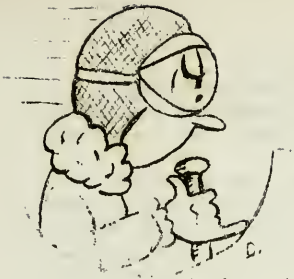
POST FACILITIES:
Lights - None for days.
Water - None
Later - The hot was cold.
Finally - Hot and cold.
Rec. Hall - Empty shell.

PROGRESS MADE ON THE POST:
Lights - That work.
Water - Hot and cold.
Rec. Hall - Furnished and complete.
41-C - Arrived Sept. 8, 1940.
From - Kansas, Texas, and Colo.

41-B:
Struggles - To leave this a better place than they found it.

41-C:
Characteristics - Talented and sincere.

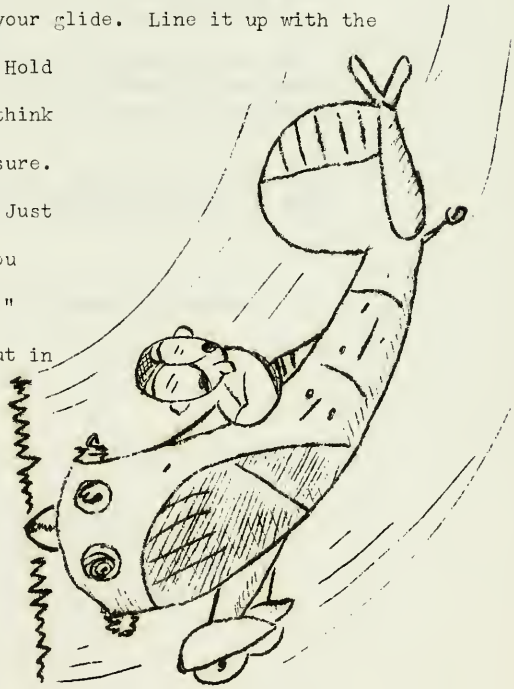
LAST BUT NOT LEAST:
Hemet A.C.T.L. - Piloted by Capt. Hopwood means that constant progress is inevitable.



"Gas on, ignition off - Contact! Release your brakes. Taxi out in S pattern. Keep your eye peeled for other planes. All right, this'll do. Throttle forward---steady. Bring your tail up. Now ease it back. Too steep a climb. Keep your nose just above the horizon. Loosen up on the stick---it isn't going to pop out. Keep your nose on the horizon, but don't climb mountains with it! Listen, mister, an enemy wouldn't have to kill you -- you'd do it yourself. All right now, we'll try a forced landing. You're gliding too fast! Pick a spot, mister, you're losing altitude. What are you trying to do, straddle a fence or widen that irrigation ditch? My God! My wild-eyed cadet! Now head her back to the field. Get into the pattern, boy, get into the pattern. Shades of Eddie Rickenbacker ---who's flying what pattern? Keep your nose down, you're gaining altitude. Cut the throttle. You're gliding too fast. Now a ninety degree turn. Break your glide. Break your glide. Line it up with the field. Wings level. Now hold it off. Hold it off. Easy. Easy. Good lord, d'ya think you're playing hopscotch? Ye-a-a-a-h, sure. You showed a lot of improvement today. Just keep at it, boy, and pretty soon even you can't keep the plane from flying itself."

All right, folks, Dodos to you. But in time---Eagles for Uncle Sam!

By F/C David F. McCartney



HEMET'S ATHLETES

Sports celebrities are not taking a back seat to the more cultured of the Hemet flying cadet dignitaries according to the past records set by a few of the 41-B and C athletes.

Probably most noticeable at the wrong end of the height line of the second platoon which brands him as the smallest man in the company, Mister Brezina of Colorado Agriculture College, a mere five feet-four inches in height, packs a load of dynamite in both his fists and is said to have floored over fifty of his intercollegiate pugilistic opponents.

Of National note, Curly Hendricks another Coloradan from the University of Colorado was an official member of the All-American basketball team. Hendricks was high scorer in the national cage tournament in Madison Square Garden which was captured by his quintet. Standing only a mere six feet, Hendricks moved amongst the giant basketballers and hit the hoop with the accuracy of a new bomb sight. He earned from the metropolitan sports writers the name of an uncanny ball hawk and was an unanimous choice to the coveted squad roster.

Red Gillespie is another member of a small Kansas school who eaked out some national prominence by his superior play on the gridiron and facility with which he handled his manual appendages in the squared circle.

The Porters have turned their athletic talents in different directions with C. F. sticking to the heavy ball and the bowling hardwood and C. R., the Kansas stringbean, taking the bouncing ball and applying his prowess to the maplewood of the basketball court.

Topkick, Charlie Gallup, cavorted the green sod of the San Diego ball park in a Marine grid uniform and was known to lay more than one opponent low in true leatherneck style from his blocking back position.

So you D.O.A.R., don't think that the physical has been neglected in getting our preliminary training apprehensive of our days in the Air Corps.

By F/C Keith G. Birlem

TAKE-OFF ON LOWERCLASS CUSTOMS:

The High Committee of Dodos, sitting in Emergency Rat Session, hereby submit Seven Customs by which all Dodos henceforth will govern their actions. (The term Dodos is broadly interpreted to include all those who are simply dumb, slap-happy from flying beams, paralyzed by sitting "At Ease" in the Mess Hall, or "popping to" for reasons too complicated for their understanding.)

I. The first lowerclass custom is as follows: (The preceding expression will be omitted in prefacing the remaining customs.) Lowerclassmen will use the expression "What's the use, Sir?" in explaining a delinquency for the commission of which they are too dodoish to have been responsible.

II. Lowerclassmen will address upperclassmen only when they have to. This custom is construed to be one to satisfy the Dodo's endless desire to "flap the lip" (apologies to Mr. Gallup for plagiarizing the foregoing expression).

III. Lowerclassmen will walk in a military manner at all times. However, lowerclassmen mentally or physically disabled will be excused from this duty. Hence, this custom, in effect, is null and void, since all Dodos are mentally deranged. (Editorial Note: Traditional)

IV. Lowerclassmen will sit "At Ease" in the Mess Hall. Nevertheless, any Dodo who declares that he really feels "At Ease" shall be judged a prevaricator and thereafter known as a Buzzard.

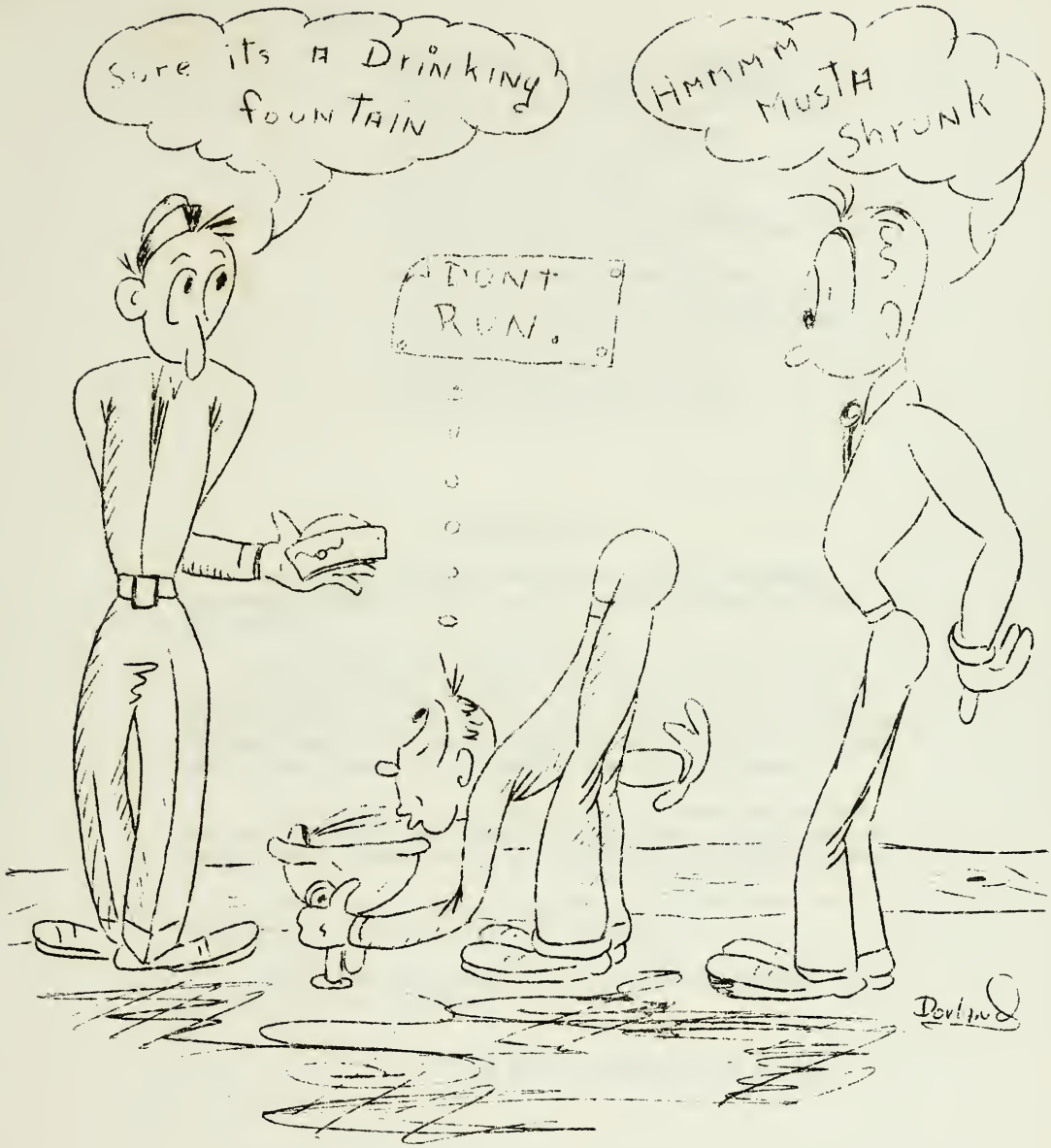
V. Lowerclassmen will salute the Flying Cadet Officer of the Day when and if they learn how to salute. Otherwise, lowerclassmen will merely raise their caps, bow, and grin pleasantly.

VI. Lowerclassmen will wear goggles around their necks until they hang themselves.

VII. Lowerclassmen, when leaving their rooms will be in proper uniform at all times, except when going to take a shower or when just "going". In these instances, robes, pajamas, or BVD's are acceptable. However, if BVD's are worn, the Dodo will also wear a top silk hat to enable him to maintain a proper level of dignity.

By Flying Cadets:

Robert H. Austin
Victor H. Kerr
David F. McCartney
Oscar L. Wertz


Sure its a Drinking fountain
Hmmmm Musta Shrunk
DONT RUN.
Dorland

Best:-

bunk flyer of 41-C Class - Templin
in out of step marching - Sheridan
in getting "down in the dumps" - Jaegli
in shooting the bull - McComas
in bragging it up - Turk
in hopscotch - Parsons
in pounding the ivories - Vaugn
in tipping up a few beers - Whiting
in knowing it all - Stewart
in cussing upper classmen - Wyman
in last to fall in line - Eakins
in messing a platoon movement - McKeown
in "popping to" - Betterill
in rooting for Texas - Griffin
in being really serious - Boone
in retaking exams - Pearson

ENJOYED BY ALL

On Friday, Sept. 27, the class of 41-C furnished an evenings entertainment for the American Legion Post of San Jacinto.

Much talent was displayed among the lower class as they presented "Sissy Football", a comical skit built around the well known tune of "Solamon Levi." Members of the team included Rumpf, Gillespie, Templin, Porter, Griffin, Whiting, White, Kerr, Boone, Turk, and Poe who acted as coach.

Mr. Phillips and Mr. Boone sang a number written by Mr. Davis of Class 41-C entitled "Sweetheart of the Army Air Corps," which turned out to be the "hit" song of the program.

Seven lower classmen sang "Stout Hearted Men" and "The Eyes of Texas" to close the program.

Mr. Vaugn was accompanist of the entire program and Mr. Poe acted as master of ceremonies.

By Flying Cadet Charles E. Poe

THE MIRACLE OF HEMET

Hemet Field was begun by the simple mixture of an idea and initiative. The real story behind the transformation of a barley field into a spot of beauty is beyond us mere cadets, but the privelege of enjoying and appreciating what is here for the asking is not denied us.

There are only rumors that tell us that someone envisioned a flying field out there off the highway where the stubble baked in the hot summer sun, but when we compare our oasis with the surrounding country we are sure that this vision was prodded by a good imagination.

The first cadet arrived exactly twenty-eight days after the first spade was sunk into the new airdrome. What he saw was the miracle of Hemet in operation. Workmen were moving about in droves with busy hammers, wrenches, paint brushes, and caterpiller tractors. By the time the last tardy "Dodo" had parked his straw suitcase, the procession of workmen had dwindled and the finishing touches were being applied. Hemet was an actuality.

By F/C Keith G. Birlem

HEMET VERSATILITY

Amongst the average list of intelligencia nurtured by collegiate engineering degrees, Hemet also may lay claim to students proficient in Classics, Music, Arts, Letters, Medicine, and other Majors that probably give the Air Corps Personnel one of the most versatile backgrounds of the Army.

The lowerclass boasts three students of medicine, five prospective barristers, a Thespian, an architect, three pedagogues, a student of dentistry, a geologist, and a pick and shovel artist of the W. P. A.

Mister White conducted an institution of learning amidst the Kansas cornfields, but informs your correspondent that he prefers the brow-beating of an upperclassman to the parental complaints prevalent in his abecedarian domain.

"Meadows" Mc Comas has, in four years of diligent study at Kansas University, earned himself a scholorship in one of the Ivy Colleges of Law, but finds the droan of a P.T. more delightful to the ear than the bailiffs gavel.

"Ivory" Vaugn not only has several musical compositions to his credit, but has swung the baton before a symphony orchestra of over a hundred pieces.

These three men are a cross section of those not bothered by the jibe of "D.O.A.R.", which cannot be said for Hemet's large representation of engineers including Phinizy, and Cannon with a Master and a Bachelors degree in Aeronautical Engineering. Rotolante, Hendricks, Ireland, Boelens, and Willson are a few more that earn the DOAR title after each ground school examination.

Maybe the Captain has gone a trifle too far with this "Safety Precautions" stuff - huh?

HEARD IN PASSING

Gallup: "Pop to!!, back in your ship, pop to!!, back in your ship." "Raunchy, Raunchy."

O'Brien: "I'm proud of the second platoon. I knew they had it in 'em."

Ireland: "Any announcements Mr. Benson?"

Benson: "Get your laundry after breakfast."

Poe: "Did you ever see me do the 'duckwalk'?"

Birlem: "What's the best state in the U.S.?"

Halley: "Who's the 'hottest' pilot, and why am I?"

Whiting: "Yes Sir, I'm from Kansas and proud of it."

Jaegli: "Boy, you should have heard my instructor when I landed the ship 10 ft. off the ground."

Halley and O'Brien: "When the Class of 41-B found out we made a 'B' on our final stage check, well - I-I-we saw red and we do mean RED!!"

Class 41-B: "Texas, here we come." -- POOR TEXAS

McComas: "On my first landing you couldn't tell when my wheels touched the ground -- they weren't there long enough."

Wertz: "They told me to 'bracket' my landing, but I couldn't -- I hit the line every time."

By Flying Cadet T. D. White

DID YOU EVER SEE

A good landing with a "Dodo" at the controls?

A "Dodo" do something right and not brag about it for a week afterwards?

An upper classman get up on time?

The word "Raunchy" in a dictionary?

A "Dodo" do anything right?

A room that was cleaned to the complete satisfaction of the inspecting officers?

An upper classman hunt for "Rats" in a poor "Dodo's" bed? Well, I have.

HARDEGREE GALLUP around the FIELDS of IRELAND with O'BRIEN?

By Flying Cadet Thomas D. White

A PLAINSMAN HORIZON IS NOUGHT IN THE LAND OF RAMONA

A veritable paradise for a Dodo's sight for level flight is -- on the slow rolling plains of the Middle West where the sky softly meets the land in one unbroken level line -------.

But here, alas, in the beautiful mountainous ranges of Southern California, the "clod-trotting" Dodo is in the midst of "ups and downs" as he invaribly attempts to follow the sky-line as it chases up and down the mountain sides ----------.

By Flying Cadet Victor A. Gillespie

IT CAN HAPPEN HERE (ATTENTION 2nd PLATOON)

This story is proof that the day of miricles is not a thing of the past. It concerns the Second Platoon of the dodo class of 41-C. Soon after the arrival of the fledgings there was the matter of dividing the wistful looking neophites into a First and Second Platoon. To do the thing fairly the group was lined up at random and divided into platoons. The group on the left became known as the Second Platoon. The raunchiest bunch of dodo's this side of the Rockies. (As has been said of every class that ever entered the air corps.)

When asked of previous military training, three eager hands popped up. One had been a Boy Scout and the other two had seen a parade of soldiers on Armistice Day.

The Second Platoon starts from scratch!

"Second Platoon - Attention!" McKeown, Warren, and a few other boys from Kansas with the corn silk still in their hair, thought "attention" meant that someone was going to make a speach. "Right Face! Brezina, which is your right hand?" One of the requirements of the entrance examination should be that all applicants know their right from their left hand.

Time marches on! The First Platoon shows up the Second Platoon at every formation. The awkward squad is invariably composed of the Second Platoon.

Comes the day of Platoon Competition, judged by the Commanding Officers, and the Second Platoon wins. The First Platoon said we didn't have a chance. Hats off to you boys, I knew you could do it. (But confidentially, the man who saved the day for you was the man in the First Platoon that was out of step. Three guesses McComas.)

By F/C Forrest S. O'Brien

A DODO'S THOUGHTS

It was a blistering hot day in August when I received a telegram from the War Department that was to change the entire course and outlook of my life.

"Report immediately to the nearest Army Recruiting Station to be sworn in as a Flying Cadet in the United States Army for appointment to Air Corps Training Detachment, Ryan School of Aeronautics, Hemet, California."

Suddenly life held new interests for me. At last I was to become a Flying Cadet. I could see myself a few months later returning to my home in a snappy Army pursuit plane, diving over my home to announce my arrival. Wouldn't my family be proud? Mother would run into the yard and say, "Look dad, that's our boy." What a happy one I would be to walk down the main streets displaying my snappy new uniform with the gold bar on my shoulder. The fellows would sure be jealous. And the girls, well I'd have to carry a club for protection.

My mind quickly turned from the sublime to thoughts of army life. Would it be like the army life I had seen? Would we have to live in tents? What would the food be like? Would we eat out of tin plates we had to wash ourselves? Would we have to do much marching? I had heard that was about all that primary training consisted of. I wondered if we would ever get open post to go into town and maybe have a date. Gosh, I wonder if I will like it?

I quickly brushed these thoughts aside by, "It wont be that at all. It will be swell. I'll like it I know. It'll be just like a glorified vacation trip."

Well, those were the thoughts I had before my arrival at Hemet. Naturally fate pulled its commonest trick. The real "McCoy" was nothing like my thoughts had pictured it. It is neither tough nor is it sublime. But, and you may quote me, I wouldn't exchange my position for that of any civilian, regardless of position. The life of the Flying Cadet is the life for me.

By F/C Noble L. Whiting

"ON TO RANDOLPH"

CONTACT

CLASSES
41-C
41-D

Published by the Flying Cadets . . . .

AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT
HEMET, CALIFORNIA

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PUBLISHED BY

FLYING CADETS OF

Classes 41C and 41D

RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS

Hemet, California

It is not my purpose to emulate the writings now so current in other magazines and newspapers. I have no facts on which to base a treatise on strategy or tactics. I know only what I read of the insidious Fifth Column.

Your nation has seen fit to create a strong national defense. That fact alone has sponsored your unit here in Hemet. That this unit may serve its function fully--that other units may grow--that America's skies and shores be forever inviolate, I propose another column and I name it the Fifty Thousanth Column.

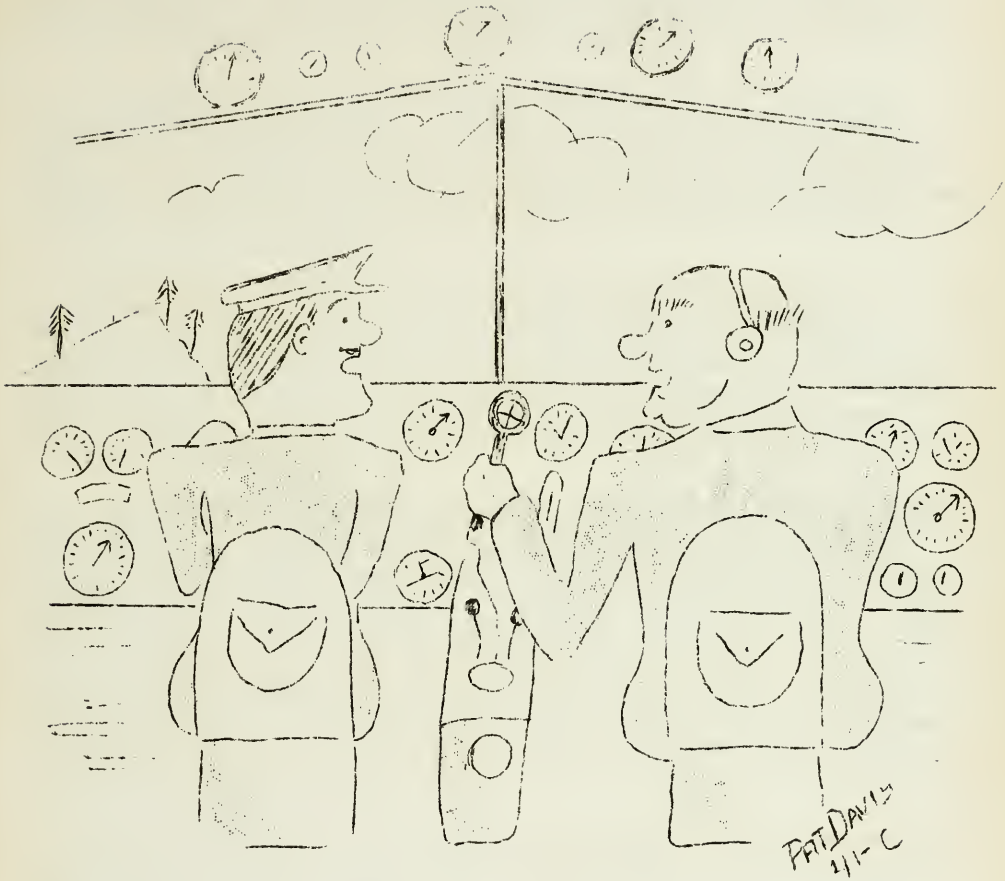
Let it be the goal of all Flying Cadets and all citizens to aspire to charter membership in this organization through the act of expanding the column of men waiting to become Flying Cadets until, each year, the fifty thousandth man has joined the line.

Emotional drivle? Perhaps. Still, in essence it throws to me as a member of the Air Corps and to you as members of the Air Corps a strict responsibility. You have seen football teams defeated because of the weakness of one man. You have seen big men, smart men, and fast men spending their football seasons on the bench because of a weakness when the going gets tough. There are no benches in the Air Corps. Each team must be first string and All-American, come blue skies or cloudy ones, come peace or war.

No one group in America is more competent to select that big team than the Flying Cadets. God willing it may never go beyond the practice field, but it must be ready mentally, morally, and intestinally to take the American field and represent our way of life if the schedule is so drawn. You know the candidates--you lived played and fought with them yesterday. Line 'em up today that your tomorrows and America's tomorrows may be secure.

Lloyd P. Hopwood

LLOYD P. HOPWOOD
Captain, Air Corps
Commanding



"IT MUST BE RAINING IN CALIFORNIA EVERY TIME I ASK FOR THE WEATHER REPORT THEY CHANGE THE SUBJECT !"

HISTORY OF RANDOLPH FIELD

The Air Corps Training Center gained its start by Paragraph #1, War Department General Orders Number 18, dated August 16, 1926. On September 1st of that year, its first Commanding Officer, Brig. General Frank P. Lahm, established his headquarters at Duncan Field, near San Antonio, Texas. Up to this time, so far as can be determined, Randolph Field as it exists today was little more than the dream of a few pioneers.

The first intimation that a new field was to be built at San Antonio came when Major General Mason L. Patrick, Chief of the Air Corps; Major Ralph Royce, commanding Brooks Field, and Colonel C. C. Culver, commanding Kelly Field, recommended the concentration of all Primary Training at San Antonio. The location was decided upon because it is almost equi-distant from the East and West Coasts and climatic conditions are suitable for flying throughout the entire year.

The first Congressional action was taken in February 1927, when Congressman Frank W. James of the House Military Affairs Committee, submitted the Third Army Housing Bill to the 69th Congress. This carried an appropriation of $1,876,000 to be used for housing the personnel of a new Air Field at San Antonio. This was approved by the House, but met objection from the Senate on the grounds that no such appropriation should be made until the Federal Government could be assured of acquiring sufficient land for such a project.

The next step was taken by General Lahm who advised the Military Affairs Committee of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce of the situation and urged this body to take the necessary action toward providing about 2,000 acres suitable for the purpose. Many possible sites were inspected by an engineer representing the Chamber of Commerce and then by a Committee of the Air Corps Training Center. It was originally hoped that the new field could be established within a radius of five to ten miles from San Antonio, but sites in this area failed to possess all the qualifications necessary. In October 1927, a Board of Officers was therefore appointed by General Lahm, with instructions to select a site within thirty miles of San Antonio. On November 3, 1927, the present site which is on the South of Houston highway between Schertz and Converse was visited by the Board and was eventually decided upon as the most favorable location.

After continued negotiations this land consisting of 2,300 acres of mesquite, cacti, timber and farm land (seventeen farm homes had to be removed) was secured at a cost of $546,000 and was officially offered to the United States Government on December 31, 1927. A Deed of Session from the State of Texas was executed by Governor Dan Moody on August 4, 1928.

Randolph Field was named in memory of Captain William Randolph, Air Corps, who was killed in a take-off from Gorman, Texas, on his way back to his home station, Kelly Field. General James E. Fechet, Chief of the Air Corps, recommended that the new Field be given the name of Randolph in April, 1928. On October 17th of that year the War Department approved it.

And now we come to the actual construction of a project of such gigantic proportions as to rank it second only to the Panama Canal in the infinite list of successful undertakings which we may proudly attribute our Army. The first work was begun on October 11, 1928, and was under the direct and capable supervision of Captain Arthur B. Parker, Constructing Quartermaster and his staff.

After the tract was thoroughly cleared of all timber, mesquite, cacti, buildings, fences and other obstructions, a well was started on October 31, 1928, and was driven to a depth of 700 feet reaching to the Edward's limestone. San Antonio receives its water supply from this same strata, but since Randolph Field is somewhat higher its supply must be pumped. Originally, nine wells were sunk on the field but at present only five are serviceable. Only three are in operation at any one time, giving a combined output of 1,725 gallons per minute.

The first bids were let on the field October 9, 1929 for the construction of two warehouses and six barracks. From this point forward progress was rapid since, on July 1, 1929, a total of $8,000,000 had been made available. At present there are 371 buildings on the field. Of these 174 are Officers' Quarters, and 163 are duplex sets for Non-Commissioned Officers and their families. The remainder consists of administrative buildings, recreational buildings, hangars, shops, school buildings and Bachelor Officers' Quarters.

On June 20, 1930, the official dedication of Randolph Field was held. Construction was only half done at that time. The ceremonies were opened with a speech by Colonel L. B. Tuttle on the history of Randolph. This was followed by a speech from Major General James E. Fechet, Chief of the Air Corps, and the program was ended by an Aerial Review.

By the fall of 1931 the construction was practically completed at a total cost exclusive of equipment, supplies, aircraft, etc., of between $10,000,000 and $11,000,000.

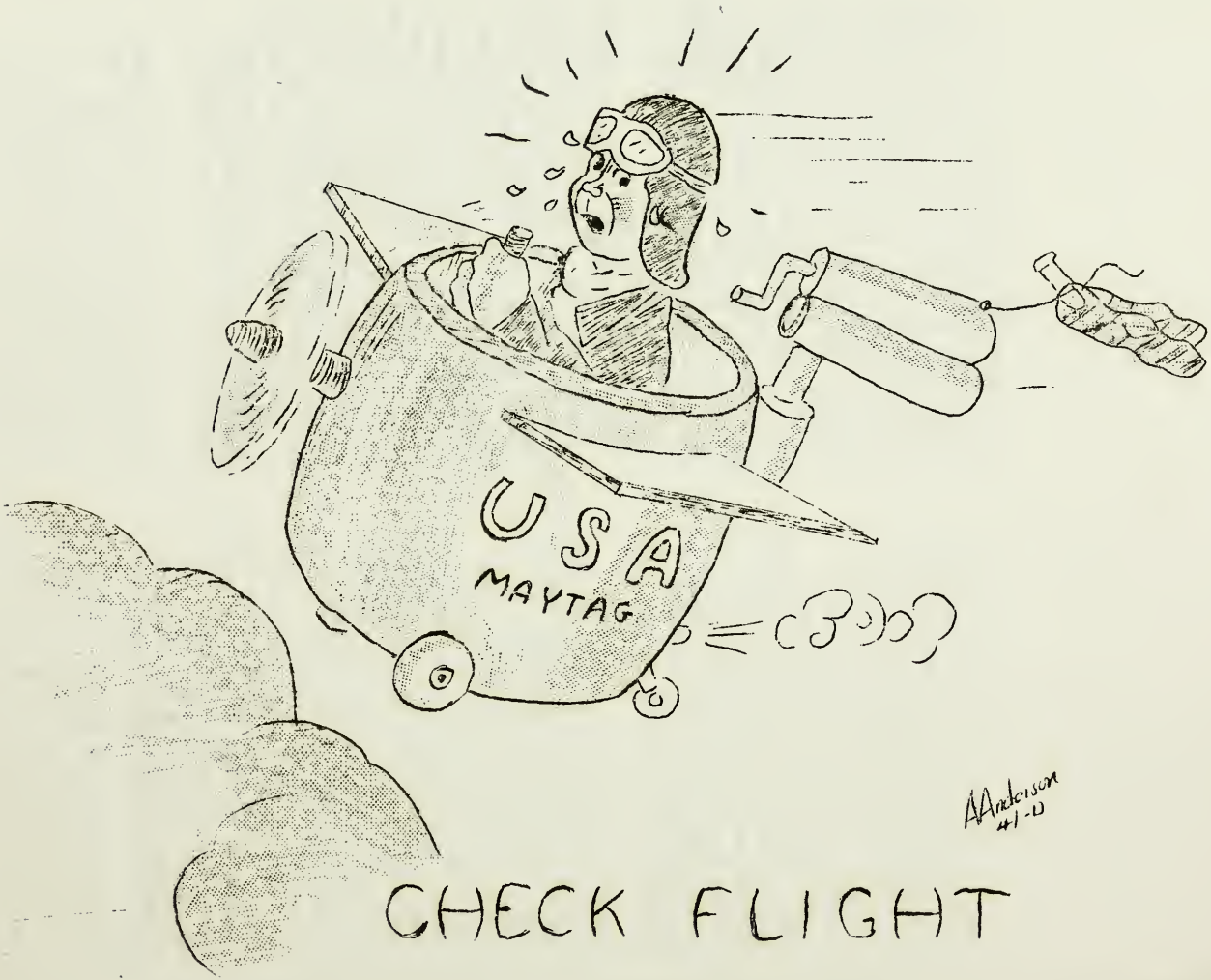
In October of 1931 the Dodos in training at March Field learned the amazing news that they were to receive their basic training at the "West Point of the Air" and that a goodly number were to go by air flying their own trusty PT-3's. That they all arrived intact is one of the unwritten eulogies to the Air Corps Training Course, for flying a couple hundred, seventy-mile-an-hour planes with two hundred mile range over the badlands abounding in the southwest was no small feat.

But that cavalcade keynoted Randolph. Since then it has seen a continuous story of progress and expansion until today it looks back at the time when it was to have been the training center to end all training problems and finds twelve thousand men a year getting their primary training

elsewhere. It finds half of the basic training going on at Moffitt and Maxwell Fields, advanced flying at Stockton, Kelly, and Brooks Fields, and many other specialized combat schools springing up throughout the nation.

But Randolph has grown also. Today four three-story, modern barracks buildings house up to a capacity of one thousand flying cadets. A large mess hall, administration and recreation building holds the center of the area. Fronting the Flying Cadet area is a modern two-story Academic Building. A swimming pool, tennis courts, baseball diamonds, and basketball courts flank the area and a small city of three hundred officers and three thousand men keep the wheels turning that the Air Corps may have its pilots.

LLOYD P. WOODD,
Captain, Air Corps
Commanding



CHECK FLIGHT

CHECK EIGHT

A flying cadet is a species of homo sapiens in a class by himself. However, when viewed from the tired eyes of almost any instructor, he can be segregated into several categories, some of which are as follows:

The Excitable Student: Comes late to flying period every day--dashes madly out to waiting ship and puts foot through wing while climbing in. Forgets to set brakes while checking mags, causing line mechanics to scatter. Ground lops while taxying out to runway. Pushes wobble pump handle forward and wonders why plane won't take off. Is violently startled when given a forced landing--trembles as though he had palsy and ends up down wind toward only tree in fifteen miles. Nods head vigorously when spoken to. Jerks stick hastily if he sees another plane within two miles. Taxies into gas truck when returning to line--jumps from cockpit with gossport still attached and dangles by the ears--counts to three and pulls rip cord -----

Mother's Boy: Shows up on the line with rosy cheeks, fresh-scrubbed ears, shoes untied and helmet on backwards--goggles are generally upside down and strap twisted--ten minutes per day is lost in getting him dressed again. Always responds with a quick "Yes, please" when spoken to, followed with a demure curtsy. Must be led by the hand to ship to keep him from wandering into propellers. Must be helped into cockpit and have safety-belt adjusted and tucked in by line mechanic. Must be told to release the parking brake and put goggles down. Pouts if spoken to harshly, and hides out of sight of mirror to sulk the remainder of period. Initiative and aggressiveness comparable to that of a WPA workman. Thinks flight instructors are mean, nasty men, and wishes mother were here to tell them so.

Exhibitionist: Has a voice like a fog horn, and begins every sentence with "Boy!! Was I hot today---" Favorite occupation when not flying is to swagger back and forth between hangars and "ad" building in full flying regalia (including trailing scarf) to impress gaping civilians with his aeronautical prowess. Loves to spend ten minutes checking mags at full throttle. Condescends to wave to everyone when taxying out to runway, and holds up traffic while parked cars admire his airplane. Enjoys being cut out on approach because it gives him a chance to roar across the field at full throttle. Is hasty to criticize anyone's flying and sneers at all dodos. Very seldom dies of natural causes and never lives to enjoy old age.

The Alibi Artist: I din't know there was a cross wind--the sock wasn't working. It wasn't my fault--the guy in front of me made his base leg too wide: I couldn't hear you--the gossport wasn't working: The altimeter must have been wrong: I thought you said lazy eights, not pylon eights: The rudder must have been sticking--I pushed hard with both feet and nothing happened: Sir, wasn't the air rough today???? Oh, I thought the yellow flag meant to land: Sure, I saw the airliner, but I had the right of way: But Sir, I thought you meant three hours all at one time:--- Who, Me????

IMPRESSIONS FROM --
THE UNUSED CONVOLUTIONS ....

Another stage. Boy! I'm going to show them a swell one today. Maybe I can join the "B Club". I wonder what's the best w ay of getting that mercurochrome off. Hope they don't ----

Gee! I better get going here. Wonder what those instructos thought I was waiting for. Oh, well; I'm on my toes now. Glad I'm not nervous. Better put my flaps up. Oh, oh ... they're already up. That's right, I just took off. Gotta make a good pattern. Wish that guy up ahead would step on it. What's wrong here? 2200RPM! It might help if I would pull the throttle back.

Let's see now .. everything's going OK. Right altitude? Yep. Right RPM? Yep. Should be straight in line with those roads, though. Ah, that's better. .. I see they haven't changed the Tee. Wonder if the wind has shifted.

Well, it's about time to cut the gun..no..yep, there. Boy, this is going to be good. Make my first turn a round that cow, then base leg right toward that woodpile. Looks a little high from here. Better slow down this glide. Whoops, steady there. Must be too slow no.. the wings are shaking. Gee! , watch her settle. I'm drifting too. Darn it, I'm going to be short. Glide, baby - GLIDE .. don't let me down now. Hold her off .. hold her OFF!! ..oh, oh, wheel landing! Bet my instructor is cussing. Well, I'll show him a good one next time. These other guys can do it -- so can I, by gum!

How's my pattern? Left wing's low. Wonder who that is ahead of me? Must be a 20, he's 200 feet too high .. or am I too low?

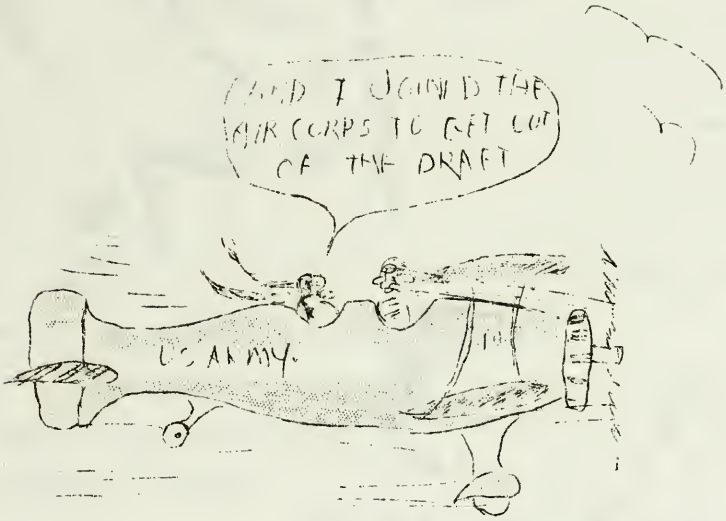
Let's see, now, cut the gun, around this cow, inside the woodpile this time -- gotta overshoot just a little. Here she goes. Pretty close. Get that stick clear back this time. Bring her in. OOoph, gosh, what a bounce! Stalled her in. Come on, snap out of it kid. You can do better than that. Gotta do better than that .. Gotta get to Randolph! Gee, won't that be great! I'd like to be in a BT-9 right now.

Where in the heck is that guy going? Maybe he's out of traffic. They wouldn't have the pattern clear over the ocean. No, guess I better turn. Hope I'm right. Would hate to cut anybody out. Now, where's my cow? There she is. Good old BOSSY. Same approach as last time .. that was pretty close. Better landing though .. I hope. Gosh, this looks a little high. Wonder if I could .. oh, my GOLLY! Where did that plane come from? Darn that guy, cutting right in front of me. Somebody's always got to spoil things, just when I'm heading for a B. Now I'll land too close to him. Gee, I hope nobody's looking .. I mean, I wish nobody was looking.

Oh, oh, I haven't been watching for the red flag. Stage must be about over too. Hope they didn't flag me last time. Don't see any ships stopped yet so I guess I'm still all right. Boy, what a landing I'm going to show them this time. Split the line right in two.

Let's see, everything OK? Yep .. Relax, kid. Oh, that's better .. Between 18th and 19th streets on Chestnut Street ..... Cut her. OK, glide, baby, Glide. Da di Ooo. Turn baby, Hi Bossy! By gum! This looks a little high. Wonder if it is, or -- maybe I should do something about -- or am I? Say, I'll bet that doggone cow moved. Why, I'll be a hairy old horn toad if she didn't! Oooh, rats! All nature is against me. Why does everything have to happen to me? Guess I just have to float over and wave at them this time. Gee, look how high -- Oh, Oh! there's the red flag. Now, how am I going to get down?

Oh, well, I'm glad it's all over anyhow ... Or is it? Gosh, they can't give me an F, or would they? Why, that would be silly. They know I can FLY!



HK.

FARMER'S LAMENT

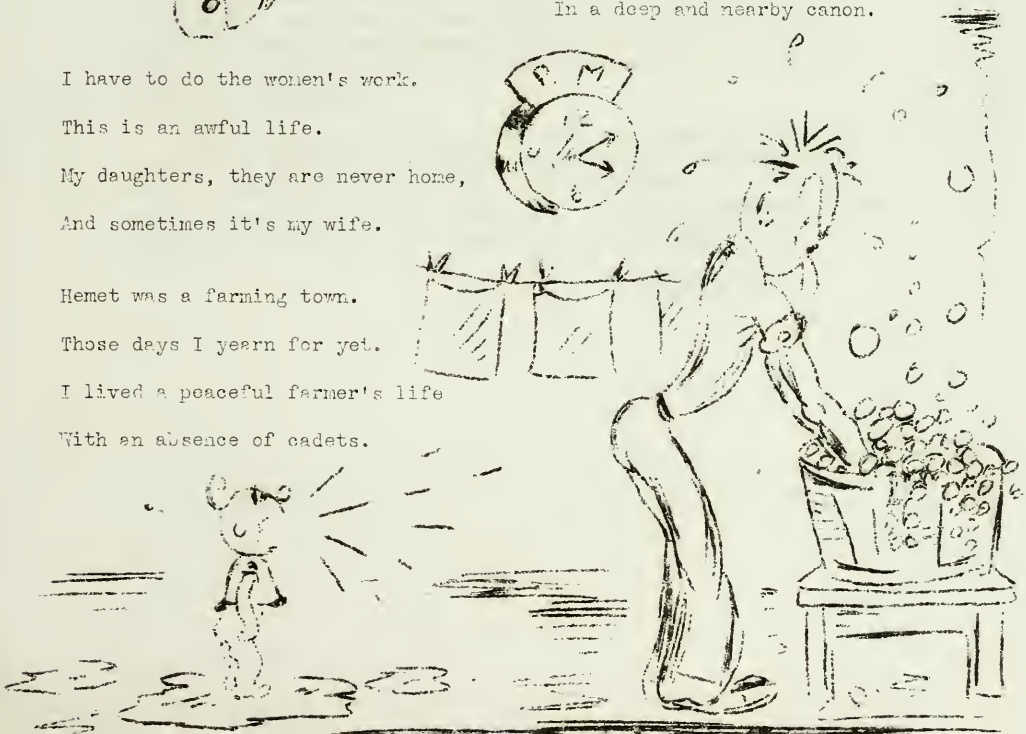
Hemet was a farming town,
So peaceful and so quiet.
With all these flying men around
The place is now a riot.

My silo is a pylon.
My cows they all go dry.
Have they no place to land upon
That they must use my stye?

They loop and roll around the barn
With the greatest of abandon.
But I've built myself a hideaway
In a deep and nearby canon.

I have to do the women's work.
This is an awful life.
My daughters, they are never home,
And sometimes it's my wife.

Hemet was a farming town.
Those days I yearn for yet.
I lived a peaceful farmer's life
With an absence of cadets.



THE LIESURELY DAY OF A FLYING CADET

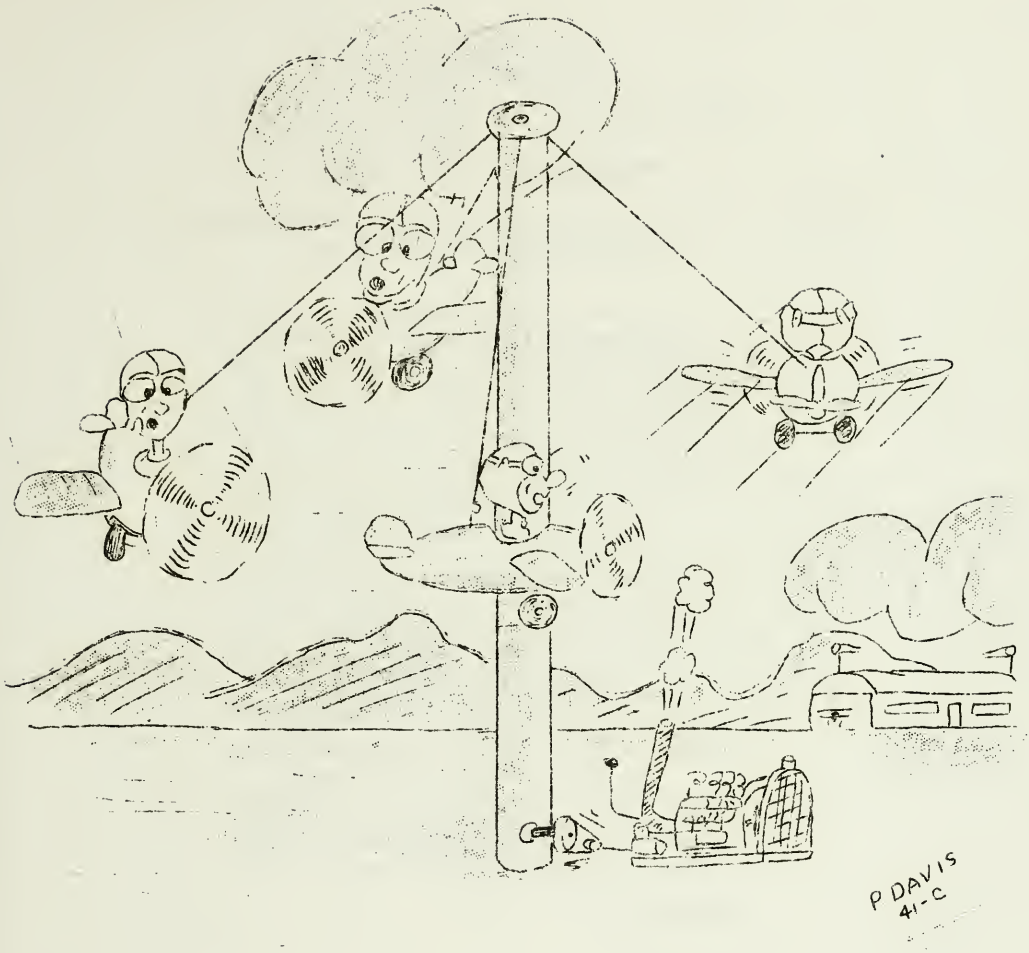
In the arms of a beautiful, blue-eyed blonde and then suddenly the banging of an alarm clock sends room 11-A into a panic. Shave, dress, polish brass and shoes--time: 11 minutes and 30 seconds. The bath tub must be devoid of all hairs, not that it will be by the time the intelligencia squad passes thru holding down their power with the God-feared "gigs"; however, they are the chosen, fair-haired boys of the U.S. Army Air Corps.

Breakfast--delightful; frozen orange juice, crispy bacon, 3 minute eggs and crustless toast, but do we partake of such a meal? Yes, between the incessant reciting to customs, Dodo, and the masculine "pop to " of Mister Hall. The first meal lasted over-time, 8 minutes and 22 seconds. We'll have to make up the time during the day, but if it wasn't for Mister Stewart's efficiency and everlasting pardoning grin, we would fail. I wonder what the other schools do for a Mister Stewart?

Flying in the morning above the clouds soon makes you forget you are merely a dodo. However, cloud cruising ends much too soon and then back to the Country Club for a delicious chicken sandwich. This takes 15 minutes and the time is made up by the immediate dress right--dress maneuver of the third platoon's sergeant.

After dinner you enjoy the luxury of a five-minute rest, after which sundry upperclassmen invite you out to help them drill. This having been done to the satisfaction of all, you stroll back to your room, where after a pleasant two-hour study period, you return to the arms of the same blonde.

Delaney, F.G.



"CONFIDENCE MANEUVERS"

INSTRU MMRRIMENT

Attention, research and development men!

"ONE OF OUR SIMPLER PROBLEMS"

(From "The Data Board," students' newspaper, School of Science and Technology, Pratt Institute)

Design us an engine, the head men say
  And it's got to be built in such a way
That if it should stall or fail to start
  The dumbest mechanic can take it apart,
Can just lay it down on an old pine bench
  And do the whole job with a Stillson wrench.
Make the parts as simple as they can be
  So they'll all interchange with a Model T.
And cost is a factor to keep in mind
  So eliminate gadgets of every kind.
But much as it goes against the grain
  There are certain things you must retain:
The dual ignition, the oversize sump,
  The hydro control and the vacuum pump;
And to be sure (now don't get mad),
  A supercharger you'd better add.
It must run on the cheapest of gasoline,
  Or better still, on kerosene.
And three thousand horses it has to show
  With an oil consumption of zero.
Now there is something else I forgot to say--
  The date of delivery is yesterday.
And on second thought, there's one thing more--
  It's got to be sold in a ten-cent store.

W.R. & G.B.

REJECTED

A stranger stood at the gates of hell
And the devil himself had answered the bell,
He looked him over from head to toe,
And said, "My friend I'd like to know
What you have done in the line of sin
To entitle you to get within?

The upperclassman with his usual guile
Stepped up and flashed a smirky smile;
"When I took charge at the Ryan School,
I made each dodo look like a fool.

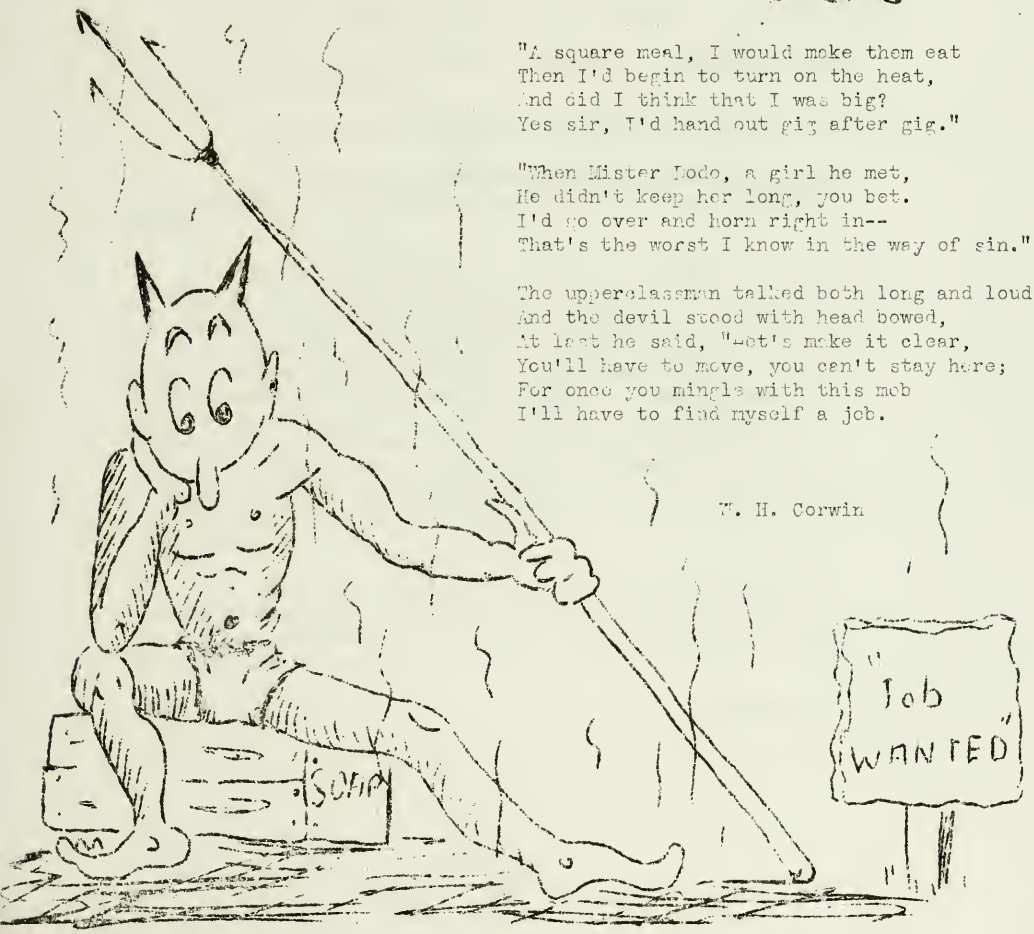
I said Mister, I do mean you--
I want to see a good "pop to"
And as he sat there with a plastic face
I made a couple more stage a race."

"A square meal, I would make them eat
Then I'd begin to turn on the heat,
And did I think that I was big?
Yes sir, I'd hand out gig after gig."

"When Mister Dodo, a girl he met,
He didn't keep her long, you bet.
I'd go over and horn right in--
That's the worst I know in the way of sin."

The upperclassman talked both long and loud,
And the devil stood with head bowed,
At last he said, "Let's make it clear,
You'll have to move, you can't stay here;
For once you mingle with this mob
I'll have to find myself a job.

W. H. Corwin



ON ARMY EFFICIENCY

In my civilian days I held, in common with many others, that the army was perhaps the most inefficient of the governmental agencies; but today my attitude is a considerably different one. I am now one of those favored few who are fortunate enough to be accepted into the ranks of the flying cadets. My two short but hectic weeks of active service have revised my opinions with regard to army efficiency.

What has caused this sudden change?

No, it wasn't the influence of good food and quarters.

No, it wasn't because flying is so much fun that all else can be overlooked.

No, it wasn't because it was the diplomatic thing to do.

I adopted these new views after two weeks of close observation of the upperclassmen, the "five week wonders" of Hemet.

When you realize that in this incredibly short space of time the Colorado cowboys, Kansas farmers, and Texas rangers have been converted into reasonable facsimiles of officers and gentlemen, your opinion of Army efficiency will immediately parallel mine. Any organization which can bring about such a great change in fifty very raunchy middlewestern hayseeds--frequently referred to as the "backbone of America"--must operate with the greatest possible degree of efficiency. Of course, these fifty men are at the disadvantage of being compared to sixty California gentlemen who were five weeks behind them in army life but five years ahead of them in most other respects.

Since the members of the class of 41-D are well versed in the finer things of life, we are willing to overlook the glaring weaknesses of the men of 41-C and wish them the best of luck at Randolph.

Burchard, Q. R.

Well Dodo?
When I Said three
Point LANding I didn't
mean the NOSE AND
the two WING Tips!
!!
Good
Eh.

Heneker U.A.

FANTASIA FOR THE LOWER CLASS

Dear Ma--

I went up in a airplane today! Gosh, it was sure a thrill. The teacher let me drive it for a little while; and I think I will make a very good army flier because I didn't get sick or anything and also it was lots of fun. There is a thing, I think they call it a board or stick or something, which makes the airplane go up and down and also a couple of pedals which make it go sideways. At first I was a little bit scared.

There are a bunch of guys here who are called "upperclassmen" and us guys who came last week are called "dodos". These boys are awful good to us as they always come to our houses early in the morning to clean up and help make the beds. Also they are very good to us "dodos" at the dinner table, as they always pass all the food to us first and make us feel easy and at home. Then every morning they come around to our houses later on to see if we like all the stuff and if everything is in shape and if our clothes are all right and fit. They even drill and march a lot for us so that we will catch on quickly and there is a place for us to sit and watch them.

The other night they arranged a dance for us "dodos" and had lots of very pretty girls for us to dance with. And they didn't hardly dance at all but just saw to it that us guys had a lovely evening.

The only thing I don't like so well is the school work. I didn't think there would be such a thing in this nice place. But even that isn't bad as the teachers do most of it for us and the upperclassmen don't have much to do so they help us along also.

I think I am going to get along and like it here. Lieutenant Ford, who sort of looks out for us says that we are to be very happy here and act like it was a nice country club or something. I am a little low on cash so could you send me a dollar and a half or so, please? We have lots of spare time here to bowl, play billiards, or to play cards, and you know how that is. I guess I better close now because I think some of the upperclassmen are calling me.

Your loving son,

Johnny X X X

P.S.

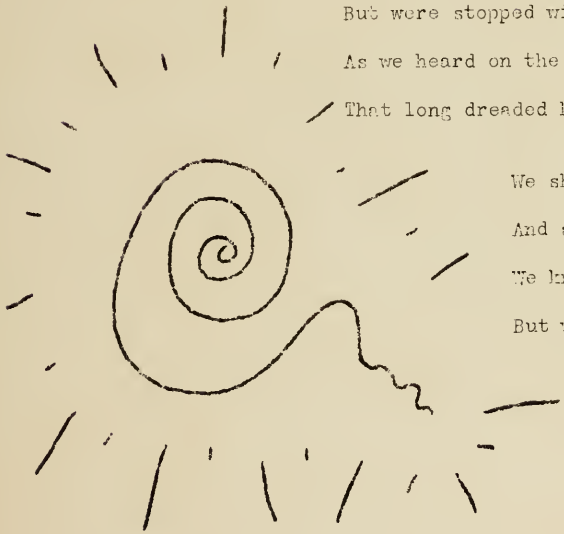
I think we "dodos" will have the upperclassmen under our thumbs in no time at all!

THE KNOCK ON THE DOOR

T'was five seconds 'fore inspection,
And all through the room
Not one person spoke
To dispel all the Gloom.

The stockings were placed
In the drawers with care,
But everyone knew that
In the tub was a hair.

We started to move,
But were stopped with a shock,
As we heard on the door
That long dreaded knock.



We shouted "Come in!"
And at once popped to.
We knew we were sunk,
But what else could we do.

He entered the room,
Took one look at the hair,
Shouted "Snakes in the bathtub"
As we sighed with despair.

All of which goes to prove that, "There ain't no Santa Clause."

F/C J. R. Best

CONTACT

CLASSES
41-D
41-E

Published by the Flying Cadets . . . .

AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT
HEMET, CALIFORNIA

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PUBLISHED BY

FLYING CADETS OF

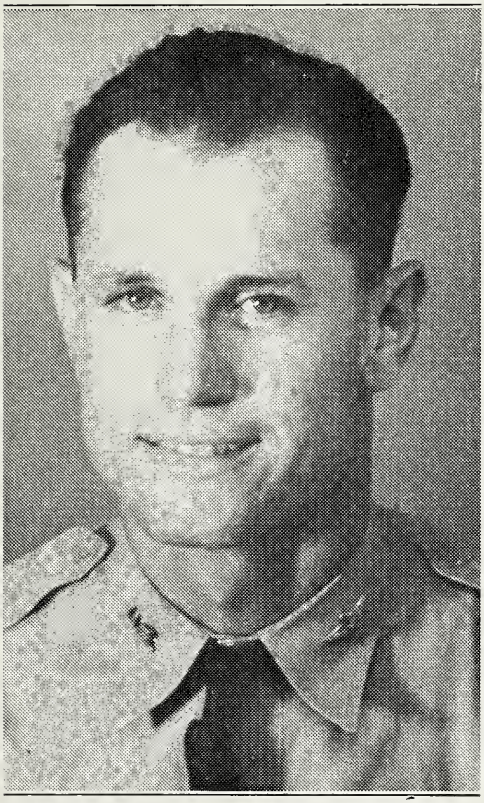
Classes 41-D and 41-E

RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS

Hemet, California

IN COMMAND

Captain Lloyd P. Hopwood, commanding officer of the Hemet post, has won his place as a competent commander and a real friend in the eyes of every cadet who has come in contact with him. His constant efforts to better the life of the Cadet, both from a soldier's stand-point and in respect to the betterment of Cadet life, has made Hemet Field a place that will be pleasantly remembered by the men who pass through this primary school.



Lieutenant Ford, second in command, is best known for his efficient operation of the famed "washout" ship, the "Maytag 42." Cadets who are not up to par in their flying and who are recommended for elimination checks, are those best acquainted with the Lieutenant. It is from these men that we hear highest praise of Lieutenant Ford, as not only an excellent flight instructor, but as an officer with a fine sense of fairness.

To the Editor of Contact:

I find it difficult to keep up editorially with Contact. However, I will again enter its pages because there is something that I feel needs a better understanding - something that must be a crystal clear creed inextricably woven into the warp and woof of every embryonic military pilot - something very difficult to picture in words, yet infinitely necessary. I speak of DISCIPLINE. This word is, in all probability, the least understood word in the vocabulary of the fledgling pilot. It is misunderstood because it is too narrowly defined.

I am going to try to define DISCIPLINE as I value it and as it must be valued if you as individuals are to fully meet the challenge of the Air Corps. The word to me is completely divorced from that similar word that is associated with a mechanical perfection in squads easting and squads westing. DISCIPLINE to me is a conditioning of the morale, the mind and the life of any individual until he has developed a capacity for devotion to duty, loyalty, courage and team play without which he can never be more than a woefully weak link in any unit with which he may serve.

This broader discipline must first be spontaneous. It must exist in an individual because he has seen it in others and found it to be good. It is poles apart from selfishness and egotism. It is in essence the ingrained will to do the thing that should be done for the consumate satisfaction that accrues to the doer when he has performed his job, large or small, day by day, to the best of his ability and for the best interests of the outfit to which he belongs. From it will quickly come that loyalty upon which morale is built. It will be a loyalty that starts at the top of the unit and infiltrates down to the lowest ranker in the crowd and then reflects itself back up again to the skipper. From it will come that quiet courage found in all good units - the courage that permits the outfit to go out and do its job when the orders come through in a competent, smooth manner. From it develops that team play which requires no explanation and no long-winded exhortations - the complete indoctrination of a unit that knows it cannot fail because there are no lesser men in it.

This discipline is founded upon a personal pride that will brook no compromise. It must be a pride that will not countenance slipshod practises. It draws much of its permanence and strength from a personal honor code that knows alibis, subterfuge and cowardice for what they really are.

It is that discipline which too many Flying Cadets lack - possibly because they do not think deeply enough - possibly because they are too confused by a shallower conception. It is peculiarly a discipline which is intimately associated with the term MANHOOD. Its value in any field of activity cannot be surpassed by any other intangible. It is peculiarly a discipline which is characterized by that essential conduct which completely apart from bootlicking or fear of the immortal "Gig" makes men, pilots and Officers in the finest flying outfit in the World today.

LLOYD P. HOPWOOD
Captain, Air Corps
Commanding

A MESSAGE FROM MR. DULA

I only wish to steal a few lines to express my thanks to Captain Hopwood, his staff, and the entire Ryan personnel for all you have given us in this last ten weeks.

I must next thank my classmates for all they have done, and the ability they have shown in organizing a once-unruly gang known as "Our Dodos"; and in keeping up the high spirit and morale, which, I am proud to say, we have.

To you, Dodos, goes my appreciation for the cooperation you have exhibited in learning all we could throw at you, and then some! You proved yourselves men by showing us you could "take it". Yours' is now the responsibility of instilling the same spirit, courage, and morale of our Air Corps in the minds of every member of 41-F.

My last command to you -- do that!

Your Cadet Captain,

Mason A. Dula

LIEUTENANT GUNNAR J. SATHER

From athletics coach to Commandant of Flying Cadets in four years is the record of Lieutenant Gunnar J. Sather of the Hemet Air Corps Detachment.

Lieutenant Sather graduated from Washington State College in 1936, and from there went to Fort George Wright, Washington for one year; then to Chewlah, Washington, where he acted as coach of football, basketball, and baseball. Entering the army two years later, he was assigned to the Civilian Conservation Corps and acted in this capacity for the next two years.

Several months ago, shortly after beginning his third year in the Army, the young Lieutenant was promoted to the responsible position of Commandant of Cadets here at Hemet. The order and precision with which he conducts this office, brings out his aptitude for the type of work he is doing.

As far as flying goes, Lieutenant Sather is as much an amoeba as a dodo, having but one hour of flying to his record. He reports he likes flying, but has little time for it, due to his many duties. However, he names his most thrilling experience as "a slow roll with a loose safety belt."

As for Lieutenant Sather's private life and thoughts; his hobby is photography; his favorite magazines "Life" and "Look"; and his constant companion and reference, the "Good Book" of the Service, the Army Manual. He believes the Cadet "dodo" training period a test and advises these newcomers to "grin and come back for more". He is sold on the opportunity the Air Corps offers the young man interested in aviation and emphasizes the importance of the Cadet being proud of his status and to "keep pitching". This Christmas the young Lieutenant will celebrate his third wedding an

Cadets who come in contact with Lieutenant Sather are impressed by his seeming youth and his profound knowledge and ability to sense how and when things should be done. His sense of humor, his friendly smile, and his "make yourself at home" manner are perfectly balanced with an ability to "get tough" when the situation warrants.

The Cadets of Classes 41-D and 41-E are proud and glad to work under Lieutenant Sather as two of his first classes to come under his command.

A THUMB-NAIL SKETCH OF LIEUTENANT PINSON

"Our forefathers planted the roots of Americanism beneath the earth; the pioneers of the West spread it over the surface of the earth; and it is up to the youth of today to take this heritage into the skies", according to Lieutenant Avery C. Pinson of the Hemet detachment.

In expressing this thought, quiet-mannered Lieutenant Pinson pointed out that the Flying Cadets have the greatest opportunity to fullfill this mission; and that their future, if made the most of, is unlimited. Columbus and the explorers of the past were bounded by the limits of the earth, the young Lieutenant explained; but in the sky there is no limit as to the progress, development and exploring that can be done.

The Lieutenant, a newcomer to the Hemet detachment, was born in New Mexico and lived there most of his life. When of college age his ambition was to obtain an appointment to West Point. Unable to realize this ambition, he enrolled in the New Mexico Military Institute and later transferred to New Mexico A & M, where he was graduated as a Civil Engineer. It was while in college that Lieutenant Pinson received his commission in the Army; and it was while in college that he tried to obtain an appointment in the then very exclusive ranks of the Flying Cadets.

Following graduation from school, Lieutenant Pinson went into active service. First he was on training duty at Fort Bliss, El Paso; and later on training duty at Fort Huachuca, Arizona. Having served at each of these posts for one month, he was transferred to the Civilian Conservation Corps. In this capacity he was active in the thirteen western states. When, several months ago, he was assigned to this detachment, he was commanding officer in the C.C.C.

Although Lieutenant Pinson is not a flyer, he likes the air and takes every ride he can. His hobby is photography; and he has hundreds of pictures taken at his various stations in the West. He was recently presented with a baby boy and assures us the newcomer, his second, will be well-photographed.

The Lieutenant names Hemet as his choice of all the places he has ever lived, which is a pretty good indication he likes it here. But don't we all?

F/C Griffin, C.A.

DEDICATION
TO A
GRADUATING PRIMARY CLASS

One score and several years ago, the Wright brothers brought forth on this continent a new machine, conceived in an inventive mood, and dedicated to the proposition that what goes up must come down. We are now engaged in a great training program, testing whether that machine, or any of the flight instructors so employed, can long endure. We are met on a great airport of that program. We have come to gaze in awe-filled silence at these PT's, which so nobly gave the better part of their tired hours that the embryonic fledgelings might sprout suitable wings. It is altogether fitting and proper that we do so.

But in a larger sense, time and termites cannot appreciably hamper their flying characteristics. The many eager dodos, living and lucky to be, who struggled here, have man-handled them far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note or long remember the numberless raunchy landings made here; but we can never forget how those calluses were formed there. It is for the boys up ahead, the basic instructors, to be here dedicated to the unfinished work which they who heckled us here have thus far so painfully advanced. It is rather, for us, the primary instructors, to be here dedicated to the endless headaches that replace them; that from this graduating class we take increased precaution for the preservation of our own necks; that we here highly resolve that these dodos shall not have ground-looped in vain; that these battered PTs shall have a major overhaul; and that this program of the Army, by the cadets, and for the preservation of Uncle Sam shall not perish from the earth.

By a Flight Instructor

THE DEDICATION

An erect figure in spotless grey lifted a brilliant brass bugle to his lips. Six thousand civilians, a score of high-ranking army officers and 125 flying cadets stood with bowed heads as taps echoed through the still morning air. The occasion was the Armistice Day Dedication of Hemet. Field.

Although the official speech of the day dedicated the newly established branch of the Ryan School of Aeronautics to "the advancement of American Aviation and National Defense", there was something just a little more personal in the ceremony as far as the cadets were concerned. As the embryonic Army flyers marched on parade, stood for inspection and offered a silent tribute to the war dead of the last war, each was making a personal dedication of some sort to his conscience and his country. And in each was reflected the glowing pride and satisfaction he felt for the opportunity he had been given to become a part of the greatness which is the United States.

Those who were here for the dedication might have thought this "glowing" due to the occasion, the many visitors, or perhaps the high officials who were on the post that day. But if they could spend a few hours with these cadets as they go through one of their average crowded days, there could be no doubt of the sincerity of this pride.

On the flight line, in the class rooms and even high above the thriving farms of the vicinity, we are constantly rededicating ourselves to the cause for which we enlisted. And our lot is truly a happy one!

It was a gala affair. From the surrounding towns of San Jacinto, Hemet, Perris, and Riverside, and from the farms of the vicinity, six thousand people came to see the ceremony. They were a varied lot, ranging from the prosperous business man to the small farm owner, who brought his small aviation-minded son. But they all had one thing in common: They were proud of the thing their army and their nation stands for; and the steps forward in aviation this nation is taking.

And there were some high army officers present. Among them were: Brig. Gen. Henry H. Harms of Moffett Field, commander of the West Coast Training Center of the Army Air Corps; Captain Kenneth McNaughton, Supervisor of three air schools in Southern California; and Captain John C. Horton, head of the Army Air Corps Detachment at the Ryan School of Aeronautics at San Diego.

The dedicatory program was opened with the presentation of an American Flag, the gift of Estudillo Chapter, D.A.R., to the Ryan School. Mrs. Alice C. Mathers, regent of the Chapter, made the speech of presentation, with T. Claude Ryan, founder of the school, accepting the banner. Dedicatory ritual was read by Earl R. Ermerins, Commander of Harold W. Hyland post, American Legion.

Following the Flag ceremony, the Hemet Flying Cadets, joined by a company from San Diego, paraded before the reviewing stand set up on the new flying field. The cadets joined the visitors in offering a moment of silent tribute to the heroes of the last war and were then reviewed by the army officers present.

Brig. Gen. Harns dedicated the field to the "advancement of American Aviation and National Defense". Among the others who spoke were Captain McNaughton, Captain Horton, and Captain Hopwood, Commander of the Hemet Detachment. Civilian speakers included T. Claude Ryan.

In the afternoon, the visiting friends of the cadets were fed in the post dining hall. Immediately following the dedication program, the post was opened for inspection with the cadets personally showing the visitors their new home.

With the plans for an extensive expansion (which will probably double or triple the size of the newly dedicated school) rapidly taking form, it is a foregone conclusion that the Armistice Day Dedication is one to be remembered.

F/C Griffin, C.A.

I'M GOING TO BE A FLYER

Well, he did decide to let me land it,

And I was sure I'd make a "scoop";

But I'll be damned and damn it

If that old crate didn't loop.

What happened I don't know,

But it was no fault of mine, I'm sure;

For all I did was kick left rudder

And shut my eyes and hold a thought - so pure.

Oh, yes, I was to be a flyer,

But that was long ago;

They changed my mind about it,

And now I'm just a gigilo.

F/C Wood, C.W.

SHOULD OPPORTUNITY OFFER MORE?

A Comment -----

The fellows from our company come from all walks of life. There are school teachers, farmers, former regulars, bookkeepers, clerks, surveyors, and representatives of nearly as many various occupations as the number of men in the ranks. They have come together here for various and sundry minor reasons; but primarily, I believe, because they have seen for themselves a gilt-edged future, which pales to obscurity their former enterprises.

Nearly all have endeavored to gain a college education with various degrees of success. Those who did not finish realized that here was a chance to commercialize on past efforts to gain new ends and acquire new experience. To be able to fly places, one above the masses, not only figureatively, but actually. The personal thrill and enjoyment derived can hardly be measured; and from the way in which this present is offered to us, the extras are a plush lined box for this gift of gifts.

Too often are we tempted to construe adversities to our present status. Ye, Gods, we're giving ourselves for three years. Of course, but at what profits? An education that can be acquired in no other way--an education that places us as tops in a profession that is tops--is our gain. Is the so-called "sacrifice" so great when we stop to consider that apprenticeships sometimes last as long as eight years, college degrees seldom present themselves in less than four years; and a professional career takes a preliminary training of seven or eight years.

But we sacrifice our freedom, is the next contention. Freedom to what? Poor personal habits, poor health habits, and others acquired through a lackadaisical existence. Half-heartedly we go on from day to day, never realizing our little faults which no one points out to us because they, too, do not realize they are faults. We sacrifice ourselves to gain a bearing and prestige which would be in no wise accrued if left to us personally.

We sacrifice ourselves to a life of clean health, clean food, clean clothing, and quarters and linen such as many only dream of; and of which many fail to dream since their imaginations fail to conceive.

So when things seem tough; and note, I say "seem", let us stop and reconsider--should opportunity offer us more?

F/C Schoenfeldt, V. B.

EXPANSION PROGRAM GETS UNDERWAY

With more than $25,000 dollars being expended to give Hemet Field a new Hangar, eleven new Barracks, larger Classrooms, larger Dining Hall, and possibly, a small auditorium, workmen and machinery started work last week.

The work thus started is in anticipation of the new class of 120 cadets expected January 3. The building now in progress may be extended still further if subsequent classes prove to be as large or larger than the one coming here in January.

According to Ryan School authorities, the new hangar will house the new Ryan monoplanes which are expected to arrive as soon as the order now placed is filled.

The Ryan School personnel, already totaling nearly 140 persons, is expected to be substantially increased with the completion of the building program. The additional planes and the additional number of cadets will necessitate, not only a large ground crew, but will probably mean additional maintenance men, more instructors, and additional office help.

Three additional landing fields have already been obtained to aid in cadet training facilities. One of the new fields is at Moreno and the other two near Perris. The purchases already made include several hundred acres of land, and with two more fields being considered by the Ryan officials, auxiliary landing space would not be wanting.

R. Douglas Maw, Ryan Business Manager at Hemet Field, spent last week looking over several moving picture sound projection sets, which may possibly be used in the proposed auditorium.

With this detachment already being cited by Air Corps officials as a model plant, it will undoubtedly be THE model training school of the United States when present construction work is completed.

F/C GRIFFIN, C.A.

"AIR MONSTER"

In Santa Monica in the largest single span hangar in the world, which is on the Douglas grounds, is being built the largest airplane in the world, the XB-19. This ship will be capable of flying from New York city to France and return non-stop. Whether this type is feasible for military use will be proven by this ship. At present it is about completed.

At one end of Clover Field two blocks of houses were removed to make room for a run-way extension for the test hop of this huge plane. This first flight will probably not take place until the middle of February. This airplane has a tricycle landing gear; a wheel dimension of nine feet, and the wing span is approximately 250 feet. A single rudder has a height of thirty-nine feet. The wings are so thick the mechanics can walk in behind the engines for minor repairs. It is equipped with four supercharged two thousand horsepower engines. The United States Army has already sent out pilots to study the plane for a test flight.

F/C Keller, L.E.

HEMET FIELD EXPANDS

The amoeba of the Army flyer--but the best way to get a start is to begin at the beginning and that is precisely what our school here at Hemet is doing. Starting from scratch, the organization, having just received a class of seventy-five, finds itself confronted with the usual difficulties of a new-growing enterprise.

Having handled such situations capably in the past, it is not difficult to see how things have been taken in hand and made to literally "blossom forth" to make room for a new allotment of one hundred and twenty lower classmen, who will present themselves with the coming of the new year. Flight patterns change one day to compensate for additional hangars; loads of lumber, building materials, and workmen move in the next--small detriments to the usual routines of flight instruction and class work--added indications of a unit that is thriving because it is successful.

This success is not localized, as has been manifested by the recent presence of B. F. Woodly of San Antonio, Texas, and Clarence Page of Oklahoma City, who flew here to inspect the Hemet branch of the Ryan School of Aeronautics. That the school is a model and successful unit is verified by officers at Randolph Field, Texas, suggesting that ours' be the school to inspect in gaining a perspective in building other schools.

Such a situation is conducive to the best interests of all concerned. The community of Hemet benefits from added enterprise in its locality. The officers and school officials, instructors and personnel are recognized as active parts of a highly successful enterprise.

The students are recipients of an instilled desire to advance in accordance with things around them. None of the stagnation of inactivity is brought before them. Here goals are being set on every hand and each and every one is striving to aid as best he can for their attainment.

New students, new planes, new hangars, new barracks; material things all ours to make us foremost in our class. We can't lose. Our continuance will be manifested in advance. To the dubious we can only say, "Come and see".

F/C Schoenfeldt, V.B.

A DODO'S FIRST FLIGHT

Gas on, switch off, contact. Run her up and check the mags. Now taxi to the edge of the runway, straight down the runway, ease the throttle open and take her off; 200 feet; level off, and 90 degree turn to the left; now a 45 degree turn out of traffic. Take her up to 1000 feet and level off. Boy, this would be fun if only the wind wasn't making my eyes burn so. I'll have to get a better fit on these goggles. I will try to adjust them a little better. Why, no wonder, my goggles are still around my neck.

F/C Munsey, M.G.

FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS

● PATIENT FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS who risk their safety to teach dodoes the intracies of airplanes are pictured above. From left to right they are: Back row, DICK HUFFMAN, JOHN KUMMLER, DEAN LAKE, DON McCUTCHEON, WILLIAM SCHIEFFLE, ELMER LITTLE. In the middle row are BEN HAZELTON, WILLIAM EVANS, LESTER MERGENTHAL, WILLIAM SLOAN, WILLIAM BOUCK and ROBERT BEAN. Seated are CHARLES KINNEY, VERN MURDOCK (chief), W. B. WHISNAND and TOM CARLISLE.

ON THE LINE: The above picture includes the men who originally took over the duties of flight instruction here at Hemet Field. Since that time, four months ago, this group has been almost doubled in size to take care of the many additional students now in training. The instructors not pictured above are: R. Y. Huffman, R. C. Schumann, T. G. Carlisle, A. C. Deremer, P. Bala, J. F. Mathews, C. W. Seaton, R. Young, J. E. Hart, L. J. Cooper, W. M. Wolf, G. I. Voorhees, R. E. Bell, W. F. Sandusky, G. F. Shores, G. A. Helm, R. C. Kinert, and D. J. Beltz.

It is these men who initiate the "Dodo" into the art of flying, ease him and tutor him for ten weeks, and then graduate the cream of the crop to one of the basic army schools. Never was there a group of more enthused students than these men have. And rightly so.

IN THE GROUND SCHOOL: The fundamental instruction in the items of technical importance to the military pilot are taught by four able and popular ground school instructors. Mr. Pierce, mathematics and maps and navigation; Mr. Whitney, carburetors, propellers and meteorology; Mr. Keesee, flight theory, ignition and shocksand brakes; and Mr. Raine, engines, engine theory, and airplane structures. These men are headed by Mr. Weidinger, chief of ground school.

THINGS TO COME

At the present time a fast light bomber called the DB-7 is being sold to the British Government. This ship is capable of speed up to four hundred miles per hour. It is equipped with two 1400 Horsepower engines. Its crew of three is kept very busy handling their duties while traveling at such a high speed. Many of these ships have already seen service in England with a high measure of success. Not only are these ships capable of long range flying but are also highly manouverable. A revised edition of this DB-7 is the A-20, which will be sold to the U.S. Army.

Instead of two 1400 Horsepower engines this ship will be equipped with two supercharged 2000 Horsepower engines. This supercharged edition should be capable of speeds between 450 and 500 miles per hour; and this is at an altitude of 20,000 feet. The high selling point of this ship is the fact that it can carry a large payload and still be as highly manouverable as many attack ships. We will probably soon see some of these ships first-hand and get a better picture of them. Possibly some of us may even fly them.

F/C Schmoldt, H.D.L.

"C R A S H"

Recently a strange incident occured at the Los Angeles Municipal Airport which shows how odd most flyers are. A single engine pursuit ship was being tested by the North American Aviation Company. This ship was capable of speeds up to 450 miles per hour; consequently, it had a very high landing speed. For most pilots an average landing in a ship such as this is cause enough for much work and worry.

On this particular morning an early test flight was scheduled for 7:30 AM. The test pilot got in the ship, revved her up, and taxied out to the end of the runway. Full throttle and then like a silver bullet the little pursuit ship tore down the field. Just as the plane cleared the field the engine coughed, sputtered, and died. With only a plowed field ahead the pilot left his wheels up to keep down the possibility of nosing over. The little ship hit the ground, and a big cloud of dust swallowed it up. Was the pilot dead? Was the ship all right? All these thoughts ran through the onlookers' minds as they ran to the scene of the accident. Tense moments these, until out of the overturned plane stepped the pilot. He was cussing a blue streak. One of the spectators asked, "Are you hurt?" The pilot turned and answered, "Hell, no, I just lost my watch!"

F/C Meadowcroft, N.D.

THAT WASHOUT CHECK-RIDE

"You're up for a check today." "I see you take a special ride today." "Make him wish he hadn't gone up with you." "Give him a real ride, fellow." These and many more comments like them always greet the man who is up for an unscheduled check ride.

So up you go and it's, "Get your nose down." "Pick up your right wing." "RELAX." "What are you doing? Watch your tack." "Don't you ever look where you are going?" Why! Oh, why! are goss-ports only one-way senders?

Then it's a climbing turn to the right; then a climbing turn to the left; a 90° turn to the right, then to the left. "Now, let's do a power-on stall; gain altitude again; now a power-off stall.

Then the engine stops and the instructor barks, "Forced landing." You look below you and see a man plowing his field; you check the wind by the direction the dust is blowing and glide down to what you think is a perfect landing, only to have the ship jerked from you at the last minute and the instructor yelling for you to look at a brush fire in the next field. Can you help it if the wind is blowing in exactly the opposite direction?

Another jerk of the stick, and you find the instructor flying the ship and hear him yelling something about looking around. Sure enough, there is a ship about a half-mile off. "What's he doing over here? You were here first." Then it's coordination exercises.

"Get off the top rudder! Don't be so rough with the stick! Hold the nose up! You're way off your course! Don't get so close to those mountains!" So you drift off and start over. This time it's "S's" across the road. You slip and skid, but you don't know it. By now you are so rigid you don't feel a thing but the chute pack you are sitting on. For a minute you entertain a thought of bailing out and letting him fly the ship. But even then the ground looks too close and too hard so you settle back to his, "Let's go back to the field."

You find the pattern, fly everything from a triangle to a polygon and to cap it all off, bounce her in from 20 feet with a "Thank the Saints, I'm down again."

By now you have no doubt as to the outcome of your ride. And so the check pilot's sorrowful------"I'll have to recommend you for an Air Corps check", is no surprise.

Tomorrow you fly with the Air Corps officer and you know now what the outcome will be. Sure you will give him a good ride, try your best, they all do---but you can't help wondering which is best --------Navigation or Bombardiering.

Well, tomorrow you "wash"; Monday you meet the Board; two weeks from now you will know; and until then you have open post

We don't make a lot of money; but we sure have a good time.

You'll line up some good telephone numbers for the rest of them---------wherever you go.

F/C Herbert E. DesGeorges

FLIGHT

Soft west wind and a whispering sea,

And a whistle of struts on each side of me.

I raise my head to the velvet sky,

I bathe my face as the clouds go by.

I raise the nose high in the air

And a heavenly flag is fluttering there.

Oh, see what a silly fellow I am;

But pray don't forget me, Uncle Sam.

F/C Louis Whipple

THE LIFE OF A DODO

The life of a Dodo is not so gay;
If he can't take it, there's hell to pay.
Up at five to clean his room;
He'd better make use of blitz and broom,
Or march off "gigs" on Saturday noon,
Stepping along to that familiar old tune.
In the mess hall he must sit at ease,
All upperclassmen be sure to please,
Reciting customs and passing each test,
Until he has received that well earned rest.
Then he may gaze to his heart's content,
Eating with both hands, in the food make a dent.
He must [illegible] goggles about his neck
Until he can [illegible] ship, by heck.
There is [illegible] supper each night;
Those Dodos in [illegible] are a heck of a sight.
Soon he must [illegible] to march with precision,
Or the new class will not obey his decision.
Soon the bugle to quarters has sounded,
And into their holes all Dodos have bounded.
So it is over 'til another day
The life of a Dodo is happy and gay.

F/C Lyons, J.E.

DID YOU EVER

Did you ever take off in a PT 13,
Forget about torque and begin to carreen,
Push opposite rudder,
Change course to another,
And listen to your instructor yell and scream.

Did you ever come in downwind to the tee,
Ground loop your ship and pay the fee
Of ten stars on the line.
A silver dollar is the fine,
A sadder but wiser dodo you'll be.

Did you ever start into a two-turn spin,
Have the ship spiral round before it got in,
Back pressure was lax,
And those are the facts;
So watch it, you dodo, you're raunchy as
sin.

All this you'll get, and plenty more too,
It's great from the start and all the way
through.
It's the Air Corps for me,
It's THE place to be;
So come on, you guys, we'll be captains too.

F/C Proctor, L.M.

"MISTER, YOU LACK COORDINATION

Fling oranges with either hand,

Can swing to any band;

But! The flying instructor says,

"Mister, you lack coordination"!

From a trapeze bar waists may slips,

Or a horizontal bar easily kips;

But! The flying instructor says,

"Mister, you lack coordination"!

Spin in any direction with skates,

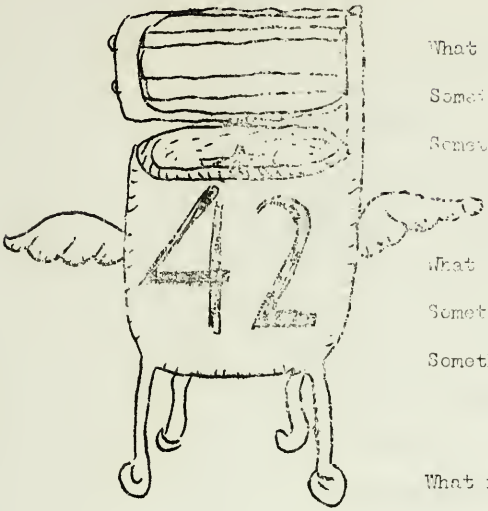
Be they ice or roller plates;

But! The flying instructor says,

"Mister, you lack coordination"!

F/C Ryan, James A.

WHAT IS IT?

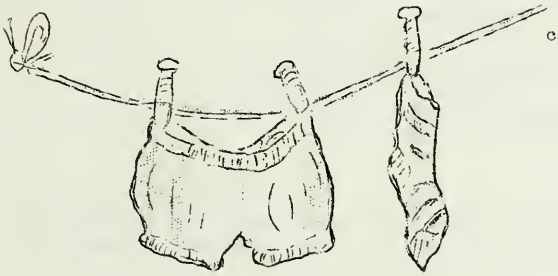


What is it that we were taught was extinct?
Something that lived in the long ago.
Something we now know is only a gink,
called a "dodo".

What is it that was thought to be out of style?
Something they rose in, neat but not big.
Something we now know is something vile,
called a "gig".

What is it that shines in the evening time?
Something that is free to all from afar.
Something that we now know costs a dime,
called a "star".

What is it we thought was a useful machine?
Something used to clean every rag.
Something we now know that turns us green,
called a "maytag".



F/C Kelley, K.P.

"W I N G S"

My son has won his golden wings,
The wings that symbolize
Skill and courage and daring
Of youth who ride the skies.

And so, dear Lord, for him I pray,
For now his mark will be
Above, in Thine own sky-way,
Closer to Thee than me.

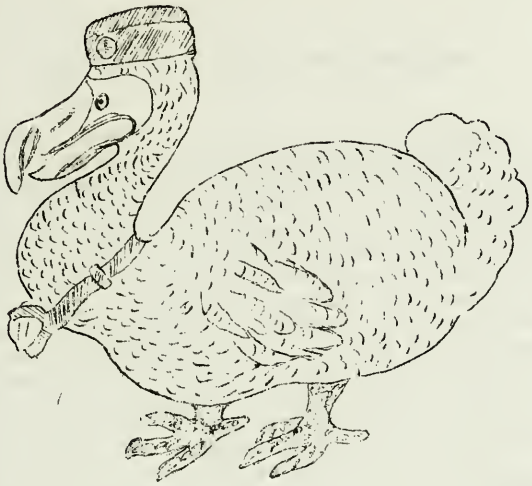
Be Thou his beacon light, O Lord,
When clouds obscure the way,
Through night and storm, be Thou his guide,
His compass be, each day.

I pray for happy landings here,
But more than all, I pray
His heart may feel that Thou art near
As he travels Thy skyward way.

By Alice McEachern

Ed.Note: This poem, typical of the thoughts of our mothers, was sent to one of the cadets by a mother who feels just this way.

AN AUTHENTIC NOTE



Webster's Collegiate, quote: "Dodo (dō'do). (From the Portugeese, dondo, meaning silly.) A large, heavy, flightless bird (Didus ineptus) now extinct, related to the pigeons, but larger than a turkey, formerly found in Manritins" End of quote.

Now, if this "Dodo" be properly chastened and subdued, etc., etc.---------what in the world does an Army Flyer look like?

Submitted by new Flying Cadet
F/C Ford, C.F.

THOUGHTS OF A "DODO" WHILE STROLLING

Suppose a Dodo's first thought when leaving his quarters should be "On the double", instead of the upper classmen; but why should we think, when we know somebody will do it for us. ------ Wish those Christmas cards would arrive; I'd like to get that job off my mind ----- Why did I give right rudder when I should have given left in that "power-on" stall today. Got to think faster. Only about 5 more hours before I should be ready for solo. ---- Better get that letter off to Nancy, or I'll be "out" by the time I get in to Los Angeles. Maybe I should drop Lorraine a line too, just in case.---------- Hope I get by for a few more days with my small knowledge of Dodo customs and regulations ---With one less gig, I wouldn't have a tour, why the h___ didn't I sign those regulations after I read them. ----------What am I going to do for the CONTACT, I can't draw, and I have no writing ability; but I can't stand 2 gigs. Only about two more weeks and I'll be an upper classman. Some fun.-----"Yes Sir, Mister_____, No Excuse, Sir".----------

Submitted by:
New F/C Mc Coy, W.B.

THE THRILL OF FLIGHT

With the thrilling roar of a wide-open gun,
We're off and into the air.
Onward and upward toward the sun,
The sky with the birds to share.

The cares that we had are far behind,
They lie on the ground below.
There's nothing left to hold, to bind
Our bloods exultant flow.

We've met the thrill we've awaited long,
The thrill of soaring flight,
As our engine throbs with its throaty song,
Its symphony of might.

We're here because we love to fly.
To us it means our life.
To feel our freedom in the sky
From all the worldly strife.

True, we are here to learn to fight
Should our country be attacked,
We'll use our newfound thrill of flight
To turn invaders back.

We lads are young and fresh and free
Learning to do and dare,
That some day we too may be
Defenders in the air.

F/C Naismith, R. E.

A DODO'S LOVE LETTER

Hemet, California
December 8, 1940.

Dear Myrtle,

Your letter came today, and I sure was glad to hear that you've all been doing so well at home.

There's just one thing though, Myrtle, that I want to caution you about; and that's in regards to your going around with Homer while I'm not there. Now, don't get me wrong, Myrtle, I'm not trying to say anything against Homer. He's all right in his way, but I know he wants you for his girl; and I told you just what kind of a line he would use; and I can tell by your letter that he's using it already. So just watch out, Myrtle, and don't let yourself get under his influence.

I had my first ride in the air last Monday, Myrtle; and I wanted to tell you about it. Of course, I had my helmet and goggles and scarf and parachute on -- you know, the parachute is the gadget that looks like an umbrella when it is open and like a bustle when you have it closed upon your back. It is used for a seat in the cockpit.

My instructor took off and then we climbed a little and turned and got out of traffic and went up to about 3,000 feet. Then he told me to take the stick and do some turns. The first few turns weren't so bad; but pretty soon my stomach started to turning faster than the plane. It kept turning farther and farther until -- well, you know, it can only turn so far; and then I commenced to get better again.

It was just about an hour when we got back on the line. I spent another ten minutes scrubbing one side of the plane.

Well, that's all I can think of now, Myrtle, only don't forget what I told you about Homer. Give my regards to your Mom and Dad and tell Al that I'll write him as soon as I find time.

Love,

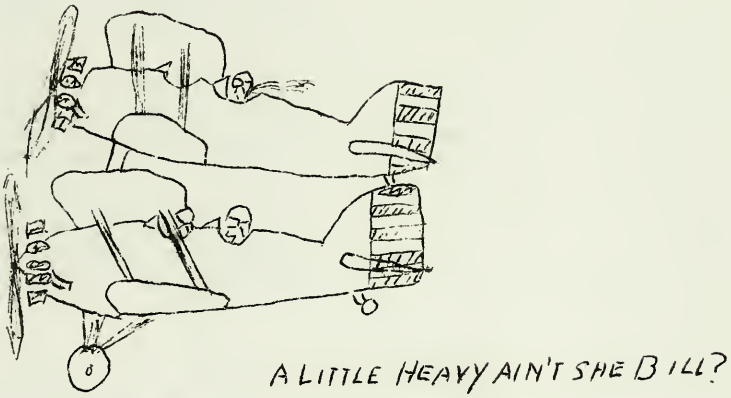
Frank

P.S. Honey, I almost forgot to send you a big hug and a million kisses. Don't forget to write and tell Franksie Wanksie 'oo still love him.

F/C Peterson, M.F.

(1) FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELT.

(2) PUT YOUR GOGGLES DOWN.



(3) LOOK BEHIND BEFORE TAKING OFF.

SAFETY FIRST

Danger rides the tail skid;
Death, the tip of the wing
For the careless, thought-
less student
Who forgets those safety things.

He may get through today,
And pass tomorrow, all right;
But soon he'll learn this
lesson:
That safety pays in flight!

F/C Griffin, C.H.

I'M GOING TO BE A FLYER

I'm going to be a flyer;
I'll be a good one, too;
I'll do just what the teacher tells me,
I'll listen close and follow through.

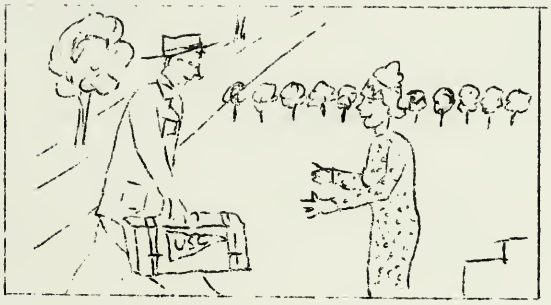
That's the vow I made sincere
And I did my best to try;
But here's what really happened
The day I went to fly.

The take-off looked easy,
As simple as could be;
But darned if I could follow through,
Or feel a movement one degree.

And then it came my turn
For me to do my stuff;
But the way the ship reacted
I'da sworn it was a powder puff.

I did just what he told me;
At least, I thought it right;
But the tail came up, the nose dove down,
Good Lord, it was a sight.

The Instructor took control
And neatly did recover.
He said unless I did it better,
I'd go back home to Mother.



WHERE'S YOUR PLANE, HAROLD

PRIMIPARA

A young flight lieutenant, on leave of absence from his post on the west coast, was visiting his family in New York. He received the following telegram from his commanding officer:

"LEAVE CANCELLED. RETURN AT ONCE."

He immediately obtained passage on the next plane west. At the airport, with the plane preparing to leave, a young lady rushed up and begged that one of the passengers allow her to take his berth, as the plane was filled; and it was imperative that she get to San Francisco at once, where her mother was seriously ill.

The Lieutenant, being a gentleman, immediately transferred his ticket to the young lady and wired his commanding officer as follows:

"HAVE GIVEN BERTH TO GIRL. WILL RETURN NEXT PLANE."

which elicited this reply:

"CONGRATULATIONS. YOUR NEXT CONFINEMENT WILL BE IN THE BARRACKS."

F/C Swain, J. S.

CLASS WILL (or will they?)

The following document was duly signed, sealed, and delivered before the proper authorities on the 13th day of December, nineteen hundred and forty, to be executed in full on or before December 20 of the same year.

ITEM ONE: Mr. Booth wills his blond, short hair and demure attitude to Mr. Dieterich, who probably has more use for them anyway.

ITEM TWO: Mr. DesGeorges wills his "way with the women" to Mr. Wick. Heaven help the women.

ITEM THREE: Mr. Biell wills his ultra-smooth landings to any Dodo who has the constitution to take them. Mr. Biell assumes no liability.

ITEM FOUR: Mr. Hanson wills his beautiful "figure" to Mr. Lyons who has quite a bit of road work to do before he can accept it.

ITEM FIVE: Mr. Johns wills his title "The Biggest Little Pilot in the Army" to Mr. Cromwell. (He says it'll go well with Cadet Cromwell's husky voice.)

ITEM SIX: Mr. Coleman leaves his weak stomach and his San Jac girl to Mr. Lawhead. The line crew can do very nicely without either one.

ITEM SEVEN: Mr. Loder leaves Number 12, his favorite airplane, to Mr. Sander, who has enough weight to keep the bloomin' thing from floating.

ITEM EIGHT: Mr. Hudson leaves his "army contacts" at March Field to Mr. Utter 'cause he knows there's not an "utter" like him.

ITEM NINE: Mr. Stowell leaves Mr. Hensler's sister to any Dodo who will promise to relinquish her sometime next summer. (Shortly after graduation.)

ITEM TEN: Mr. Johnson leaves his pleasant way with the Dodos and his "Queen's Guards" drill manual to Mr. Bevet, the little man in the kitchen.

ITEM ELEVEN: Mr. Anderson leaves his optimistic attitude and "gift of gab" to Mr. Balmer, the raunchy devil.

ITEM TWELVE: Mr. Burrill leaves his smiling red face to Mr. Underwood. He hopes a new one will be issued at Randolph.

ITEM THIRTEEN: Mr. Daugherty wills his dancing ability to Mr. Underwood, who with sylph-like grace, will pass it on to the incoming Dodos.

ITEM FOURTEEN: Mr. Cartmill leaves his worrying ability to Mr. Stork. (As if any stork doesn't have enough to worry about.)

ITEM FIFTEEN: Mr. Birchard leaves his beer belly to the qualifying lower-classman.

ITEM SIXTEEN: Mr. Bair leaves his innocent features to Mr. Werner, and his superb flying ability to Mr. Proctor.

ITEM SEVENTEEN: Mr. Hirst wills his love troubles to Mr. Watson, who claims he was born under the sign of Virgo.

ITEM EIGHTEEN: Mr. Dula leaves his captain's uniform to the Dodo who makes the highest grades in the Drill and Command class.

ITEM NINETEEN: Mr. Durosko leaves his wild tales of the Navy and Marines to Mr. Livingston who intends to use them for entertaining at 41-E's formal dance.

ITEM TWENTY: Mr. Finn leaves his family loyalty to Mr. McIntyre; but will take in return a date with the little beauty that dodo brought to dinner one Sunday.

ITEM TWENTY-ONE: Mr. Corwin wills his shoes to any dodo who can wear size eighteen.

ITEM TWENTY-TWO: Mr. Allen leaves his magnificant brain to Johnny, the orderly in the dispensery. It is rumored it will go at ten cents a punch.

ITEM TWENTY-THREE: Mr. Ford leaves his hangar talk to Mr. Tice, who, it is said, can tell 'em with a straighter face than any man in the lower class.

ITEM TWENTY-FOUR: Mr. George leaves his modesty to Mr. Lyons, who claims he can't understand the way they teach flying here.

ITEM TWENTY-FIVE: Mr. Hampy leaves his ping-pong ability to the last man to solo in the dodo class. He will need it.

ITEM TWENTY-SIX: Mr. Larrabee wills his "B" -- (stands for black something or other) to Mr. Westphaln. Larrabee says it sure burned him up.

ITEM TWENCY-SEVEN: Mr. Breen leaves his Vaseline hair-do to Mr. Swain who, it seems, is all his name implies.

ITEM TWENTY-EIGHT: Mr. Carlsson leaves his broken down car to Mr. Schramski. The Russians always have been good mechanics.

ITEM TWENTY-NINE: Mr. Cape wills his Robert Young profile to Mr. Swain, who can certainly use one.

ITEM THIRTY: Mr. Compton wills his amusing informality to Mr. Keese who will undoubtedly make good use of it when the "Look" magazine and staff visits here next.

ITEM THIRTY-ONE: Mr. Best leaves his raucous laughter to Mr. Pape and hopes he will have as much good luck with it as the upperclassman had.

ITEM THIRTY-TWO: Mr. Cook leaves his utter indifference to low turns close to the ground to Mr. Ryan and hopes he can use it on his first stage.

ITEM THIRTY-THREE: The remainder of the upper class report they have nothing to leave but their sincere best wishes. (This doesn't mean a thing unless you Dodos can fly.)

S A T I R E

There is a bit of old German philosophy that, when fathomed out, means:

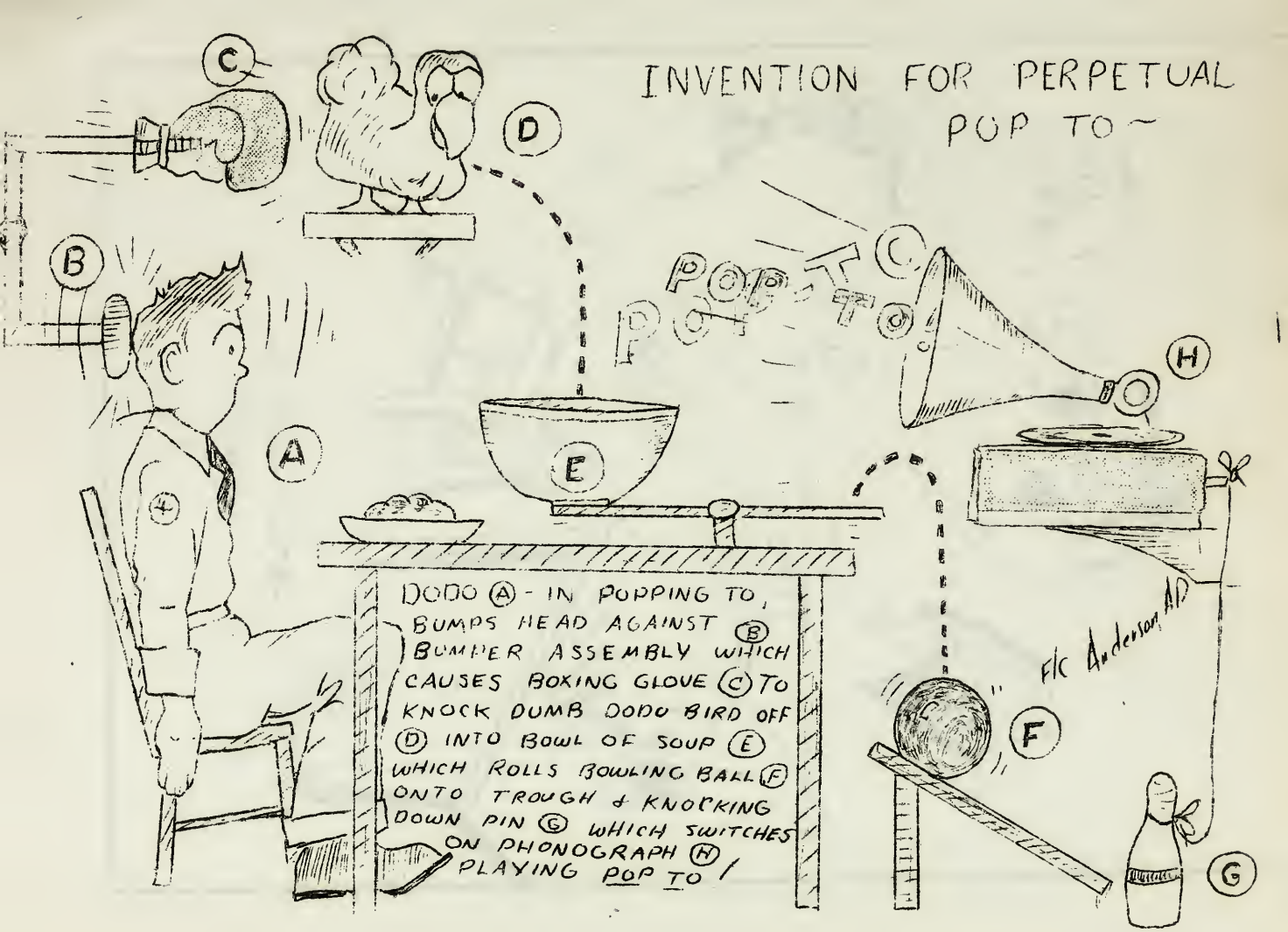
"What one likes to do doesn't hurt one."

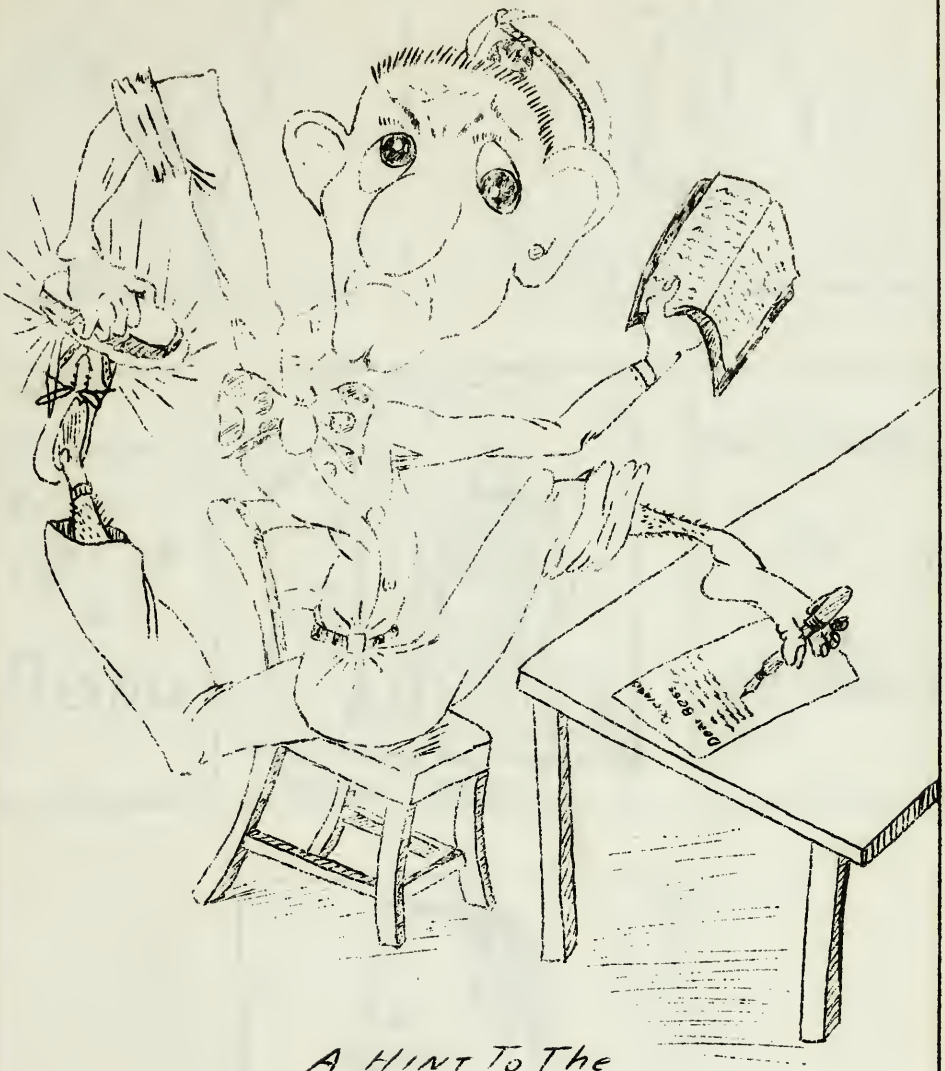
Such was the case until I joined the Army Air Corps. Now, that same bit of philosophy that I have used for a guide, or excuse, if you like, seems to have changed and would probably be more appropriate and acceptable here if it were to be worded thusly:

"What one likes to do will have him marching off Gigs."

The moral of this could be: - Let your philosophy change as rapidly as your environment!!

F/C Anderson, D.H.C.


INVENTION FOR PERPETUAL POP TO ~
C
D
B
A
E
H
F
G
POP TO
DODO (A) - IN POPPING TO, BUMPS HEAD AGAINST (B) BUMPER ASSEMBLY WHICH CAUSES BOXING GLOVE (C) TO KNOCK DUMB DODO BIRD OFF (D) INTO BOWL OF SOUP (E) WHICH ROLLS BOWLING BALL (F) ONTO TROUGH & KNOCKING DOWN PIN (G) WHICH SWITCHES ON PHONOGRAPH (H) PLAYING POP TO!
F/C Anderson AD



A HINT TO THE DODOS

MR DULA

MR BARILL

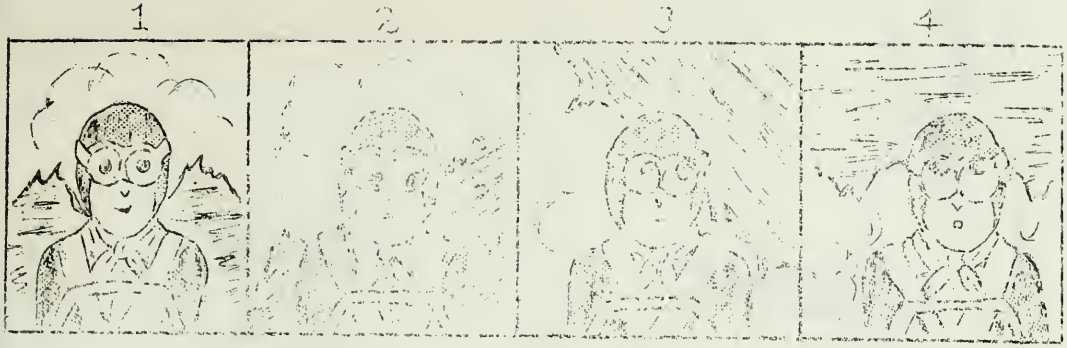
AS SEEN BY THE EYES OF A

DODO

MR SLOAN "WELL BOYS, OFF TO SHOOT A STAGE"

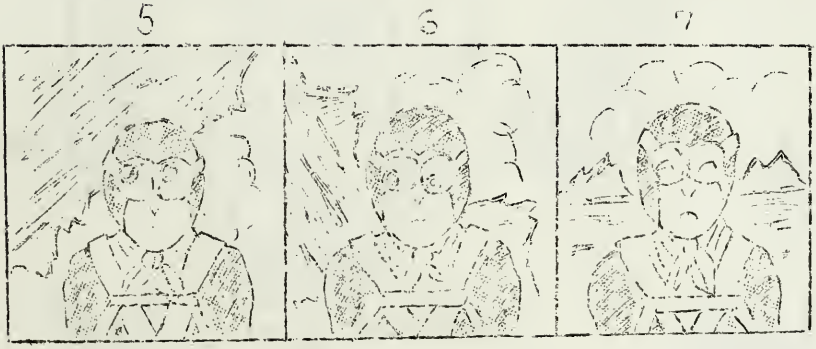
CARICATURES BY F/C MARTIN

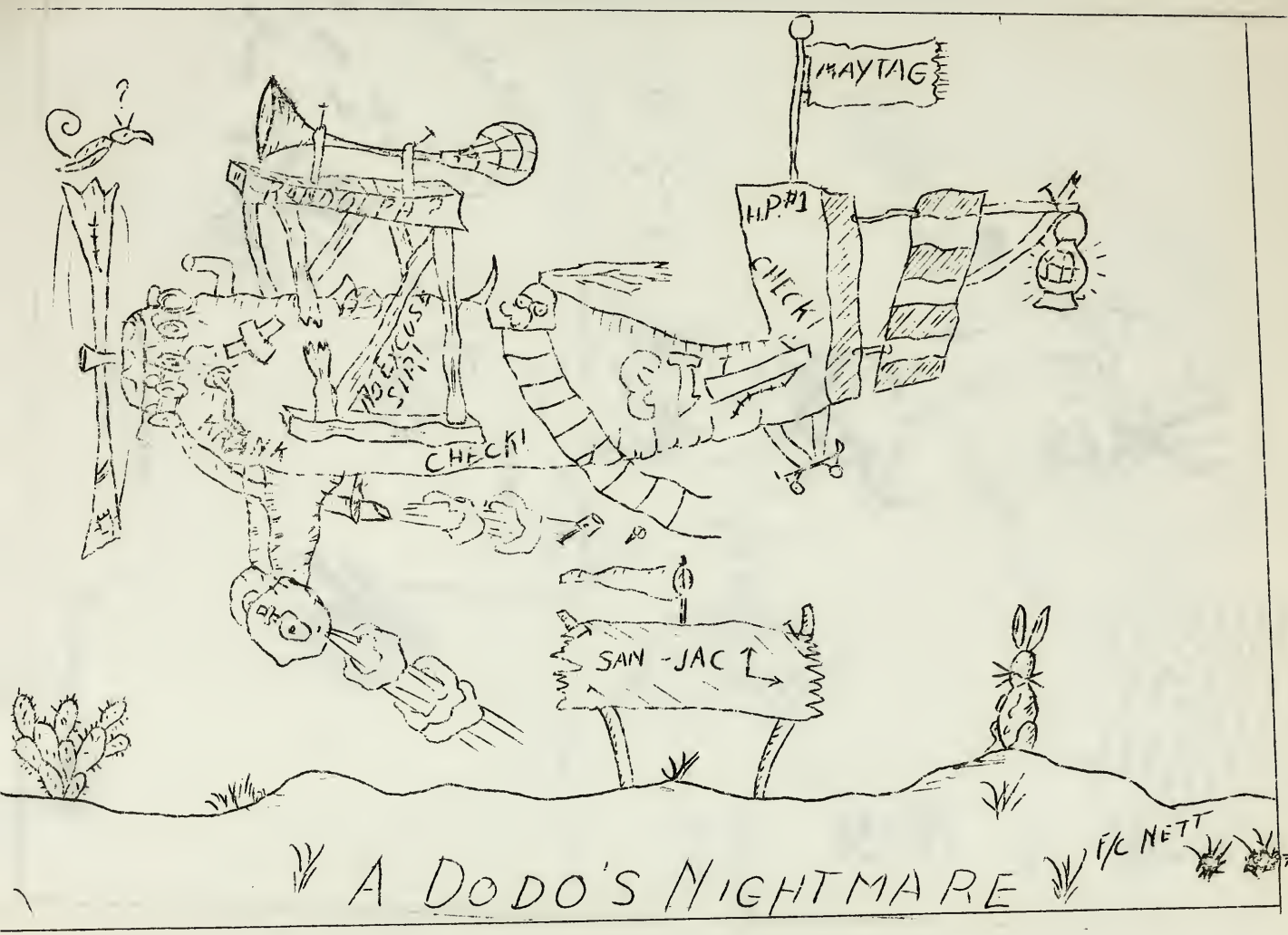
MR LOTHROP



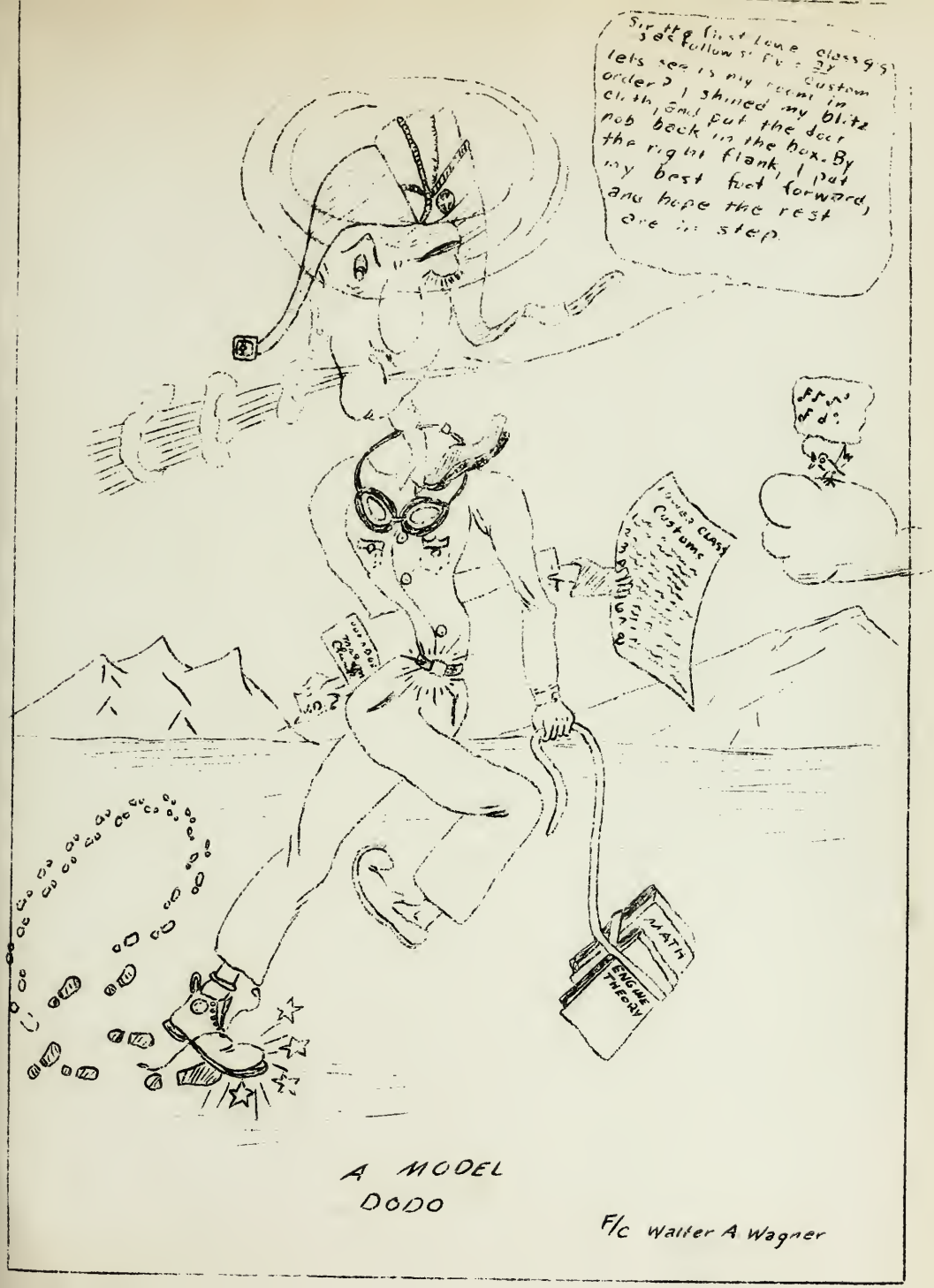
HIS FIRST SLOW ROLL

F/C STORK, J.R.





A DODO'S NIGHTMARE



A MODEL
DODO

F/c Walter A. Wagner

CONTACT

CLASSES
41-E
41-F

Published by the Flying Cadets . . . .

AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT
HEMET, CALIFORNIA

CONTACT

PUBLISHED BY AND FOR THE

"FLYING CADETS"

OF

CLASSES

41-E
and
41-F

Advisory staff:

Captain L. P. Hopwood
Lieutenant W. S. Ford
Lieutenant C. Hoisington
Lieutenant G. J. Sather
Lieutenant A. C. Pinson

STREAMLINING OUR PILOTS

Recent schedules of training announced by the War Department very definitely effect the new classes of flying cadets. The new basis for training cadets swings away from the old program as we have known it for many years and stresses the complete training of the Air Corps student to a point of actual combat proficiency prior to his graduation so that when he joins his unit, he is competent to fit into his niche as an immediately useable link in its combat team. Heretofore, the Air Corps has, in its training, developed excellent pilots and turned them over to the combatant branches to learn in those branches the finer points of gunnery, bombing, formation and other specialties peculiar to the unit to which assigned. Today, training phases are expanded not only to complete training as a competent pilot, but include a further mission of combat specialization. As a result the full course of training opens up in 1941 somewhat as follows.

PRIMARY TRAINING

This phase of training will remain unchanged in all essentials. The flying program will still consist of sixty hours of the same maneuvers as have been taught heretofore. Ground school will remain unchanged, except as curricular changes become necessary to keep instruction up to the minute.

BASIC TRAINING

At Basic will come the first noticeable departure from the older system. Here, based upon individual aptitude, students will make their transition from Basic to Advanced trainers during the latter part of their course and will, by graduation, have had some twenty-two hours of their total of seventy hours in Advanced trainers. These advanced types will include not only the single engined types, but a new twin engine type that is to be available shortly. Ground school will continue with thirty hours of buzzer practice, fifteen hours of navigation, thirty hours of advanced Meteorology,

twenty hours of airplane and engine operation in modern and service type equipment, and three hours of familiarization with service radio equipment. This will total ninety-eight hours of class work as against the one-hundred and forty of primary training. An additional total of some seventy hours will be utilized for military drill, military courtesy, training in command, ceremonies, parades and interior guard duty.

ADVANCED TRAINING

Obviously, with a separation into multi-motor and single motor airplanes being made at Basic, the flying cadets will split up upon completion of the Basic course for the two different specialized advanced schools. Those selected for single motor training will go to a pursuit school. While there their course will be about as follows:

a. On the flying line, they will fly approximately nineteen hours in the advanced single engine trainers, dividing their time somewhat as follows: Orientation, 2 hours; transition, day and night, 1 hour; navigation, 4 hours; instruments, 10 hours; and gunnery, 2 hours. Fifty-one hours will be flown in pursuit airplanes to include all phases of flying with greatest stress on formation and gunnery.

b. Ground school will take up many short subjects, the longest course being tactics and technique of air fighting. All other courses are purely military in nature and are designed to fit the potential officer for best effectiveness in his role as an officer.

Arrived at the bombardment or multi-engine schools, the flying cadet will probably meet some of his old classmates as bombardiers in training for their specialty of accurate egg dropping.

a. The flying phases will include eighty-six hours of flight training, of which approximately half will be in the multi-engined trainer and half in service type be-motored equipment. Stress will be placed upon training that will best fit the pilot to perform

duties as an officer in a bombardment or long range reconnaissance unit.

b. Ground school training will approximate that of the single engine school with, of course, special stress placed upon subjects particularly appropriate to the bombardment mission. These will include the bombing trainer, theory of bombing and tactics and technique of bombardment aviation.

All in all, the military pilot of today must grow rapidly in his profession, for, in thirty weeks of training he sprouts his wings strongly enough to stretch from the simple primary trainer into the best that the engineering brilliance of the nation can provide. It is a serious challenge and one that must be whole-heartedly accepted from the first day as a bewildered dodo. We are ready to help each individual case to the fullest of our ability, but when all is said and done, the old saw, "Wass you there, Sharley?" is still a pretty all-inclusive remark in the flying business and the principle effort must be that of the individual.

I can think of no better wish for you for the year 1941 than that each and every one of you as you arrive in Hemet see the picture quickly and paint it strongly and vividly as you go along. Every effort that you expend from the beginning will make your silver wings the brighter and your new bars the shinier. Best of luck, happy landings, and may you all make the grade, be it pilot or ground officer.

Lloyd P. Hopwood, Captain

"Quiet, Bill!--What was that? I think I heard him!"

"Now, Hank, that was just the wind--don't imagine things."

"No, I'm sure I heard him. Listen, Bill. There--hear him?"

"I think you're right! I can't make out where the noise is coming from but there are some tracks. Cripes, look at the size of them!"

"From the looks of things, he's been around for a long time. Hey,

there he is. Right over there. Look!"

"Boy, he's a whopper! Look at those legs! Wait now, this may be our only shot at him. Maybe I can sneak up a bit."

"Careful!"

"Quiet!--I'm almost on him!" ----BANG!!**

"Got him! First Crack!!"

"Boy, am I glad. Imagine a fly around here and inspection coming up in five minutes."

F/C Mattison, S. B.

HAVE NOTS?

Could Mark Twain have been looking a half century ahead when he said, "In fact, the more things are forbidden, the more popular they become?" Every dodo here at Hemet knows just what he meant. Every upperclassman appreciates the truth behind those well spoken words.

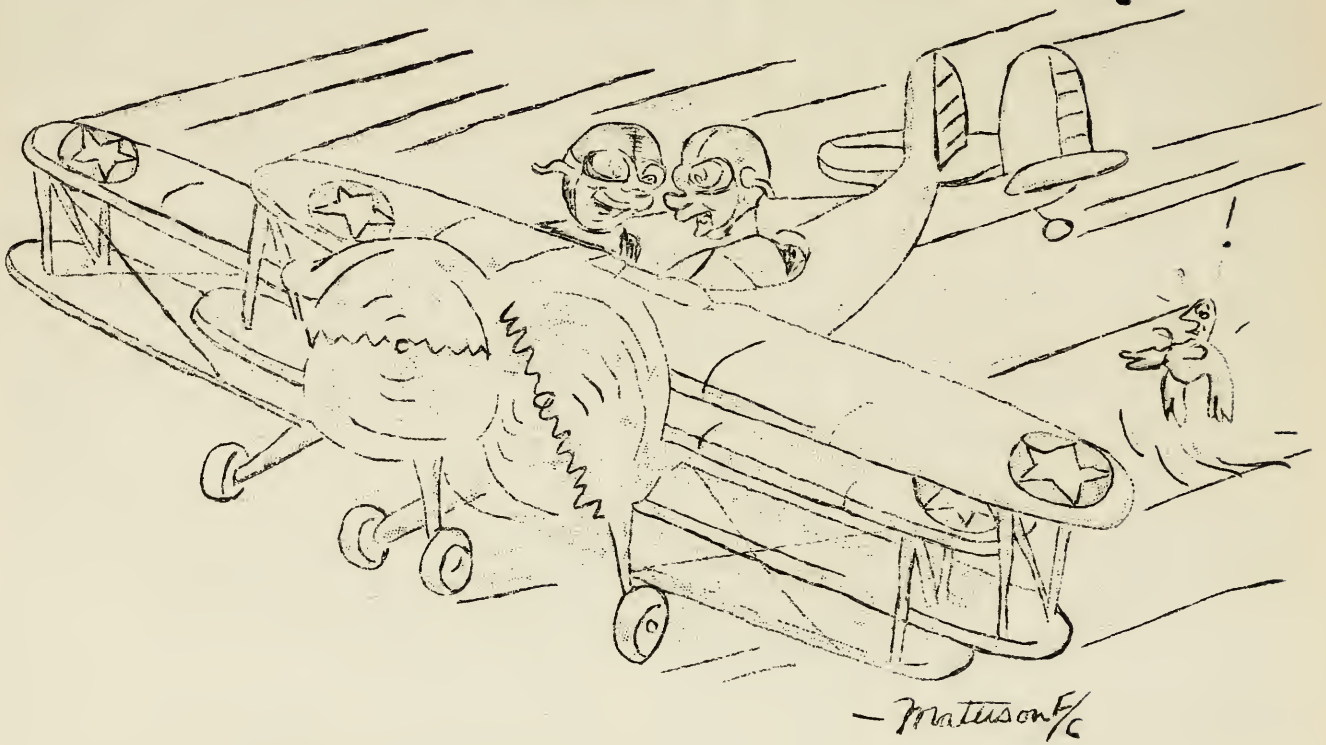
In, and prior to, 1940 we took for granted the pleasure of that extra hour of sleep each morning while Mother tried vainly to awaken us or while our alarms rang, rattled, and ran down. That after-dinner smoke at the table used to satisfy, but didn't have the great joy it would have now with that second cup of coffee.

But aside from the pleasures we are forbidden, we are learning a great deal. We are learning discipline, how to properly address men--not only our superiors, but those of our rank and we are learning how to walk, talk, and act like gentlemen.

All of these are things we can and will use throughout our entire lives--if we continue in the Army or if we are turned back into the society of civilians. But above all we are learning to be a factor in defending America--a cause worthy of any man.

F/C Wilde, L. E.

"I'D LIKE TO SEE FORD AND HOPWOOD TIE THIS ONE!"



Gentlemen, I want to say a few words about what the Army Air Corps is and what it should mean to a man who is fortunate enough to be a member thereof. To me, the Army Air Corps is an organization composed of the finest, most courageous, and hardest working group of men that can be gathered together.

As you well know, the Air Corps is under a tremendous expansion program and there are and will be many opportunities for "good" men, not only in the army -though I think that is the best place--but also in following civilian life from prestige gained while in this organization. Just picture yourself an officer in the Army of the United States. I can think of no greater career than one as a precision pilot in our army. I firmly believe that if you men set up for yourselves the idea of absolute perfection you cannot help but be a success. Keep working on the idea of gaining perfection and though you never quite reach the peak you have set out for you cannot help but be good if you are always striving to be perfect.

Here are a few things to remember when your class of "dodos" arrives. Just remember that they are men and as good as you. But from the day they first set foot on the post keep after them about military bearing, personal appearance, attention to duty, promptness, and conduct on and, especially, off the post. You all should know that an organization is judged by the conduct displayed by its worst member. Teach them that before they can ever learn to give orders as officers they must learn to take them while they are cadets. Instill your "dodos" with the idea that they are future officers; let them know what will be expected of them and above all set yourselves as an example. Be a good upperclass and you will have a good lowerclass.

Take the better methods we have used on you men, improve upon those you do not exactly like, introduce what new ones you might think of, and

there is no reason why you cannot turn yourselves out better than we are and at the same time leave another upperclass as good or better than you are.

In closing, I want to thank the class of 41-E for the cooperation I have received from each of you and to wish the men in class 41-E the best possible luck in their careers.

"Happy Days, Men".

Your cadet captain,

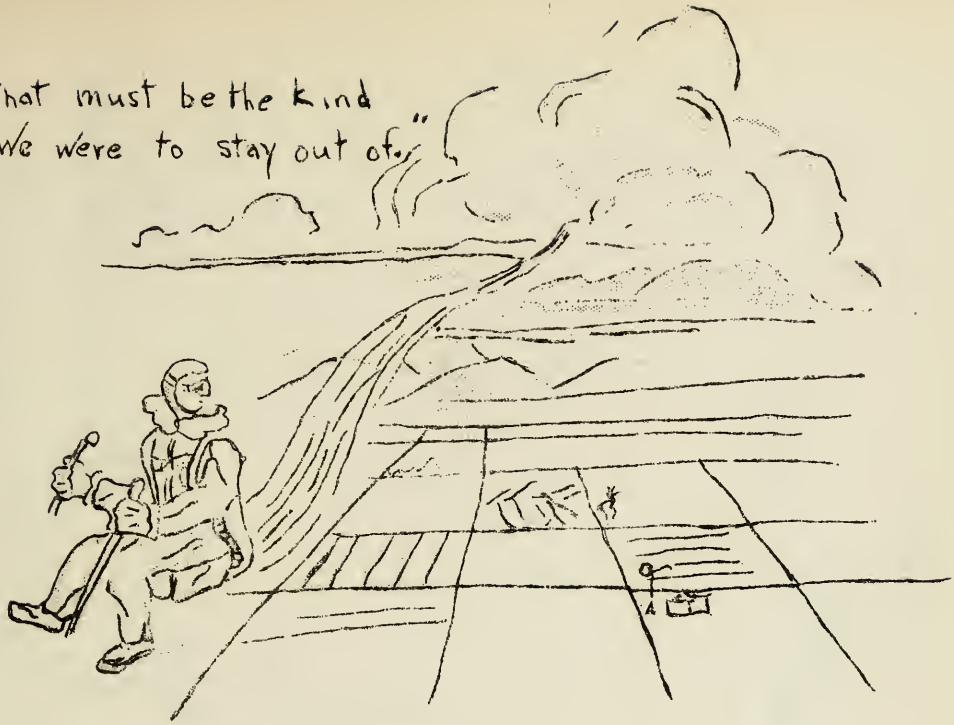
Paul A. Pettigrew

"RISING HOPES" or

A DODO'S DREAM

Oh, the first two weeks are over, and I still am feeling faint,
For the tricks of upperclassmen would severely tax a saint.
The days are getting long, I know; the drills are even longer,
And to pass from Hemet training, I must die or get much stronger.
From being "in my ship" so much, my back is like a lattice,
And I know the boys back home will think I've got the "rigor-mortis".
From those innocent sweet "civvy" days, the upperclass connives,
To change our mode of living and to mold good Army lives.
And so, though not a huntsman, I do hope with good, sound reason,
On Upperclassmen only, soon, there'll be an open season.
And being of a sporting mind, I'll not "pot-shot" the guys,
But "pop them to" before I shoot, and get them "on the rise"!

F/C Ventriss, D. E.



A TOAST

Here's to the Dodo, the bird without wings.
He bombs and flies in his bridf underthings,
His life is not dull, as may be his wit;
For they have found dust in his new shaving kit.

He drills and marches, his feet are of mud;
In making his bed he's only a dud.
At Mess it's "Pop To", and to all a bright "Mister";
He sits in his chair like his back was a blister.

But here's to the Dodo that smiles at it all
And knows how to answer the Bugler's call;
For to him will come his wings in time,
And a new set of "Dodos" will be "gigged" for grime.

F/C Logan, J. D.

"I CAN'T DO A THING WITH HIM CAPTAIN —
HE JUST GRINS AND SAYS "KID STUFF!"
INST
USA
Mattison

MY INSTRUCTOR

He's a great guy, my instructor. To be sure, he has occasion to shout and rave, but each day he's waiting for me at the line and ready to show me how a ship should be flown regardless of my adaptability to the various maneuvers. Never does he say, "I don't feel much like flying today--Good God, how do they expect us to fly in this weather--Is that the crate we have to use?" No, sir, he just says, "That's our ship. Let's get going."

If I ever fly it will be because he has "flown" me. Repetition, reprimanding, re-exicution; a routine which no doubt must wear on him, but which he ignores as he does his best for me.

My insurance is paid, yet by his alertness and awareness he has kept me from "collecting" an innumerable number of times. Through him I am days older, years wiser and ages advanced of my forefathers.

Flying is my goal and when I've reached it, I will certainly be obliged and honored to say, "Thanks", to my instructor.

RETREAT

Just as the sun begins to set and shroud this part of the world in darkness, the armed forces of the United States of America perform a ceremony in lowering Old Glory, the symbol for which they are mustered. This symbol is not just a piece of red, white and blue cloth, but a constant reminder of the greatness and freedom of America. The flag personifies the principles upon which this great country came into being.

As those of one-hundred and fifty years ago sought to bring into being a pattern of living which would bring the greatest number of benefits to the greatest number of people, so we today form the machine which will stand to the last man to preserve those things in our heritage which have become invaluable.

As we stand at attention and do homage to our flag, every red-blooded man must feel a thrill to be chosen to help protect these principles and

tenets which we most jealously guard.

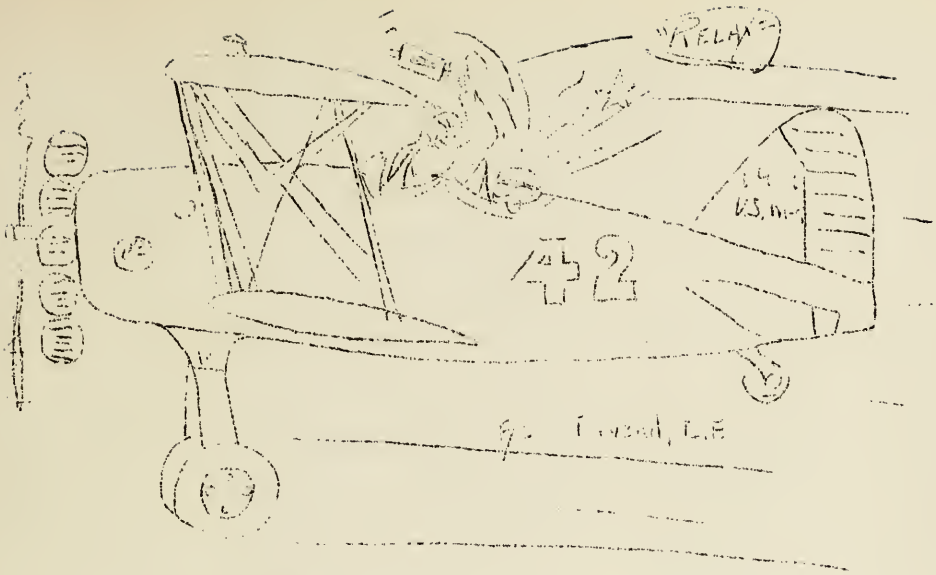
OURS TO LIVE AND LEARN

What most of the dodos have to learn is that we are in a primary school and not on an army post as officers. We have to see that in nine months we must be taught to fly and also present ourselves as officers and gentlemen. We can all understand our instructor when he tells us that one aerial maneuver leads to another and that the things we learn here in primary school are only the foundations for more intricate maneuvers at Randolph, Kelly and later in the Army Air Corps as regular pilots. We do not seem to understand, however, that the drill, room inspections, restrictions and regulations are also primary training, but that these pursuits are instilling in us the background for successful officers and gentlemen.

We learn to command by first learning to obey orders. Those who have never taken orders can never give them successfully just as those pilots who never learn to turn a plane smoothly can never fly in an intricate formation. Thus, everything we get here at Hemet is good sound material upon which our later duties as leaders will be based. A building with a shaky foundation will be a shaky building and an officer with poor primary training will not stand up under the test of strenuous times.

Rather than grumbling as we're sometimes wont to do, we should appreciate the efforts of the upperclassmen to teach us, in a short period of time, sound and practical practices upon which to base our futures. They are trying their hardest to teach us and when we learn to cooperate we will have taken the first step toward becoming gentlemen and officers.

F/C Mc Inerney, J. S.



"OWED" TO A FLYING CADET

Blessings on thee, Flying Cadet
Your silly puss I can't forget--
With thy head of solid bone
Its inner functions stay unknown--

Dressed up in thy fine attire
I wish that clothes could make the flyer--
And thy take-offs, never straight
Look more like a pylon-eight--

And thy over-banked chandelle!!
How I wish you were in hell--
Thy landings leave me black and blue
God made you half kangaroo--

With thy skidding down-wind turn
I give up! You'll never learn--
With thy feet on rudder froze
What keeps you up, God only knows--

With thy pylon-eight down wind
You are in a constant spin--
With thy ever-dragging wing,
Please, sweet death, where is thy sting?

With thy goggles encased in dust
If the loops don't get you, the snap rolls must--
Blessings on thee, Flying Cadet
Stay in and pitch, you'll get there yet--

I only hope someday you'll be
A flight instructor, same as me!!

William Sloan

Ryan Flight Instructor

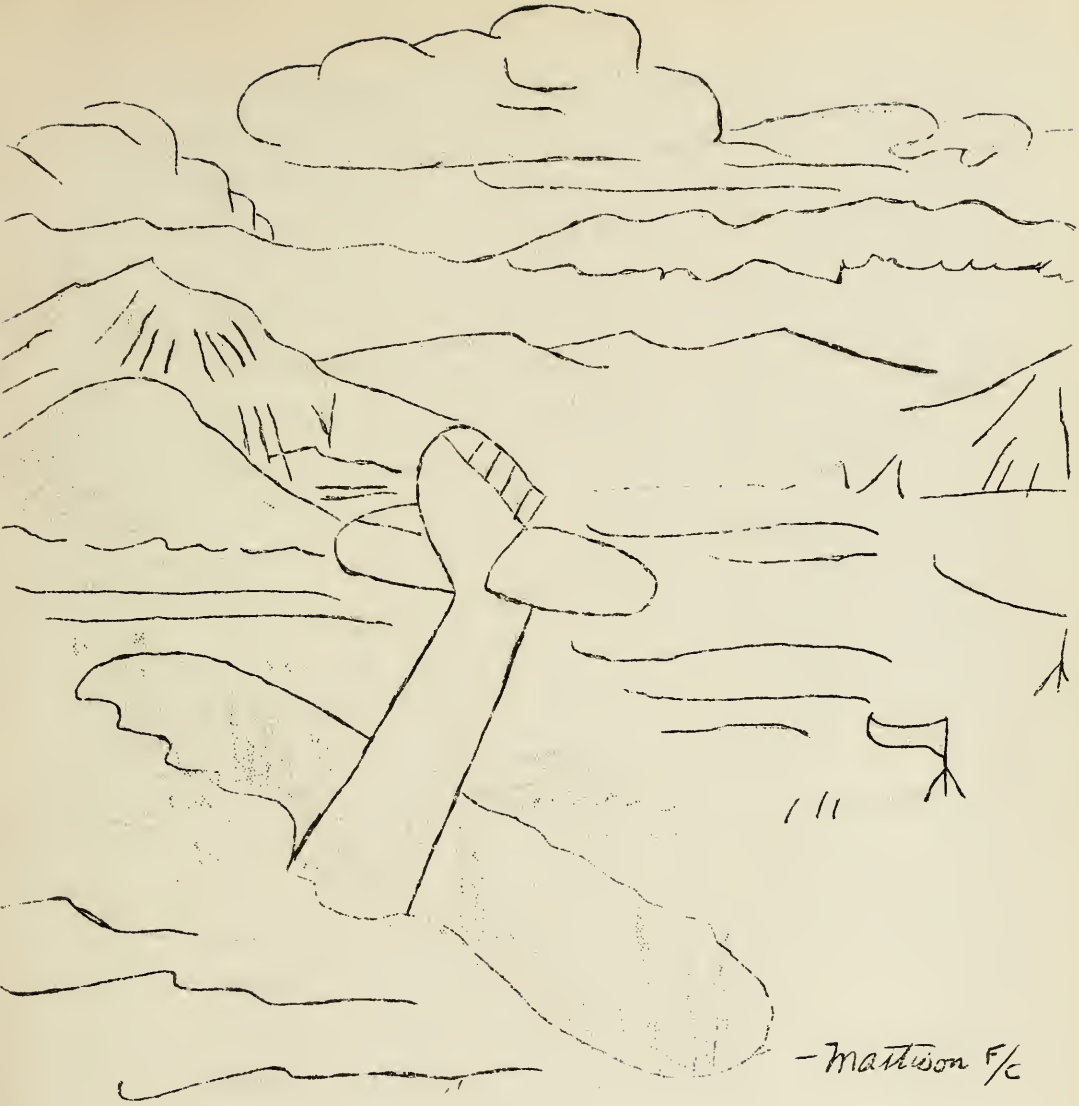
Who is he whose head
Invites gray hair?

Who is he whose nerves
Are the worse for wear?

Who is he whose voice
Will someday crack?

No one else but
Dispatcher Jack.

F/C Lund, H. G.



"YES, I KNOW THE RED FLAG IS OUT, BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE SO DAMN EAGER"

OUR "HONOR"

A national emergency gives rise to many peculiar situations which may or may not affect us but, if so, to various degrees. These effects may be advantageous or disadvantageous as the case may be, but for most of us here I'm inclined to believe that we were fortunate recipients. In short, many of us who ordinarily might not have been accepted by the air corps because of deficiencies here and there, have received bids due to slight relaxing of stringent policies maintained in recruiting cadets in former years. Some of us know this only too well, for we have been trying for two or three years to "make the grade" and only now have realized the goal of our endeavors.

Naturally, the lowering of entrance requirements is inclined to give rise to various observations and arguments. The "status quo" of "honor" in the heart and mind of the new recruit is, in my mind, probably the most important of any of these. Is the new recruit made of as high caliber? Can he subject himself to army stringency and not weaken? He must or he can never hope to put his honor on a par with those who have done so before.

The army, as no other place, will bring to the fore the fact that "a man is as good as his word". It takes a man to know a man and living among men it isn't long before all about you is known. Hence, little discrepancies which may tend to creep into our actions are magnified in that they do not become apparent to only one but to all the men of the organization.

Honor in the army is one thing that can not be infringed upon. It is the basic fundamental of a gentleman, who, in turn, is the basis of our army. A loss of honor kicks the props out from under the whole structure resulting in a failure which would not only be despised but catastrophic as well.

We can not allow them to say that ours is the hand that committed the felony. We are on a spot and must prove that we hold the tradition of honor as dear to us as those by whom we have been preceeded. We can not let them think that they have made a mistake in allowing us to become a part of their

organization. Let us keep in mind and fight for at every instance, this, the basis of our existence--"honor".

RYAN GROUND SCHOOL PERSONEL

So that you may better know them, we hereby offer a biographical sketch of the members of the ground school instructional staff of the Ryan School of Aeronautics here at Hemet.

Mr. Weidinger

A. Martin Weidinger was born to Bavarian emigre parents on a cold, bleak night of November twenty-ninth, 1914, in the town of Ballantine, Montana.

His formal education was received in various Montana country schools, and high school in a Benedictine monastery situated in Mt. Angel, Oregon. A determinate yen for a career in aeronautics led to a job as cat skinner in a C. C. C. camp from where he progressed back again to Billings, Montana, where a couple of years were spent as a mechanic for a private operator and transcontinental airlines. Turning to a definite program in aviation, he spent some months at the Ryan School of Aeronautics in San Diego as a student, from which he passed to a job in the Ryan factory and then to Consolidated Aircraft Corporation.

In September of 1936, he was called to act as instructor of engines in the Ryan commercial school, a position which he held until July of last year when he was placed in charge of the Cadet Training Program ground school at San Diego. In September of 1940, he transferred to Hemet to act in a like capacity which he has maintained to date.

Mr. Keesee

James H. Keesee was born of Scotch-Irish parents in the year 1911, at Hugo, Oklahoma, and received his elementary schooling in Oklahoma and further studies in various schools and from extension courses which included radio,

practical electricity, aeronautical engineering and draughting.

Jim completed with honors the master mechanics course at the Ryan School of Aeronautics in San Diego and was immediately offered the position of instructor in the Cadet training program in San Diego, from where he was transferred here where he is now pursuing technical instruction in Theory of Flight, Airplane Structures, Airplane Laboratory and Engine Accessories Laboratory.

Mr. Whitney

The town of Winchester, Massachusetts increased in population by one soul when, on the fifth of October, 1900, Joel M. Whitney was born to his English parents.

Primary education was received in Winchester, and high school in Billerica, Massachusetts, from which he entered Massachusetts Institute of Technology to pursue a course in mechanical engineering for which Joel now has that coveted derma of a sheep which designates a degree of Bachelor of Science.

Following this intensive program of learning, he became affiliated with the Dupont Rayon Company. During the industrial low of 1933, Joel took over the responsibilities of engineering foreman in the U. S. Forest Service and later was assigned as Project Investigator for the National Park Service. He then entered into air conditioning and from this into aeronautics at the Ryan School where he pursued courses in Advanced Navigation, Mechanics and Flying which led to an immediate association with the Ryan School as instructor in Aeronautical Meteorology, Engine Laboratory and Aircraft Propellers.

Joel married lovely and gracious Mary Daniel Moore in June, 1931, and the two are now rearing a boy of five years and a girl of eight.

Mr. Raine

Deane Raine took his first breath in the town of South Charleston, Ohio, in the year 1917, being derived of parents of Austrian descent.

Schooling was accomplished in Ohio and later at Culver Academy in Culver, Indiana where he attended on a scholarship of music.

Deane spent a good many years in theatre activity and eventually decided there were better methods of starving and so he embarked on an aeronautical career centered around the Ryan School of Aeronautics where he was the recipient of many hard months of mechanic and flight training. He was soon associated in an instructional capacity in the commercial school from which he transferred to do a worthy job of teaching Engine Theory, Engine Laboratory, Engine Test and Airplane Structures at the Hemet branch of the Cadet Training Program.

Mr. Pierce

June 30th, 1916, is the lucky and memorable day for Paul Pierce, for it was on that day that he was born of English-Dutch parents in a suburb of Chicago, Illinois.

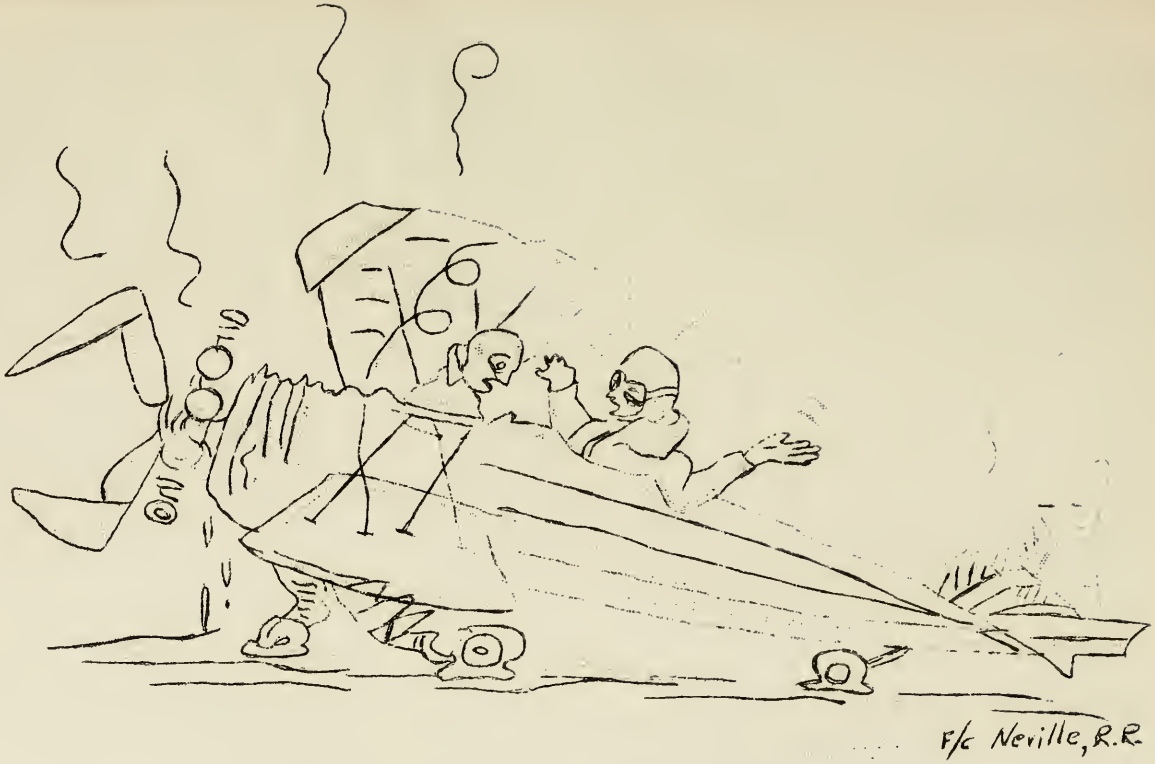
The usual period of primary academic matriculation took place in Chicago from where he moved to complete formal education by spending two years at Antioch College and then to Northwestern University. This followed by a year of Commercial Photography and a comprehensive course in advanced aerial navigation, radio, aeronautical engineering and flight training at the Ryan School of Aeronautics in San Diego.

Paul has been associated with the Cadet Training Program since its inception last September at Hemet, in the able teaching of aerial navigation, maps, and a course in mathematics.

Paul has recently become the proud owner of a new son, whose mother is the charming Jacqueline Pierce.

VERSES TO A VIRGIN CIGARETTE

You're still unravished,--have no fear, No hasty hand will soon disturb
Your slender whiteness, or will curb, That rich Virginia mixture we hold dear.
Go ahead--enjoy this chaste recess! You're safe, as much as I regret
For you're the bloody cigarette This dodo didn't have at 'mess'.



"Allright, so I aint neat!"

IN APPRECIATION**AND BEST OF LUCK

The strict requirements of an adequate National Defense are making themselves deeply felt in the Hemet organization. Before the next edition of CONTACT, Master Sergeant William A. Sharp will be deeply plunged in the thankless task of organizing and operating a new headquarters unit for a new Primary Flying School in Tulare, California.

Sergeant Sharp wears with distinction his Masters' chevrons as they have come to him after a long record of superior service to his country. On his capable shoulders fell the arduous task of opening and operating a headquarters unit in San Diego back in the days when civil primary training was not much more than an idea and everything had to be pioneered--meaning no sleep and very little time for eating. It was Sergeant Sharp who first took over the multitudinous duties and trials now being handled by a commandant of flying cadets.

When Hemet became something more than an idea, the Sergeant was again plunged into the thick of it and through the long hours of heat and choking dust before the first cadets arrived his efforts went far to make of your Detachment the institution it has become.

Always ready to give unstintingly of his time for the ultimate good of his Service of any man in that Service, Sergeant Sharp will be accutely missed in Hemet. Our loss will definitely be a tremendous gain to the Rankin School in Tulare. Best of luck, Sergeant, in Tulare or anywhere, tomorrow and always.

Steward H. Zumbro, quiet, unassuming and recently from Kelly Field will also be packing his bags to take over the administrative detail in another new school in King City California. His problems will be real and many, and it is our hope that he takes all of them in his stride and that King City will be as happy to have him as we are sorry to lose him.

FOUR GIGS

We arose promptly at two a. m. This was our big day, the day we would receive no gigs at room inspection. By two-ten we had moved all the furniture, including the double bunks, onto the porch and were ready for the real work to come.

The ceiling was fairly easy. We merely took turns standing on each other's shoulders killing flies and washing the walls with soap and water. Next we cleaned and polished to a high lustre all bathroom fixtures and windows throughout the room. After mopping and wiping the floor we began on the furniture. Each piece was carefully dusted and cleaned as it was brought into the room. By six o'clock all the furniture was in place and mirrors and brass were gleaming like the morning sun. Not a speck of dust was present.

Returning from mess, we huddled on the porch until the inspecting party was nearly upon us. We then carefully entered the room and took up our positions at attention, secure in our knowledge that our room was clean beyond reproach.

Suddenly we blanched, for through the open door we perceived a lone fly following the inspectors. Horrified and breathless, we watched from the corners of our eyes as the party bounced quarters three feet in the air off our beds and minutely inspected the room, followed always by that fly.

Disappointed and dejected, the men finally gave up their fruitless search for dirt and turned to leave, when this fly, this unspeakable monster, this, our nemesis, sensing that not much time remained, suddenly alighted on the lamp and deposited a large speck, crawled under the door and flew away.

An eagle-eyed inspector spotted the speck from ten paces, turned and barked, "Four gigs", and left triumphantly. We sank slowly to the floor, beaten and dejected.

F/C Marble, W. L.

F/C Robinson, J.H.

"Pop, To, Mr Beans!!"

MR. DODO

There's a fellow we know, and we call Mr Dodo;

He's as raunchy as raunchy can be.

His smile is a leer---a thing without cheer,

Grotesque and unpleasant to see.

He stumbles and fumbles and grumbles,

And frowns as he clowns for our pleasure.

He stutters, he mutters; "no excuse, sir" he mumbles,

While we sit by and laugh at our leisure.

It's "gigs" if he's early or late;

He eats with his eyes on his plate.

"Pop to!!" for a grin. "Where's that crease in your chin?"

"Great Scott! Mr. Dodo, get those shoulders back straight."

I fancy I never could fathom

The inscrutable ways of the stars.

In four weeks without doubt (unless he's washed out)

His rank will be equal to ours.

F/C Sussdorff, J. E.

Whew! Hope nobody Saw that!!
F/C Wilson, D.R.

REMEMBER

KEEP YOUR HEAD AND EYES MOVING CONSTANTLY. AVOID AIR COLLISIONS. THEY ARE THE WORST TYPE OF ACCIDENT. A PILOT WITH A STIFF NECK HAS NO BUSINESS IN THE AIR.

This warning will become a familiar adage to all of you with your advent into Basic Training. It appears on the first and last page of all your flight manuals. Its logic is unassailable. It pertains just as strongly in Primary, Basic, Advanced, Military, Private, or Commercial flying.

Too many men are now dead because of the falacious hypothesis that the air is free and unencumbered and that the simple and first rule of safety in the air - looking around all the time - is mere timid drivel. The airplane is a remarkable sample of man's ingenuity, but the airplane has yet to be built that doesn't have its "blind spot". These blind spots are no cause for worry if a pilot uses the simple expedient of turning his plane frequently enough so that no segment of his sphere is blanketed for long. The old psychology of the ostrich that "What he can't see can't hurt him" was never designed to fit comfortably into an airplane cockpit. The human eye itself has its blind spot, but that is corrected by a constant minute movement which permits uninterrupted vision. You can't beat nature's lessons.

I think that in the air we can go an old Civil War General one better in expanding his theory of military success by saying that the army that gets there firstest with the mostest if he saw the other fellow firstest is going to come out on the profit side of the ledger. If we are teaching you to become military pilots, our job has been funked unless we teach you the cardinal secret of safety in aerial warfare or in any other type of flying - see everything there is to see within the sphere of your vision. Don't forget what you have seen and where you have seen it and keep careful track of everything in that visual sphere that might have any bearing on your safety or the successful completion of your mission. The fellow who gets shot in the back in warfare may be a martyr or a hero - he may also be a sucker. The student who risks collision in the air cannot aspire to any title for he is aflicted with damnfoolitis.

Pardon Me! I thought this was a Men's Cloud!
13
F/C Wood H.F

TO THE REAR, MARCH

The scene is a small, neat, comfortable cabin located at the Ryan School of Aeronautics. Mr. Ryan built a number of these homey abodes to be used by Flying Cadets of the U. S. Army Air Corps. Each cabin has a modern gas heater which quickly warms the room to a temperature suitable to its tenants; double bunks fitted with springs, soft mattresses and three woolen blankets; a modern bathroom, equipped with the usual indispensables and a shower; metal stand ash trays; attractive white venetian blinds; Monterey furniture; and a waste basket. The setup is ideal for comfort.

Then there are the Air Corps' strict regulations. The gas heater is to be kept in spotless condition--not even a speck of dust is to nestle inside or out of the afore mentioned article. So there it sits in its proper angle without a spark of life for fear of tarnishing the glistening exterior. Of if you do gather up courage to light it, all the heat goes out four windows, which must be kept open at a 45 degree angle. Then there is the comfortable bunk. You cannot get in this until ten o'clock because you were attempting to put a whole engine in your head up to that time. Once you get in and are settled in a comfortable position and drop off to sleep, five o'clock rolls around and you drag your rearmost extremity from bed to clean the cabin preparatory to inspection. It's like walking through a mattress department with your fiance, and then having the engagement broken. If you want a shower you must accomplish this without water, because the tub must be kept dry--or if you don't care about that, you still cannot step in to see what it's like, unless this isn't your shedding season, because there must not be any hairs (snakes to you) in the tub (or adjacent bowls). And then there are metal ash stands one must not use. If you wish to smoke, go out on your porch and light up, until an upperclassman yells, "Back in your hole, Dodo!" You get a puff only now and then. Also, while we are speaking of ash receptacles, the waste basket is attractive; but don't use it, just polish it.

As bad as all this sounds, the situation is still great. Most of us have reached a point of transition when we must learn fundamental habits in order to be examples. If when discipline has been learned, military discipline follows naturally. This is the tradition of The Army Air Corps--and thus officers are made.

AND IN VIEW
OF YOUR RECORD
AS A ROOM ORDERLY
WE ARE GIVING
YOU A COMMISSION
AS LT. OF INFANTRY

C O N G R A T U L A T I O N S

January 31, 1941 marked the completion of training for Class 41-E. The congratulations of the Detachment go to the following men:

DON ANDERSON
CAROL D. ARMSTRONG
DAVID BALMER
PEYTON W. BECKHAM
CARL M. CRAMER
JAMES DIETRICH
CALVIN F. FORD
LOUIS E. KELLER
KEITH P. KELLEY
DOUGLAS A. LAMHEAD
ROBERT C. LIVINGSTON
CHARLES P. LONDON
JAMES E. LYON
WILLIAM V. MCFARLANE
VERNON P. MARTIN
WILLIAM B. MCCOY
ROBERT E. MCINTYRE
NORMAN D. MEADOWCROFT
NED G. MUNSEY
ROBERT E. NAISMITH
FREDERICK J. NELANDER
BRENTON R. NELSON
EDWARD H. NETT
HOMER H. NOSS
MARTIN F. PATERSON
PAUL A. PETTIGREW
VICTOR H. PRAPAT
LAWRENCE M. PROCTOR
JACK A. REEDY
GLEN C. ROLOSON
HERBERT A. ROSS
GERALD A. ROWLAND
ROBERT R. SANTINI
HAROLD D. L. SCHOMLDT
VERL R. SCHOENFELDT
WILLIAM H. SENNACHER
MARVIN J. SETZER
WILLIAM J. SIMONS
WILLARD R. STEARNS
JOHN R. STORK
CLAY TICE, JR.
JAMES UNDERWOOD
JOHN M. UTTER
WILLIAM S. WALKER, JR.
WILLIAM R. WATSON
NEIL A. WEMPLE
MILES A. WERNER
ARTHUR B. WEST, JR.
LOUIS E. WHIPPLE
GRIFFITH P. WILLIAMS
CHARLES WOOD
ROBERT YOUNGER

Well done. It has been a pleasure working with you. Happy Landings - all success in your careers and may we all serve together again before too long.

Lloyd P. Hopwood
Captain, Air Corps
Commanding

Gregory C. Hoisington
1st Lieutenant, Air Corps

Wallace S. Ford
1st Lieutenant, Air Corps

Gunnar J. Sather
1st Lieutenant Inf. Res.

Avery C. Pinson
1st Lieutenant, Inf. Res.

Mr. Mann.

CONTACT

CLASS 41-F

CLASSES
41-F
41-G

Published by the Flying Cadets . . . .

AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT
HEMET, CALIFORNIA

Roster of Class 41-E

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CLAPP, WILLIAM C.
COMPTON, WILLIAM B.
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HAYWARD, RUSSELL E.
LINENBACK, CLARENCE F.
LOGAN, JOSEPH D.
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MAILEY, HARRY C.
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MELIKIAN, RAY
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WALDMAN, WILLIAM M.
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WILLIAMS, CHESTER R.
WILSON, DICK R., JR.
WISECARVER, WARD
WOOD, HENRY F.

DEDICATION

To the members of Class 41-B who comprised the first class to be graduated from the Air Corps Training Detachment at Hemet, California, this issue is dedicated. Before many days pass this group as pictured above will graduate from Kelly Field and receive their wings. Through their untiring work and effort they developed the traditions now present and in effect at this school.

From a graduating class of fifteen men in 41-B the school has grown to a graduating class of seventy-five in class 41-F. In spite of the growth and enlargement of the organization the traditions established by 41-B still hold sway.

The original graduating class was comprised of the following men:

Gordon S. Benson	Charles S. Gallup	Robert W. Newman
Keith G. Birlen	Oscar T. Halley	Forrest S. O'Brien
Leo A. Boelens	William A. Hall	W. Harrison Phinizy
Max E. Davis	Howard P. Hardegree	John H. Reading
James R. Field	Vernon R. Ireland	Martin E. Willson

From the first issue of Contact the following quotation is taken: "A necessary and integral part of every service organization is tradition. It is tradition that makes men proud of their outfit. It creates loyalty and respect and is a necessary component of any group which seeks efficiency. Hemet Field is new and the establishment of a worthwhile and complete set of traditions has not yet been realized. However, it has already shown a definite individuality which forms an excellent foundation for a set of traditions which may well establish Hemet as the best primary training school in the country. It is up to the class of 41-C and those that follow to enlarge on this foundation. It is this spirit that started the traditions and has kept them intact to this date.

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ASST. EDITOR . . . . Mason, M. D.
ASST. EDITOR . . . . Welter, W. G.
CARTOONIST . . . . Mattison, S. B.

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Captain Hopwood
Lieut. Ford
Lieut. Hoisington
Lieut. Sather
Lieut. Pinson

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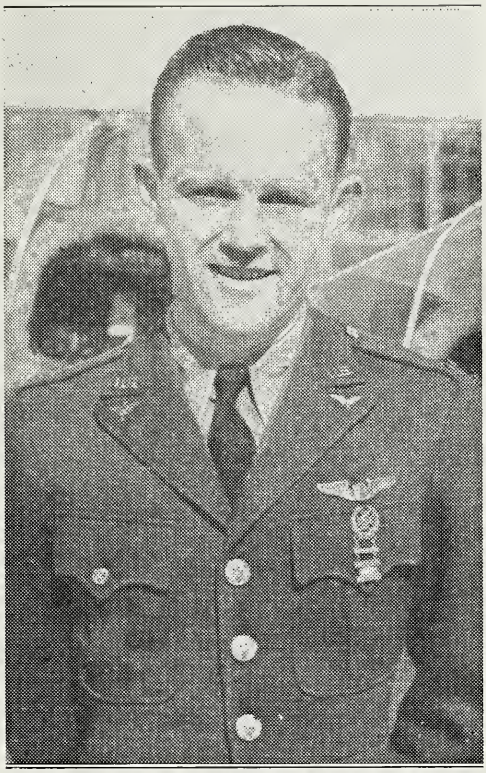


A WORD FROM THE SKIPPER

To the Editor,
CONTACT:

It becomes a difficult problem to enter your pages issue after issue and arrive at any startling originality. This issue is rightly dedicated to Class 41-B, small in numbers but big in morale and traditions of honor, duty, and performance that they left you. Fourteen of the original fifteen men who trekked to Hemet on a hot, dusty Sunday last summer will shed the slate blue of Cadet days and slide into the olive drab and bright bars of the Offier by the time the ink has dried on these pages.

That their transition from Flying Cadet to Officer will be full of credit to themselves and their Service I am confident. For they, as Cadets, learned in full measure the intangibles that are the warp and woof of the Officer. Theirs was a limited vocabulary, for the words COMPROMISE, CHEATING, SLOVENLINESS, INCONFIDENCE and DISLOYALTY were completely missing.

In the missing places were largely written HONOR, LOYALTY, DEVOTION TO DUTY, THE ABILITY TO TAKE IT and to DISH IT OUT, an unswerving conviction that theirs was an opportunity, and an esprit that never permitted a relaxation from the clear cut goal of becoming OFFICERS, GENTLEMEN and PILOTS par excellence in their Country's first line of defense.

To them, I say that their example has not been forgotten, for MEN are still coming to Hemet and in ever increasing numbers. In each class Hemet sends to the Service are sufficient men to a man a complete fighting group. That these groups, as they are formed and equipped may be in fact fighting groups if the call should come, is the solemn duty and responsibility of all of us, Officers, Instructors, and above all, Flying Cadets. Learn to fly well, for without that you cannot go on as military pilots. But learn and appreciate also the intangible invaluables—without which your formations won't remain intact, your guns won't hit their mark, and your Air Corps can't do its job.

Think deeply as you leave Hemet, for your are through the edge of the circle and you will shortly reach the hub. Give a thought to the hundreds of men that will follow you down those spokes, and assure yourselves that they shall be men. For you will fly with them. Shortly you may be leading them. Your job, unwritten, but none-the-less demanding is that of keeping men of your caliber lined up and waiting to follow in your footsteps. Make those footsteps clear and exact, but pick the men that you know can follow them, then send them to us. For someday their sturdy confidence and unwavering courage may bring to your team that perfection that will bring victory to you, your team, and your Country.

The best of luck to you of 41-F. You have done a good job. Keep on doing it better and better, and come back and see us on the way to your squadrons.

CAPTAIN LLOYD P. HOPWOOD,
(Commanding Officer).

"WINGS"

My son has won his golden wings,
The wings that symbolize
Skill and courage and daring
Of youth who ride the skies.

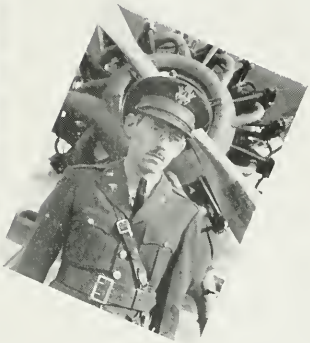
And so, dear Lord, for him I pray,
For now his mark will be
Above, in Thine own sky-way,
Closer to Thee than me.

Be Thou his beacon light, I Lord,
When clouds obscure the way,
Through night and storm, be Thou his guide,
His compass be, each day.

I pray for happy landings here,
But more than all, I pray
His heart may feel that Thou art near
As he travels Thy skyward way.

By Alice McEachern.

ED. NOTE: This poem, typical of the thoughts of our mothers, was sent to one of the cadets by a mother who feels just this way.



THE MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

By J. L. FERRELL, JR.

The medical department was first introduced into the regular Army in 1775 by George Washington. Since that time it has grown and extended its service to include all branches of the service.

The medical department at the Ryan school holds an important key to the success of the Flying Cadet. Realizing this, it has continually expanded until it now stands as a fully completed hospital unit capable of handling all types of cases. Some of the main and general purposes of the hospital are interesting as well as profitable to know. The most important factor is to keep the Cadet in excellent physical condition, for while ill he may become nervous or irritated thus making matters difficult in handling the daily routine. As well as administering the necessary medicines, the medical department has complete charge of the cleanliness of the mess hall and holds daily inspections of all the food served there.

Space will not permit the biography in full of the medical officers but we wish to show the Cadets briefly what each Officers' qualifications are:

Captain Leo F. Bach was graduated from Creighton University in Omaha, Nebraska, in 1933. After being graduated he served his interneship in the following hospitals: First, was the St. Francis Hospital in Wichita, Kansas. This he completed in 1934. From here he proceeded in 1934 to the Sedgwich County Hospital in Wichita where he completed the necessary two years of interneship. From there he entered the Commun-

ity Hospital in Beloit, Kansas, where he had a surgical residency. Captain Bach also had his residency at the Long Beach Community Hospital in California during 1939. In 1935 he entered the CCC camps as Medical Officer where he practiced many varied types of medicine. He received his Commission in the regular Army in 1934 and has, since that time, reached the rank of Captain. Six months as Associate to an Eye, Ear, Nose, and Throat specialist have made him very capable of handling such cases. During the past year he has completed the course for Flight Surgeons at the School of Aviation Medicine in Randolph Field, Texas. Naturally, we like to boast of the various records and abilities of Captain Bach and hope that he remains with us for a long time.

Another outstanding Medical Officer at Ryan is Lt. Merrill O. Dart. Lt. Dart at the present time is completing his course of Flight Surgeons through Randolph Field. Since his tour of duty here, Lt. Dart has made friends with all the Cadets and has established, besides his excellent medical record and sense of humor, a command of respect by all.

Lt. Dart's qualifications are as follows: He is a member of the American Academy of Ophithalmology and Otolaryngology. Having been graduated from Loma Linda Medical School in 1932, Lt. Dart became a member of the National Board of Medical Examiners of the United States. He also attended the University of Pennsylvania where he did graduate work in the field of Otolaryngology. His interneship was spent at the White Memorial Hospital in Los Angeles. Lt. Dart's hobby is his photographic dark room where he develops and prints pictures of all crashes which are kept on file by the United States Army Air Corps.

Lt. Paul Finklestein is a noted physician in the field of Industrial Surgery. He spent his field of interneship in some of the leading hospitals of Germany where he gained a working knowledge of many types of diseases and their treatment. He, like Captain Bach, is a graduate of the school of Aviation Medicine and is thoroughly interested in all problems of the Cadets. He wishes to take this opportunity to encourage the Cadets to become more familiar with the hospital and its functions. Because of an unexpected trip we were unable to get a more detailed history of Lt. Finklestein, but we wish to say that he is one of the most qualified research surgeons of his time.

THE LIFE OF A DODO

The life of a Dodo is not so gay;
If he can't take it, there's hell to pay.
Up at five to clean his room;
He'd better make use of blitz and broom,
Or march off "gigs" on Saturday noon,
Stepping along to that familiar old tune.
In the mess hall he must sit at ease,
All upperclassmen be sure to please,
Reciting customs and passing each test,
Until he has received that well earned rest.
Then he may gaze to his heart's content,
Eating with both hands, in the food make a dent.
He must wear goggles about his neck
Until he can solo that ship, by heck.
There is drill after supper each night;
Those Dodos in line are a heck of a sight.
Soon he must learn to march with precision,
Or the new class will not obey his decision.
Soon the bugle to quarters has sounded,
And into their holes all dodos have bounded.
So it is over 'til another day;
The life of a dodo is happy and gay.

F/C Lyons, J. E.

Ground Loop

When a pilot's been aflying for a coupla' years or so,
And can kick a plane around, and put on quite a show,
It's a thing he takes no pride in, and unless I have been scooped
If he's ever done much flyin', he's at different times ground looped.

When the kaydets get together for a stage at Randolph Field,
And you're due to draw a ship with a wobby tail wheel;
You come in for your landing and you put her down O. K.
But before you know what's happened, she's headin' for the hay.

So you pour the gas into her and she bounds up from the ground,
And you're feelin' mighty thankful for a chance to go around;
Down the base leg you come roaring, cut the gun and make the turn,
But you know that they're watching and your ears begin to burn.

You head in for the runway, note the drift and drop a wing,
And you feel the ship asettlin' as the wires begin to sing.
The ground comes up atearin' and you ease back on the stick,
And you bear down on the rudder and you do it mighty quick.

But you know your case is hopeless when you feel her start to go,
And you crack the throttle open, but you know you've been too slow.
The horizon starts aspinnin' and the plane is swapping ends
As the dust begins to shower while the wing-tip slowly bends.

You can hear the spar asplittin' and fabric tear apart,
While the terror down inside you takes a death grip on your heart;
Your hands and feet are paralyzed as the dirt goes flying past,
And you duck down in the cockpit as the motor coughs its last.

Then you climb out from the wreckage, and your knees begin to shake,
And you feel humiliated for the ribbing you must take.
All the pilots crowd around you and advice begins to flow
And they tell you how it happened, just as if you didn't know.

They criticize and advise you and although they're meanin' well,
You try to laugh it off and tell 'em all to go to hell—
Lots of pilots give prescriptions and enjoy to rub it in,

But there's few that give descriptions of the ground loops they were in.

BILL SLOAN.

THIS BUSINESS OF FLYING

F/C FRUM

Flying is a serious business in the Air Corps, but it is still a lot of fun. The business is concerned chiefly with making crack pilots out of "Dodos." This is no small task. Every "Dodo" is a potential pursuit pilot who will very soon be intrusted with the most powerful and expensive ships in the world. Thus, it is to the best interest of the "Dodo" as well as to the Air Corps that he be trained in the smartest and safest methods of flying.

Contrary to popular opinion, the army pilots are not a lot of careless foolhardy devils, but the chosen few from the nation's finest colleges and universities. They are men with a purpose. Army pilots are cooly conservative in their attitude toward their job and are well aware of its responsibilities.

Every cadet has an ambitious eye on an officer's bars. This is a career in itself. He is also out to learn everything he can about the most fascinating profession on earth. To the layman this may sound like an arbitrary statement but not to the seasoned pilot who has known complete mastery of his ship.

When the "Bug" has bitten a "Dodo" he finds it as hard to stop flying as to stop breathing. This usually happens after the first solo flight. The solo brings about a psychological rebirth and a burst of new confidence even to the most assured person. Mere words cannot express the sensation. It is something that must be lived.

From then on the "convert" has a strenuous routine of flight maneuvers he must learn to execute precisely. He must show improvement every day or he may get "washed out." This is the not so secret fear of every cadet and it soon alters any preconceived fly-by-night impression he may have had about the Air Corps.

Along with the most exciting aspects of flying, comes ground school. This too, however, can be exciting when presented as it is in the Air Corps. Cadets become vitally intersted in what makes a ship tick. They learn the mysteries of flight, how to navigate, why the weather is what it is, and a thousand other related things. Once into them, these "so-called" studies take on an aspect of an intriguing drama or a best seller.

As the new cadet realizes some of the many obstacles to perfection, he develops a profound respect for the pioneers of the profession. He realizes that all he has taken for granted before has been made possible by great effort and sacrifice on the part of such men as the Wright brothers, Langley, Bleriot, and many others.

Yes, flying is a serious business in the Air Corps but it's still a lot of fun. The thrill of flying defies description by even the most colorful adjectives. It is something that must be lived and there is no better place to live it than in the Army Air Corps.

TRAINERS . . .

Training airplanes, oh yes! But when you stop and think that about half of the flying equipment of the Air Corps is their inventory of trainers, they assume a very significant importance. True, they don't have bullet-proof tanks, armor and guns, but they are no less carefully designed to fit their particular purpose perfectly. For why train at all—why furnish the world's best and probably most expensive post-graduate course—unless our trainers are carefully developed. That the Air Corps pilot may metamorphose rapidly but soundly from a groundling to a military flyer we present with pride our trainer types.

They are all good, sturdy and built that students may rightfully place their full trust in them. They will carry you through your

curriculum day in and day out and carry in their structure a bonus of extra stamina if and when it must be called upon.

Much of the tabulation below is approximation, but it is not too far from the groove. Take pride in this review. It's yours to use sanely. Appreciate the opportunity it brings you. Enjoy its collective performance, take a mature interest in its design, and use it with the considered care and technique it deserves and must have if it is to live its span of useful training, that New York and San Francisco and Hemet and all other American cities may be tomorrow as today—places we want to live in.

	MAKER	GROSS WEIGHT	POWER	ENGINE MFCTURER	CRUISING SPEED	HIGH SPEED	LANDING SPEED	EQUIPMENT CODE	USED AT
PT-13	Stearman	2571	220	Lycoming	104.4	125.4	54	B-PF	Civil
PT-16 x	Ryan	1600	125	Kinner	105	115	Flaps 48 55	F M-IF-PF	Civil
PT-17	Stearman	2635	220	Continental	96	123.5	54	B-PF	Civil
PT-19	Fairchild	2409	175	Ranger	105	131.5	50	M-F	Civil
PT-20	Ryan	1600	125	Kinner	105	115	Flaps 48 55	IF M-PF-F	Civil
PT-21 x	Ryan	1925	132	Kinner	105	116	Flaps 50 57	M-IF-PF-F	Civil
PT-22	Ryan	1925	160	Kinner	112	129	Flaps 50 57	M-IF-IW PC-F-R L-BF	Adv.
BT-9	N. American	4500	400	Wright	150	174	60	M-IW-F CP-F-R L-BF	Basic
BT-13 x	Vultee	3991	450	P. & W.	170	182	62	M-IW-IF F-L-R BF-CP	Basic
BT-14 x	N. American	4700	450	P. & W.	160	178	60	M-IW-IF F-L-R BF-CP	Basic
BC-1 x	N. American	5200	500	P. & W.	180	206	66	M-IW-F-L R-CSP BF-RG	Basic and Adv.
BC-1A x	N. American	5260	550	P. & W.	180	210	66	M-IW-IF F-L-R-RG BF-CSP	Basic and Adv.
AT-6 x	N. American	5260	550	P. & W.	180	210	66	M-IW-IF F-L-R-RG BF-CSP	Basic and Adv.
AT-8 x *	Cessna	5100	2-270	Jacobs	175	195	55	BM-CSP L-R-F-RG BF	Basic and Adv.
P-36 x *	Curtiss	5731	1050	Wright	260	323	70	M-F-CSP BF-L-R PG-IW-IF	Adv.
B-18 x *	Douglas		2-800	Wright	160	190	65	BM-CSP-F RG-R-L BF-IW-IF	Adv.

CODE: B-Biplane; M-Monoplane; IF-All metal fuselage; IW-Alimetal wings; R-Radio; BF-Complete instruments; L-All night flying lights; PF-Fixed pitch propeller; CP- Controlable prop.; CSP-Constant speed propeller; F-Flaps; BM-Bi-motor; RE-Retractable landing gear.

'DIXING DOROTHY' . . .

F/C BUSCHING, R. W.

I was awakened this morning before daylight by the sweet clear tones of that delightful instrument, the bugle. After I arose, I went to the window and inhaled three or four deep breaths of fragrant Southern California air. One cannot imagine how refreshing the early morning air is until you arise at an early hour.

After washing my face and hands in cool water I dressed hurriedly in a new creation known as "mechanics' overalls," which follows the drape or English swagger pattern.

Breakfast was announced in a very unusual manner and I was welcomed into a cheerful group of upper classmen who entertained me in an uproarious manner. Our small select group is so engrossed in the various aspects of aviation that I spent the greater part of the meal demonstraing the technique of flying the beam, and eating according to the tee setting, which is a most delightful experience.

For the greater part of the morning I sat on a bench adjacent to the hangar and was taken into a world of make believe, while airplanes were soaring and dipping in a rhythmic poetic fantasy. All about me eager students were listening to the gentle phrases of their instructors. The lovely group of instructors certainly made a delightful impression upon me.

After about three intriguing hours spent in this fashion a most charming young man approached me and, in the sweetest way, informed me that I had permission to leave as all the airplanes would be busy the rest of the morning. Feeling somewhat depressed, as I could not view this lovely panorama from the air for another day, I made my way back to my room.

On this little walk my ebbing spirits were lifted by a very nice upper classman, who introduced me to a quaint custom known as "red light, yellow light, green light." I was especially fond of the "yellow light."

The noon meal was a delightful repetition of breakfast, even more so, if possible. During the rest of the afternoon, I attended some informative and refreshing lectures, at which I received the information that I would have the good fortune to attend an evening series of classes upon the same subjects.

We spent a delightful dinner hour at which several exuberant under classmen gaily demonstrated their flying ability.

A delightful day was closed by a special added treat, we were permitted to march about the area until eight o'clock.

Reluctantly we enter our rooms, bidding farewell to a glorious and long to be remembered day.

Fashion Flashes by 'Petey'

You dress for the daily occasion in the latest creation from the issue office. This garment is cut full from the shoulders to the bottom of the legs, set off smartly with a three-quarter belt sporting a shiny brass buckle, two-button cuffs to match. The bottom of the trouser legs are buttoned on the last button, which gives a flounce starting at the ankles. The knees are bagged just a little and you assume the appearance of being on th verge of a jump. There are seven handy dandy pockets, each one capable of holding many things, including one for a watch. The shoulders are cut full, with no padding, and a box pleat from each shoulder to the waist to give a suggestion of manliness and styled for comfort. In the top center of the back there is an insignia which identifies the "shop" where the costume was acquired. It has long sleeves with regular cuffs, as mentioned before. The color is not new, but one which has been used for a long, long time for "sports" wear in the Army. The garment is the **newest** and **latest** khaki issued to all Flying Cadets, designed for practicability, ease of movement, and general all around wear.

—H. Peterson.

LT. WALLACE S. FORD
Engineering Officer

LT. GREGORY HOISINGTON, JR.
Operations Officer

CAPT. LLOYD P. HOPWOOD
Commanding Officer

LT. GUNNAR J. SATHER
Commandant of Cadets

LT. AVERY C. PINSON
Supply Officer

INSPECTION . . .

New Flying Cadet Peddy, C.V.

At 6:00 o'clock mess it was casually announced by the Cadet Captain that there would be a dodo inspection at 8:00 o'clock. Upon arriving at the cottages the dodos gave a sigh of relief when relaxing from the perfect military position maintained by keeping the torso at a 90° angle to the horizontal plane upon which he has been counting cadence and eyes upon an imaginary point parallel to the earth and forming a 90° angle to the body at the point of sight, in other words, "the brace" position.

The four dodos in this particular room which we will observe, hurriedly set about the task of preparing their domicile for the coming inspection. The floor was swept and mopped, the furniture and room dusted, the water removed from the wash basin and shower, and the brass was simply shined to perfection. The four dodos glanced about the room with a look of satisfaction and looked at each other with that certain feeling of having accomplished something really worthwhile. It must be remembered, however, that those glances of satisfaction were emanating from inexperienced eyes and those feelings of accomplishment were from four dodos who were over-confident and had a certain expectation of receiving praise from the inspecting party.

The inspecting party came in, four dodos snapped to attention, at least they thought they had moved like four streaks of greased lightning, and the inspection was on. One of the inspectors after a quick glance around the room (with eyes closed) remarked, "Raunchy." Another of the inspectors walked over to one of the four dodos and snapped, "Did you ever see your mother's house like this?" The dodo snapped, "No, Sir," and the inspector took his answer for what it appeared to mean but the dodo was think-

(Continued on Page 30)

FLYING CADET'S 'ASSEMBLING LINE'

F/C HALL

Before an airplane can be built, the necessary raw materials such as Alclads, durals, steels, etc., must be carefully chosen, inspected, and checked for flaws. Thus only the best substances are used. In like manner the raw individuals who wish to become army fliers are carefully chosen, checked, and inspected; for only the best is able to stand the strain to which a pilot is subjected.

Each material which goes into the making of an airplane, is sent to a different department where it goes through the first process which eventually turns it into the finished product. Let us look at the future Army pilot in the same category. There are many primary schools for the new cadet. Like airplane metal which is heat-treated into Alclad, the new cadet is hardened in order to stand the tough finishing processes ahead. Not only flying but discipline must be taught, as discipline is the backbone of the successful army pilot. Also, coordination, like precision assembly, must be attained so that the flyer is able to fit in the cog.

If the raw material is successful, he is sent to a basic school where his form begins to take on a finishing process. As on the assembly line where the parts of an airplane are fitted together, so the basic school helps the cadet fully assimilate himself. If he is successful this time, he is ready for the main line. Kelly!

An airplane once put together, needs its finishing touches as well as a trial flight. So with the cadet at advanced training. Is put into use in the Army Air Corps. The plane receives its numerals; the cadet, his officer's bars. Together they fly; always fully confident in the other's ability, knowing that each is perfect.

HISTORY OF RANDOLPH FIELD

The Air Corps Training Center gained its start by Paragraph No. 1, War Department General Orders Number 18, dated August 16, 1926. On September 1st of that year, its first Commanding Officer, Brig. General Frank P. Lahm, established his headquarters at Duncan Field, near San Antonio, Texas. Up to this time, so far as can be determined, Randolph Field as it exists today was little more than the dream of a few pioneers.

The first intimation that a new field was to be built at San Antonio came when Major General Mason L. Patrick, Chief of the Air Corps; Major Ralph Royce, commanding Brooks Field, and Colonel C. C. Culver, commanding Kelly Field, recommended the concentration of all Primary Training at San Antonio. The location was decided upon because it is almost equi-distant from the East and West Coasts and climatic conditions are suitable for flying throughout the year.

The first Congressional action was taken in February, 1927, when Congressman Frank W. James of the House Military Affairs Committee, submitted the Third Army Housing Bill to the 69th Congress. This carried an appropriation of $1,876,000 to be used for housing the personnel of a new Air Field at San Antonio. This was approved by the House, but met objection from the Senate and the grounds that no such appropriation should be made until the Federal Government could be assured of acquiring sufficient land for such a project.

The next step was taken by General Lahm who advised the Military Affairs Committee of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce of the situation and urged this body to take the necessary action toward providing about 2,000 acres suitable for the purpose. Many possible sites were inspected by an engineer representing the Chamber of Commerce and then by a Committee of the Air Corps Training Center. It was originally hoped that the new field could be established within a radius of five to ten miles from San Antonio, but sites in this area failed to possess all the qualifications necessary. In October, 1927, a Board of Officers was therefore appointed by General Lahm, with instructions to select a site within thirty miles of San Antonio. On November 3, 1927, the present site which is on the South of Houston highway between Schertz and Converse was visited by the Board and was eventually decided upon as the most favorable location.

After continued negotiations this land consisting of 2,300 acres of mesquite, cacti, timber and farm land (seventeen farm homes had to be removed) was secured at a cost of $546,000, and was officially offered to the United States Government on December 31, 1927. A deed of Session from the State of Texas was executed by Governor Dan Moody on August 4, 1928.

Randolph Field was named in memory of Captain William Randolph, Air Corps, who was killed in a take-off from Gorman, Texas, on his way back to his home station, Kelly Field. General James E. Fechet, Chief of the Air Corps, recommended that the new Field be given the name of Randolph in April, 1928. On October 17th of that year the War Department approved it.

And now we come to the actual construction of a project of such gigantic proportions as to rank it second only to the Panama Canal in the infinite list of successful undertakings which we may proudly attribute our Army. The first work was begun on October 11, 1928, and was under the direct and capable supervision of Captain Arthur B. Parker, Constructing Quartermaster and his staff.

After the tract was thoroughly cleared of all timber, mesquite, cacti, buildings, fences and other obstructions, a well was started on October 31, 1928, and was driven to a depth of 700 feet reaching to the Edward's limestone. San Antonio receives its water supply from this same strata, but

since Randolph Field is somewhat higher its supply must be pumped. Originally, nine wells were sunk on the field but at present only five are serviceable. Only three are in operation at any one time, giving a combined output of 1,725 gallons per minute.

The first bids were let on the field October 9, 1929 for the construction of two warehouses and six barracks. From this point forward progress was rapid since, on July 1, 1929, a total of $8,000,000 had been made available. At present there are 371 buildings on the field. Of these 174 are Officers' Quarters, and 163 are duplex sets for Non-Commissioned Officers and their families. The remainder consists of administrative buildings, recreational buildings, hangars, shops, school buildings and Bachelor Officers' Quarters.

On June 20, 1930, the official dedication of Randolph Field was held. Construction was only half done at that time. The ceremonies were opened with a speech by Colonel L. B. Tuttle on the history of Randolph. This was followed by a speech from Major General James E. Fechet, Chief of the Air Corps, and the program was ended by an Aerial Review.

By the fall of 1931 the construction was practically completed at a total cost exclusive of equipment, supplies, aircraft, etc., of between $10,000,000 and $11,000,000.

In October of 1931 the Dodos in training at March Field learned the amazing news that they were to receive their basic training at the "West Point of the Air" and that a goodly number were to go by air flying their own trusty PT-3's. That they all arrived intact is one of the unwritten eulogies to the Air Corps Training Course, for flying a couple of hundred seventy-mile-an-hour planes with two hundred mile range over the badlands abounding in the southwest was no small feat.

But that cavalcade keynoted Randolph. Since then it has seen a continuous story of progress and expansion until today it looks back at the time when it was to have been the training center to end all training problems and finds twelve thousand men a year getting their primary training elsewhere. It finds half of the basic training going on at Moffitt and Maxwell Fields, advanced flying at Stockton, Kelly, and Brooks Fields, and many other specialized combat schools springing up throughout the nation.

But Randolph has grown also. Today four three-story, modern barracks buildings house up to a capacity of one thousand flying cadets. A large mess hall, administration and recreation building holds the center of the area. Fronting the Flying Cadet area is a modern two-story Academic Building. A swimming pool, tennis courts, baseball diamonds, and basketball courts flank the area and a small city of three hundred officers and three thousand men keep the wheels turning that the Air Corps may have its pilots.

LLOYD P. HOPWOOD,
Captain, Air Corps, Commanding.

FLIGHT

Soft west wind and a whispering sea,
And a whistle of struts on each side of me.
I raise my head to the velvety sky,
I bathe my face as the clouds go by.

I raise the nose high in the air
And a heavenly flag is fluttering there.
Oh, see what a silly fellow I am;
But pray don't forget me, Uncle Sam.

F/C Louis Whipple.

●

"You look broken up. What's the matter?"

"I wrote home for money for a study lamp."

"So what?"

"They sent the lamp."

GLEE CLUB

The Army Air Corps Glee Club of Hemet formed in January, 1941, and its membership included cadets from class 41-E and 41-F.

The capable Mr. Calvin C. Ford of the 41-E class organized a group of cadets into a glee club, and his efforts will be appreciated by all cadets entering here in the future.

The glee club sang at the Soboba Theatre, the Chamber of Commerce of Hemet, the Lions Club of Hemet, and the American Legion Program in Hemet. The performances have been successful and very well received. The next performance will be at the Soboba Theatre in San Jacinto. The cadets are selected from those who volunteer, because they enjoy singing. The present glee club consists of twenty-four cadets.

Glenn Anderson.

The members of the glee club are:

First Row, left to right—Stratford, Brissey, Yerrington, French, Peterson, Rahlfs; **Second Row**—Adams, Sower, Sterr, Rice, J., Wilmarth, Peterson, Scott, Redwine, Varoff, Witheycomb, Wilder, Wills, Penny.

Pianist—Randal; **Director**—Anderson.

DODO'S LAMENT

Fresh out of Iowa,
My buddy and I
Traveled to Hemet
To learn how to fly.

We arrived in the Area
Bags in our hands;
The first thing we noticed
Was the absence of bands.

Instead of quenching
Our thirst with beer,
They herd us into the area
And shout "to the rear."

Our preconception of
Air Corps life
Failed to include
A dodo's strife.

We got out our letter
And read with a sigh
About the dancing and fun
To be had "close by."

But we felt pretty good
And quite appeased
When we found that at Mess
We would "sit at ease!"

Now don't get the idea
We don't like it here.
Accusing us of that
Would be quite insincere.

We'll have you know
Right here and now
We dodos are as contented
As "Carnation's" cow.

For didn't we write
This little "jig"
To keep from getting a
Nasty old "gig?"

F/C Kelso, C. W.

POET'S

"OWED" TO A FLYING CADET

Blessings on thee, Flying Cadet,
Your silly puss I can't forget;
With thy head of solid bone,
Its inner functions stay unknown,
Dressed up in thy fine attire,
I wish that clothes could make a flyer!
And thy over-banked chandelle—
How I wish you were in hell!
Thy landings leave me black and blue,
God made you half-kangaroo;
With thy skidding down wind turn
I give up! You'll never learn.
With thy feet on rudder froze,
What keeps you up? God only knows!
With thy pylon-eight down wind
You are in a constant spin;
With thy ever-dragging wing,
Please, sweet death—where is thy sting?
With thy goggles cased in dust,
If loops don't get you, snap rolls must
Blessings on thee, Flying Cadet,
Stay in and pitch—you'll get there yet
I only hope some day you'll be—
A flight instructor, same as me!

—William Sloan,
Ryan Flight Instructor.

ESCAPE

Through the rising glory of morning
The engines mounting roar,
Stirs anew desire for conquest
In Cadets who soon will soar
Above this planet's madness
In through the heaven's door.

There's the man to whom fate was golden
There's the man whose fate was shy
But they all start out quite equal
As they roar into the sky

CORNER

HOPE?

Tho my chute is inverted
My goggles askew,
Tho my helmet be sideways,
I'll still see it through.

On takeoffs I'm shaky,
My turns aren't true blue,
My S's are raunchy,
Good landings—too few.

I've soloed, believe me,
There's plenty to do,
When doing spot landings,
I don't hit where I'm due.

And so I looped her,
Up into the blue,
Tho I left her inverted
I finally pulled through.

Chandelle is my next one,
And I'll surely tell you,
Tho I'm doing it badly,
I'm darned glad I flew.

I'm now graduating
And this is my cue,
It's farewell to Hemet
For basic I'm due.

Yerington, E. R.

Where the wind beats tan to their faces
And the clouds go whistling by—

In the realms of the Gods they wander
In the laps of the Gods they play
Til the darkness of night drives them homeward
To return to the earthling's way
Where the murk and gloom of living
Puts an end to the joyful day.

Spehr, A. C.

BRASS

Before I joined the Air Corps
I never thought of brass
Except with lots of other things
Like copper, steel, and glass.
But now
I vow
To kill—
Better still—
Disembowel
That foul
Half-demented
Guy who invented
Brass!
Guess why?

F/C Robinson, W. L. 41-G

GROUND LOOP LOUIE AND THE INSTRUCTOR

Ground Loop Louie, may his tribe decrease,
Awoke one day from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, through the whirling planets and stars,
The tatter of fabric and jingle of spars,
A waiting instructor, with look so cold,
That Louie's face turned the color of mold,
And to his instructor he stammering said,
"Did I do something wrong?" the instructor turned his head,
And with a look of a man in a dream,
Deafened the air with a maniac scream.
"But, Mister Instructor," said Louie with a smile,
"Don't I get a big 'star' for making this pile,"
The instructor screamed again and left. The next day,
Louie got up with the sun's early ray,
And there on the "Cradle Roll" right with the best,
LO—Ground Loop Louie was leading the rest!

FOOTNOTE: Apologies to those lovers of good poetry who would resent the comparison of Instructors and Angels even in parody.)

Craig, G. S.

IMPRESSIONS FROM THE UNUSED CONVOLUTIONS

Another stage. Boy! I'm going to show them a swell one today. Maybe I can join the "B Club." I wonder what's the best way of getting that mercurochrome off. Hope they don't . . .

Gee! I better get going here. Wonder what those instructors thought I was waiting for. Oh, well; I'm on my toes now. Glad I'm not nervous. Better put my flaps up. Oh, oh . . . they're already up. That's right, I just took off. Gotta make a good pattern. Wish that guy up ahead would step on it. What's wrong here? 2200 rpm! It might help if I would pull the throttle back.

Let's see now . . . everything's going OK. Right altitude? yep. Right rpm? yep. Should be straight in line with those roads, though. Ah, that's better . . . I see they haven't changed the Tee. Wonder if the wind has shifted.

Well, it's about time to cut the gun . . . no . . . yep, there. Boy, this is going to be good. Make my first turn around that that cow, then base leg right toward that woodpile. Looks a little high from here. Better slow down this glide. Whoops, steady there. Must be too slow now . . . the wings are shaking. Gee! watch her settle. I'm drifting, too. Darn it, I'm going to be short. Glide, baby—GLIDE . . . don't let me down now. Hold her off . . . hold her OFF!! . . . oh, oh, wheel landing! Bet my instructor is cussing. Well, I'll show him a good one next time. These other guys can do it--so can I, by gum!

How's my pattern? Left wing's low. Wonder who that is ahead of me? Must be a 20, he's 200 feet too high . . . or am I too low?

Let's see, now, cut the gun, around this cow, inside the woodpile this time—gotta overshoot just a little. Here she goes. Pretty close. Get that stick clear back this time. Bring her in. OOoph, gosh, what a bounce! Stalled her in. Come on, snap out of it kid. You can do better than that. Gotta do better than that . . . Gotta get to Randolph! Gee, won't that be great! I'd like to be in a BT-9 right now.

Where in the heck is that guy going? Maybe he's out of traffic. They wouldn't have the pattern clear over the ocean. No, guess I better turn. Hope I'm right. Would hate to cut anybody out. Now, where's my cow? There she is. Good old BOSSY. Same approach as last time . . . That was pretty close. Better landing though . . . I hope. Gosh, this looks a little high. Wonder if I could . . . oh, my GOLLY! where did that plane come from? Darn that guy, cutting right in front of me. Somebody's always got to spoil things, just when I'm heading for a B. Now I'll land too close to him. Gee, I hope nobody's looking . . . I mean, I wish nobody was looking.

Oh, oh, I haven't been watching for the red flag. Stage must be about over too. Hope they didn't flag me last time. Don't see any ships stopped yet so I guess I'm all right. Boy, what a landing I'm going to show them this time. Split the line right in two.

Sticks . . .

LUNKHEAD—One lunkhead can kill a lot of good pilots.

MONEY—Vague designation for something from which a Flying Cadet rapidly separates himself.

STICK—What you pull back to go up and keep pulling to go down.

If the upperclassmen would stand at attention with **their** eyes on a point they wouldn't see so many things to yell at me about.

I've GOT to get through.

Wonder what it's like to have week-end leaves. I'd like a change of scenery for a day or two.

Ouch! Can't lay on that side, that last typhoid shot made my arm sore.

OUR HERO, CHARLIE CADET---AS HE APPEARS . . .

TO HIS BEST GIRL —

Ah, be still my heart!! He's coming to see me tonight, and I'm counting the seconds till he doorbell rings. I'll open the door and he'll stand there, resplendent in his uniform, smiling his oh-so-handsome smile, with the look of an eagle in his deep brown eyes. How brave he must be daring the elements each day as he soars aloft on his golden wings. What courage he must have to constantly flirt with danger as he masters the intricate art of flying. And he says, too, that the General promised to make him a captain soon. I can hardly wait!! Military weddings are just too, too . . .

TO THE LINE MECHANIC —

Oh, Oh!!—Here comes Homicide Hector, and I'm stuck to crank his ship. So help me, the next time that not-wit switches the gas off when I call for "contact," I'll take the crank and bust it over his empty noggin. Yesterday he darn near blew me naked revving the motor up, and my chances of living to a ripe old age are the same as the proverbial snowball when he taxiis out of here. He'll come tearing back in here, overshoot the parking line five feet, and have the crust to howl about defective brakes. I'm getting flat feet from chasing his form One across the airport. When the good Lord gave him his choice between brains and cake, he must have been awful hungry. . . .

TO HIS FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR —

Well, here we go again!!—God's gift to the air corps and I are going to prove once more that the law of gravity is so much damfoolishness. I wonder what the impersonation will be today—the cigar store Indian or the contortionist with the hives. Here comes Glamor Pants now with his scarf dragging and his goggles on upside down. Let's see—yep, my insurance is paid up this month. Better put some air in my chute cushion and have the mechs check the shocks on this crate—his drop-in landings from ten feet are a masterpiece on how-not-to-do-it. Boy, if rigor mortis sets in again today, I'm gonna run, not walk, to the nearest straight jacket. One hundred students in this class and I'm stuck with the only one with mental paralysis. Oh, well,—Come on, Lindbergh, let's go. . . .

—Doc Sloan.

MISTER, YOU LACK COORDINATION

Fling oranges with either hand,
Can swing to any band;
But! The flying instructor says,
"Mister, you lack coordination!"

From a tramp table twists with flips,
On a horizontal bar easily kips;
But! The flying instructor says,
"Mister, you lack coordination!"

Spin in any direction with skates,
Be they ice or roller plates;
But! The flying instructor says,
"Mister, you lack coordination!"

F/C Ryan, James A.

His motor screamed in protest
As he tilted up the nose,
The wings began to shudder
As the attacking angle rose!
The ailerons went soft and useless,
The rudder lost its kick,
Struts and wires began to flutter
With the deadening of the stick!
He hung in awful suspense
As the nose began to fall,
Now, relax! He's finally made it!
A perfect power stall!

Nickels, C.

STUDENT TYPES . . .

A flying cadet is a species of homo sapiens in a class by himself. However, when viewed from the tired eyes of almost any instructor, he can be segregated into several categories, some of which are as follows:

The Excitable Student: Comes late to flying period every day—dashes madly out to waiting ship and puts foot through wing while climbing in. Forgets to set brakes while checking mags, causing line mechanics to scatter. Ground loops while taxiing out to runway. Pushes wobble pump handle forward and wonders why plane won't take off. Is violently startled when given a forced landing—trembles as though he had palsy and ends up down wind toward only tree in fifteen miles. Nods head vigorously when spoken to. Jerks stick hastily if he sees another plane within two miles. Taxies into gas truck when returning to line—jumps from cockpit with gossport still attached and dangles by the ears—counts to three and pulls rip cord . . . .

Mother's Boy: Shows up on the line with rosy cheeks, fresh-scrubbed ears, shoes untied and helmet on backwards—goggles are generally upside down and strap twisted—ten minutes per day is lost in getting him dressed again. Always responds with a quick "yes, please" when spoken to, followed with a demure curtsy. Must be led by the hand to ship to keep him from wandering into propellers. Must be helped into cockpit and have safety-belt adjusted and tucked in by line mechanic. Must be told to release the parking brake and put goggles down. Pouts if spoken to harshly, and hides out of sight of mirror to sulk the remainder of the period. Initiative and aggressiveness comparable to that of a WPA workman. Thinks flight instructors are mean, nasty men, and wishes mother were here to tell them so.

Exhibitionist: Has a voice like a fog horn, and begins every sentence with "Boy!! Was I hot today . . . " Favorite occupation when not flying is to swagger back and forth between hangars and "ad" building in full flying regalia .including trailing scarf) to impress gaping ciivlians with his aeronautcal prowess. Loves to spend ten minutes checking mags at full throttle. Condescends to wave to everyone when taxiing out to runway, and holds up traffic while parked cars admire his airplane. Enjoys being cut out on approach because it gives him a chance to rear across the field at full throttle. Is hasty to criticize anyone's flying and sneers at all dodos. Very seldom dies of natural causes and never lives to enjoy old age.

The Alibi Artist: I didn't know there was a cross wind—the sock wasn't working; it wasn't my fault—the guy in front of me made his base leg too wide; I couldn't hear you—the gossport wasn't working; the altimeter must have been wrong; I thought you said lazy eights, not pylon eights; the rudder must have been sticking—I pushed hard with both feet and nothing happened; Sir, wasn't the air rough today??? Oh, I thought the yellow flag meant to land; Sure, I saw the air-liner, but I had the right of way; But Sir, I thought you meant three hours all at one time. . . . Who, Me???

STICKS . . .

Don't get enough sleep around here.

Boy! Soon as I get to be an upperclassman all my troubles will be over.

ATTENTION—This is done by pullin' in your chin and belly and hips and everything, except your chest which is left sticking out.

The weight of average chute is 19 pounds.

RAT—A small piece of fuzz found by inspection officers in obscure and remote corners.

Oh For The Life Of A Flyer
I Arrive
I March
In Your Brace
Great Scott! What Is It?
I Fly
I Solo
Ye Ole Crystal Ball
WASH
RANDOLPH
MOFFAT

THIS DOWN WIND TURN . . .

A recent article in one of our aeronautical magazines has prompted this writing and has no doubt resulted in a condition among many who have read it, which can best be explained as "confusion worse confounded." Moreover it bears out quite well the truth of the adage which warns us not to believe everything which is printed and to a much less extent, everything that is spoken.

The subject matter of the afore-mentioned article is one which doubtless has been the center of many a heated argument among men who fly, students of aeronautics and laymen alike. It does, I believe, hold a special and important significance to both seasoned flyers and to the many aspirants to that title.

A personal observation leads me to say that I can think of few things which cause a man more conscientious discomfort than to witness the dissemination of erroneous information to any fellow man and especially so when thrust upon such highly receptive and impressionistic material as a student, whatever may be the field of learning.

The point in discussion is the by now famous down wind turn of an aircraft in flight: Its relative safety or lack of it, especially when this maneuver be accomplished at a low altitude. To believe the source of this article, one would deduct, and erroneously so, that a down wind turn in every instance necessitates the use of more energy than when executed in any other direction and that the maneuver is inherently unsafe due to the possibility of stalling the airplane, which granted, if it were true would be a dangerous predicament when it occurred close to the ground. Also we would be led to believe that whenever it becomes necessary to make a down wind turn the action should always include a decided increase in thrust power or air speed, an increase in radius of turn and a decrease in rate of turn in order to obviate a stall condition. The inference drawn by the reader would also be that these precautions would not be necessary in an up wind turn.

Let us for a moment reflect on a few simple basic laws of aerodynamics. First, we may state that the airfoils of an aircraft must generate sufficient lift forces under all conditions of flight to balance the forces of gravity and dynamic inertia or centrifugal action acting on the craft. The magnitude of these lift forces are in the main function of the relative air velocity between the lifting surfaces and the atmosphere and these same forces may be modified also by any change in the angle at which the air strikes or passes the airfoil, namely angle of attack. Forces other than gravity, i.e., dynamic forces do come into action during maneuvers of any type and may augment the force of gravity in which case they must be compensated for by an increase in lift forces and this is generally brought about by an increase in air speed.

The all important consideration to be kept in mind is that the aircraft is not sensitive to ground speed as regards aerodynamic functions, but only sensitive to its true velocity throught he air.

The velocity of the air mass with reference to the earth's surface is non-essential to the aerodynamic functioning of the craft, once it has parted company with the earth.

What actually does take place in a perfectly engineered, constant rate turn as might be indicated by a gyroscopic turn indicator? Many factors are changed, the major ones being that due to the angle of bank and the realization that the reactionary forces on an airfoil are always at right angles to the airfoil chord line, and therefore in a bank, only the vertical component of this force is available for actual sustentation of the aircraft and this would be reduced to zero in a true ninety degree or vertical bank. We also accumulate an increase in apparent

weight of the airplane due to the addition of another force which we may call centrifugal force which acts to augment the original weight of the airplane and in the final analysis we find ourselves with an increased amount of downwardly acting forces and a decreased amount of opposing or stabilizing lift forces.

In order to maintain altitude and obviate a stall condition or a descent we must increase these lift forces and we generally bring this about by an increase in air speed of the craft, or an increase in angle of attack or a combination of both.

If we desire to bring about an increase in air speed we must either increase the thrust horspower of the engine or utilize the potential energy of the airplane due to its position of altitude by losing some of this altitude.

These characteristics remain true regardless of the relation of the turn to the direction and velocity of the wind relative to the earth's surface and are aggravated only by the sharpness of the turn and the severity of the bank angle.

Quite obviously if a condition arose where all the available thrust horsepower were being used in a predetermined turn the only alternative measure to avoid a stall would possibly be an increase in angle of attack, which is not always desirable due to the increased drag induced or an increase in air speed brought by descent and in a position where altitude were at a premium when flying low the result could very possibly be a stall condition of the aircraft, which is not to be desired at any altitude and definitely not at very low altitudes where insufficient space is available to effect a recovery from a stall.

It has been brought out many times by thinking and observant individuals that there can remain a psychological danger to a down wind turn executed close to the ground in the fact that to a novice or the non-informed an illusion may exist of excessive air speed due to the actually increasing ground speed during and after the turn down wind, possibly resulting in the placing of the aircraft' in a climb position or a bringing about of a decrease in thrust horsepower and actually resulting in a stalling of the airplane.

So in summing up we may suggest that for a pilot to realize and to take full cognizance of the factors affecting flight, the possibilities and yet more important the limitations of our airplane and its aerodynamic and structural peculiarities doubtless will develop a greater appreciation of more confidence and increasing greater efficiency and safety both to the pilot's self, his airplane and the lives or goods with which he has been intrsuted to transport.

F/C STELLY

Flying Cadet Randall Stelly, our athletic coordinator of Class 41-F, is a graduate of the Southwestern Louisiana Institute in the college of Agriculture. He was selected as one of the outstanding students of that institute to be listed in "Who's Who Among Students in American Universities and Colleges" for the school year 1939-1940.

Mr. Stelly is a member of the Phi Kappa Theta social fraternity; president of the Theta Gamma professional agricultural fraternity; vice-president of the agricultural inter-fraternity council; intercollegiate champion for two years in the mile and two mile runs; Southern A.A.U. two mile recordholder and undefeated A.A.U. champion.

After receiving a B.S. degree Mr. Stelly served one year with the U. S. Marines Aviation Division prior to enlisting in the Air Corps.

RULES FOR FLYING FOOLS

A Rare and Priceless Collection of Flying Regulations Diligent Dodos Should Memorize.

As the telephone operator who giveth the wrong numbers, so is he who extolleth his exploits in the air.

For I have watched him do his stuff on the ground; Lo, for an hour have I heard him talk of himself, till he thinketh he is the best pilot ever.

He is like unto a woman who knoweth not how to say good-bye on the telephone; and the truth is not in him.

Though he be as honest as a child in all else, yet will he lie about his aerial adventures. His chest protrudeth and he maketh other men to be weary.

He shall enlarge upon the dangers of his adventures, but in my sleeve shall be heard the tinkling of silvery laughter.

My son, obey the law and observe prodence. Spin thou not lower than 1,500 cubits, nor stunt above thine own domicile. For the hand of the law is heavy and reacheth far and wide throughout the land.

Incur not the wrath of those in authority by breaking their rules; for he who maketh right-hand circuits shall be cast out into the outer darkness and whoso flyeth low over baseball games shall be forever damned.

Let not thy prowess in the air persuade thee that others cannot do even as thou doest; for he that showeth off in public places is an abomination unto his fellow pilots.

He who breaketh an undercarriage in a forced landing may in time be forgiven, but he who taxieth into another plane, shall be despised forever.

Beware the man who taketh off without looking behind him, for there is no health in him; verily, I say unto you, his days are numbered.

My son, another student pilot shall come unto thee saying, Harken not unto the words of thy Great Grandfather, for he doteth; list to me while I tell thee how thou should do so-and-so.

Clever men taketh the reproofs of their instructor in the same wise, one like unto another; with witty jest, confessing their dumbness and regarding themselves with humor. Yet they try again, profiting by his wise counsel and taking not offense at naught that is said.

For who so harkeneth to his precepts shall fly in safety, and shall be quiet from fear of trouble.

A reproof enterest more into a pilot of sense than an hundred compliments into a fool.

Knowest thou a pilot who criticizeth not another pilot's flying? I say unto you, there is not one who cannot point out another's faults and advise him, what he should do.

Better is a dancing partner with two left feet than he who laggeth behind a formation and keepeth not his appointed place, for the leader breedeth wild thoughts.

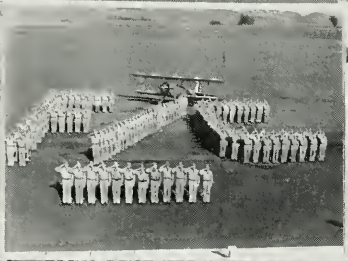
RECOMMENDED CHANGES

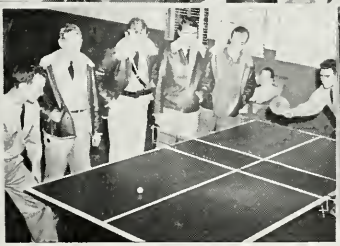
The following list of desirable clothing and material was mailed to all cadets selected for training at Ryan Field. To this list I would like to recommend several additions to be placed in mimeographed information sheets to those selected for future training here.

ORIGINAL LIST	RECOMMENDED LIST
1 light weight suit . .	eliminate entirely
1 medium weight suit	change to 2 heavy suits
1 light weight topcoat	change to 1 heavy overcoat
1 raincoat	make it two, so that one can dry while a spare is being worn.
underwear	be sure it is long underwear
socks	heavy wool
shirts	one will do for the first three weeks
ADDITIONS	
1 mouse trap ...	used to catch elusive rats present in the best of cabins
1 snake charmer . ..	if you bring her, you can always clean them out.

By all means bring your athletic equipment such as golf clubs, tennis racquets, etc., along with a golf course and a tennis court.

F/C Grove, J. M. 29-B





DODO DELIRIUM . . .

Dear Pete:

As you probably know, I am in the Army now—at Hemet. What a country club! what a country club! Boy, I'm sure glad to hear that you are being sent up here next month. I will be an upperclassman by them, and I will see that you are really "taken care of."

Just to give you an idea of what to expect when you arrive, our day goes like this: up at 8:30 a.m., breakfast at 9:30. Shortly afterwards we go to the flight line for a trip in one of the new PDQ-497¼ which does a mere 500 mph. There is nothing to it—easier than driving a car. Cocktails and lunch are served at one o'clock, and then off we go to the country club for a round of golf and a few beers. We usually dress for dinner and run into Los Angeles for a show or a date with one of the blondes from the "movie colony." There are no curfew restrictions.

The Army is really a very democratic place. We live and eat with the Officers and call them by their first names, and they call us right back. Each one of us has a room orderly to take care of our shoes, beds, and quarters in general. All our tailor-made uniforms are cleaned and pressed after each wearing.

Promotion is very rapid here, and it means a great deal if you anticipate an Army career. I have already been promoted to "Raunchy Dodo of the Day," and have fourteen "gigs" to my credit. I used to think that a 'gig" was a captain's boat. However, that is not the case. Here, they are given away free of charge. Remember the advertisement that says, "I'd walk a mile for a Camel?" Well, in the Air Corps you "walk an hour for a 'gig'." Maybe things can be arranged so that you may step into my place when you arrive. In fact, I'm quite sure of it.

Well, Pal, I'll have to sign off for the present, as a few of us Cadets are dropping down to Palm Springs for the week-end.

So long and happy landings, Chum,

Signed.

DIZZY DODO.

IN WASHOUT ROW

(with apologies to the author of "In Flander's Field")

In Ryan Field the washouts grow
Among the Dodos, row on row,
Whose minds and hearts are in the sky
As they sit and wait their turn to fly.

We are the "Washouts" short days ago
We looped, made banks, soared high, then low,
And now we lie in washout row
Because our flying was not just so.

To you the faltering controls we throw
To master as you would a foe.
But if ye do as bad as I
Ye too will never get to fly,
In Ryan Field.

Bloom, H.

WHAT IS IT?

What is it that we were taught was extinct?
Something that lived in the long ago.
Something we now know is only a gink,
called a "dodo".

What is it that was thought to be out of style?
Something they rode in, neat but not big.
Something we now know is something vile,
called a "gig".

What is it that shines in the evening time?
Something that is free to all from afar.
Something that we now know costs a dime,
called a "star".

What is it we thought was a useful machine?
Something used to clean every rag.
Something we now know that turns us green,
called a "maytag".

F/C Kelley, K. P.

FARMER'S LAMENT

Hemet was a farming town,
So peaceful and so quiet.
With all these flying men around
The place is now a riot.

My silo is a pylon,
My cows they all go dry.
Have they no place to land upon
That they must use my stye?

I have to do the women's work—
This is an awful life.
My daughters, they are never home,
And sometimes it's my wife.

Hemet was a farming town.
Those days I yearn for yet.
I lived a peaceful farmer's life
With an absence of cadets.

DODO AT HEMET

I've a beautiful story to tell
Of a country club in a dell;
It's a real resort
Where there's all kinds of sport.
The neophytes think it's quite swell.

Yes, Hemet's a wonderful place
Where newflying cadets learn to **face**
They get "braces" and "pop to"
And soon learn to hop to
Commands by some flying ace.

Come exams and the fear "Have I passed!"
Flight instructor instructs thick and fast
When **that** man says the word
He gives wings to the bird
And the Dodo's a solo at last.

F/C Stevenson, R. L.

JEAN BOVET . . .

Jean Bovet, genial manager of the Cadets' Mess, has made the Epicurean field his life work. At the present he is employed by Ryan as head of the department. His main duties as head of the "Canteen" and supervisor of the food served the cadets occupy the major portion of his time.

Jean's life history as a chef and steward is long and varied. His occupation has carried him to the far corners of the earth.

Thirty three years ago he learned his trade in Switzerland. From this early start he moved to London where he worked in the Carleton, then returned to Switzerland to be employed in Lausanne. From this point his travel begins. Starting in the Continental in the city of Assuan which is located in North Africa; several years on the Canadian Pacific Railroad as steward led to the position as Chief Steward for the Hong Kong Shanghai Hotel Company. Returning to the States heworked as chief steward in the Olympic in Seattle, Palace in Frisco and finally the El Cortez in San Diego. All of his ability and experience is devoted to make life pleasanter for the members of his station.

He is ready at all times to go out of his way to help a cadet. His willingness and efficiency to be of service are two of the many reasons why he is an important cog in keeping the personnel of the post well and happy.

ECHOS . . .

Men from Hemet have proved their worth and ability at Randolph Field as attested by the Detachment Order appointing Flying Cadet Officers at that station. The following men were appointed to the positions named to be the leaders of Class 41-D at the Basic Training School:

STOWELL, R. D.	Battalion Commander
RUMPF, J. D.	Company Comdr. Co. B
DUROSKO, W. D.	Flying Cadet Lieut.
DULA, M. A.	Flying Cadet Lieut.
CAPE, R. D.	Flying Cadet Lieut.
COMPTON, J. T.	Flying Cadet Lieut.
DOUGHERTY, F. L.	Flying Cadet Sgt.
HIRST, M. L.	Flying Cadet Sgt.
LOOMIS, R. G.	Flying Cadet Corp.
KNOWLES, W. L.	Flying Cadet Corp.
LOTHROP, J. F.	Flying Cadet Corp.
HILLMAN, D. E.	Flying Cadet Corp.
BEST, J. R.	Flying Cadet Corp.

"Hello! All cars! Calling all cars! Keep away from headquarters. The guys from the finance company are here!"

Ted: I told her that each hour I spent with her was like a pearl to me.

Ned: And did that impress her?

Ted: No, she just told me to stop stringing her.

THE FIRST CAPTAIN SPEAKS . . .

At the end of a long, arduous training period during which we have been subjected to severe strains, mental and physical in nature, it is pleasant to adopt a retrospective attitude and mentally cogitate upon the events of these short ten weeks.

Do you of the upper class remember the bewilderment we experienced on the day of arrival? How strange and somehow hostile faces peered from every corner? How amazed, and quite confused, we were the first time our instructor climbed out and said with confidence he probably didn't feel, "Take 'er away"? How you worried about your girl or wondered about a new one? Do you remember when you became an "upperclassman"?

When this metamorphosis occurred wasn't it a shock to find we weren't little kings but, rather, Cadets with less freedom and more responsibilities? How many of us remember the first conscious pulsation of pride that belonging to such an outfit incurred?

We all have different recollections, each apart but, though varied, I suspect they are mostly agreeable ones.

To the class of 41-G a brief message of caution: realize now that, as upperclassmen, your responsibilities begin! No longer will you be nursed attentively! Now you must dig in and shift for yourself! Remember, stay 'eager' and keep trying! You, as a group, have been a source of pleasure and pride to me! Now's the time to be proud for your own sake! Good luck!

To my fellow classmen, these last official words. We were in a readjustment period here which made our problem intensely confusing. From all angles rang out tradictory rumors and orders! Off with old and on with new! Naturally we were a little slow in ac-

quiring homogeneity of ideas. However, once started in the new correct line of procedure, we responded splendidly to a man!

Being Cadet Captain has been an honor which will always be recalled with a glow of pride! There are four explicite reasons for this exultation. First, the spontaneous cooperation of the men in ranks. Second, the excellent execution of duty by the officers. Third, the able and helpful work of Mr. Bovet and his assistants. Last, the guidance, without which I could not possibly have done, that guidance coming from Army Headquarters through one of the best men with whom I have ever been associated, namely, Lt. Sather!

To all concerned—many thanks for everything! You have made my position here a pleasant one! I hope I fly with you some day also!

Sincerely,
LOREN S. NICKELS.

PROTEST!

O! Harken, you Kaydets, bend down on your knee
And utter brief thanks to your Maker.
Of course it's a trifle—that 400 yards—
That we lads must do "on the double."
That fate did not put you in 24-B
Way down at the end of Hell's Acre.
For out where we live there's no sidewalk at all,
And each time it rains just a drop,
You'll think yourself lucky to answer one "call"
Without sinking knee-deep in slop.
With every last cabin chuck full of "old guards"
Just itching to give us all trouble.
Bet there'll be two things at which I'll be a flash
For my brief sojourn in the mire.
The first one will be the four forty yard dash.
The second one walking tight-wire.

F/C Robinson, W. L. 41-G

INSPECTION . . .

(Continued from Page 12)

ing, "God, if Mother's house was this spotless I would have been sleeping in the barn." The third inspector ran his right hand over one of the tables and gave vent to a startled, "Dust!" Showing his left hand (which had not been near the table) he exclaimed, "How can you stand to be near so much filth?"

The dodos, thinking that the matter in question needed no further elaboration, remained silent. With mutters of disgust, the inspecting party moved on to the next room where four more dodos hastily snapped to attention.

DID YOU EVER?

Did you ever take off in a PT-13,
Forget about torque and begin to careen,
Push opposite rudder,
Change course to another,
And listen to your instructor yell and scream?

Did you ever come in downwind to the tee,
Ground loop your ship and pay the fee
Of ten stars on the line,
A silver dollar is the fine,
A sadder but wiser dodo you'll be.

Did you ever start into a two-turn spin,
Have the ship spiral round before it got in,
Back pressure was lax,
And those are the facts;
So watch it, you dodo, you're raunchy as sin.

All this you'll get, and plenty more too,
It's great from the start and all the way through.
It's the Air Corps for me,
It's THE place to be;
So come on, you guys, we'll be captains too.

F/C Proctor, L. M.

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"THE OUTLAW"
"ZIEGFELD GIRL"
"BILLY THE KID"
"THAT NIGHT IN RIO"
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"EAGLE FLIES AGAIN"
"THE STARS LOOK
DOWN"
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MR. HYDE"

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•

Did You Know?

THAT THE FIRST PARTY OF WHITE PEOPLE TO PASS THROUGH THIS BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OVER WHICH YOU FLY TODAY WAS JUAN BAUTISTA DE ANZA, WHO LED A PARTY OF SPANIARDS OVERLAND THROUGH WHAT IS NOW BAUTISTA CANYON IN A TRIP FROM MEXICO CITY TO MONTEREY, IN THE YEAR 1774.

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CONTACT

Dedication

to

LT. GREGORY HOISINGTON, JR.

Lieutenant Hoisington comes from an army family, his father being Colonel Hoisington, commander of the Fourth Infantry at Chilicouth, Alaska.

Lieutenant Hoisington had his first actual experience in military life in 1933 as a member of the Kansas National Guard. In 1934 he entered West Point. While at West Point he was in I Company and attained a grade of Cadet Lieutenant. While at the Point he spent two summers on the beast detail. This detail is a group of men whose job it is to welcome the incoming plebes.

He graduated from the United States Military Academy in June, 1938, and in September entered Randolph Field. He completed his course in August, 1939, and graduated from the second section at Kelly Field, Texas, being assigned to Bombardment. He was retained at Kelly Field as an instructor for one year and was then transferred to Brooks Field. While at Brooks Field he acted as a Flight Commander.

In December, 1940, Lieutenant Hoisington was assigned to Hemet, California, and remained here until May, 1941. In Lieutenant Hoisington's new position as an aide to General Harms, the Commanding General of the West Coast Air Corps Training Center, the entire Post wishes him the best of luck.

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HEMET, CALIF.

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IT SHALL BE DONE

Editor, Contact:

There is precious little time these days for reading. However, I still find time every so often to thumb through a very dogeared book about Cappy Ricks. There is one yarn in that book that is easy to find for its pages are worn worse than the rest of the volume. It is the story about that armless, crippled dynamo who knew only one answer—IT SHALL BE DONE. To the many men who have easily and understandably fallen into the blasé attitude that has been a bit common in our environment, that phrase seems somewhat dramatic and a lot of over-optimistic drivvle.

I can't help thinking back a bit and reminescing. I can remember a really hot day not quite a year ago when I was one of a small group standing in a neatly ploughed field where Hangar One now stands and wondering somewhat desperately how we could ever start training in just thirty-seven days. There was a nice farm house complete with barns, water tanks, chicken coops, pig sty and many stately eucalyptus trees just about where the Tee now sets. Everywhere else there were just weeds, dust, and heat haze. Forty-one B started on schedule. I have sent

too many Flying Cadets back for more instruction on the simple strength of the adage for when I had developed a small glimmer of hope and asked the men the simple "It's up to you now—can you do it?" I frequently got the answer without hesitation and with plenty of conviction, "Yes, Sir!" The number of those "Yes, Sirs" now serving with credit as officers is large enough to man a full Group of fighting planes. I remember worrying about feeding the men when we first opened here, for the stove wasn't working and there wasn't any water. Jean Bovet was there, looking a bit grim too, for we were hustling then, but his answer was simply "You bring them to me—I'll feed them."

Not so long ago our night check crew went out on strike and the next week of flying might have been an impossibility but when Burt Averett was approached on the subject he just grinned and said "We'll fly on schedule." It meant that the day crew had to take over the night work as well for a full week and I saw a lot of dog tired men during that week of day and night work, but I also saw a lot of grins and the airplanes flew.

The "Eyes of Texas" have been upon all of you most of your lives. Now it is the eyes of the Nation. They look to you more and more as the final wall of wings between America as we know and love it and what is happening elsewhere in the World today. All of us have some days ahead of us, be they war or peace and we must be prepared to face them out without any hysteria. IT SHALL BE DONE—YES, SIR—YOU BRING THEM TO ME, I'LL FEED THEM or WE'LL FLY ON SCHEDULE. They are just different ways of saying the same thing. They roll up all the intangibles that we can't individually express and without which America would cease to be the place we know and want to live in. I don't care what you adopt, but pick yourself off a slogan and fly it, live it, eat it and sleep it and you can't miss. You will bring credit and satisfaction to yourself and you will rate the glow that comes off a pair of silver wings and two bright bars only when their wearer knows, believes and lives—"IT SHALL BE DONE."

—L. P. H.

DAFFYNITIONS

Dodo—An individual whose intellectual capabilitiees are far in excess of his opportunities to prove them. For the Dodo is supposed to know nothing about everything. He usually reports for duty burdened with all sorts of sports equipment, ranging from skiis to golf clubs, none of which he has any opportunity to use. He comes under the mistaken idea that he's joining a country club; says everyday in the Army is like Sunday on the farm. Poor, raunchy Dodo!

Snake—A slender, threadlike outgrowth from the cerebrum of a Dodo. These vicious creatures frequent such otherwise spotless places as wash basins, bath shelves and showers. The accepted method of eradication is to blow gently, very gently, in the general direction of the serpent and attempt to snare him before he settles on some other bit of conspicuous porcelain.

Rat—A highly elusive creature of the rodent family, composed of the following substances:

Escaped bits of blanket fuzz
Specks of dust
Inadvertent snakes which have strayed from their liars, and
Other extraneous materials.

The best method of capturing these fierce rodents is to slowly creep upon them and quickly snare them with a damp rag. The natural habitat of the animal is in some well-hidden place such as under the stove or bed.

Recognition Day—The day every Dodo looks forward to—the day he can come out of his hole and be a man—no more "in a brace," "On the double," "Mister!" or any of the other little degredations that so thoroughly upset the poor Dodo.

—F/C Eppright, B. D., 41-H.

Lt. Robert David

Lt. John C. Edwards

Lieutenant Robert G. David arrived at this Post April 16, 1941. We wish to offi cially welcome him and wish a most fruitful tour for his on the Post.

It has been only a few months since Lieut. David began his career in the Air Corps in a Primary Training School in Dallas, Texas, as a Flying Cadet.

The Army was not strange to him at that time, however, because he held a commission as a second Lieutenant in the Infantry Reserve before he transferred to the Air Corps in June, 1940. His Flying Cadet days began shortly after his graduation from the Citadel in Charleston, South Carolina.

Flying was not unknown to Lt. David when he became a Flying Cadet. He began his flying career in 1936 and had the distinction of being one of the first instructors in the Civil Aeronautics Authority's flying program. With seven hundred hours to his credit Lieut. David turned his efforts toward becoming a member of the United States Army Air Corps. Completing the course of training in February, 1941, he was sent from Kelly Field to Randolph Field as an instructor. On March 15, 1941, Lt. David was transferred from Randolph Field to Stockton,

Prior to entering the United States Military Academy in 1935, Lieut. Edwards attended the University of Illinois and the Illinois State Teachers College.

While aet West Point Lieut. Edwards earned letters in the following sports: Socker, Ice Hockey, and Lacrosse. One incident outstanding in his athletic carrer at West Point is that he was a member of the Ice Hockey team that defeated the Royal Military College of Canada, the first defeat this team had suffered in thirty years by the West Point team.

Lieut. Edwards graduated from West Point in 1939 and entered his primary training at Parks Air College, East St. Louis. He graduated from Kelly Field in June, 1940. Following his graduation he was assigned to Randolph Field as an instructor, and while there he acted as an assistant to Lieut. Ford. In December, 1940, he was transferred from Randolph Field to Cal-Aero Academy at Ontario, where he acted as Com-

California, as an instructor in the Advanced School. From Advanced instructor, Lt. David was transferred once more on April 16, 1941, this time to the Air Corps Training Detachment at Hemet.

As an Army Check Pilot and Assistant Commandant of Cadets, Lt. David is very closely related to Cadet Activities, and we know that his desires are to serve the Cadets with the best of his knowledge of flying and of military discipline.

We are glad to welcome Lieutenant David as an Officer on this post.

—EDITOR.

mandant of Cadets, Personnel Adjutant, Assistant Engineer, and Assistant Supervisor.

Lieut. Edwards claims one forced landing to his credit, an incident which occurred a short time ago while ferrying an airplane from Kansas to Ontario. He ran out of gas several miles out of Little Rock, Arkansas.

Flying Cadets at this detachment are very happy to have Lieut. Edwards as a member of this command and wish him the best of luck during his stay.

DID YOU KNOW . . .

1. That 767 American pilots served at the front in World War I and that of these, 105 were officially credited with the necessary five witnessed aerial victories to become aces. With a loss of 227 men in action (including pilots and observers) 781 enemy aircraft were destroyed and confirmed.

2. That your school went up from weeds to flying field in 37 days and nights.

3. That your mat consists of 2,860,000 square feet and that the whole job from start to finish went in in five days—a record as far as we know.

4. That the first Army airplane exceeded its speed specifications of 36 miles an hour by about five miles an hour, thus earning a five thousand dollar bonus for its makers, the Wright brothers.

5. That one of the specifications for the first military airplane was that it could be successfully carried in an Army mule drawn wagon.

6. That when America declared war in 1917, there were only 35 military pilots in the Army. That by March of 1918 that number had been skyrocketed to 11,000?

7. That the Air Corps pioneered aerial forest patrol in the northwest with 400 successful flights and that Mr. T. Claude Ryan as a Flying Cadet was a charter member of this small experimental unit?

8. That the Air Corps' experimental laboratories at Wright Field are directly responsible for the following contributions to aviation: the radial engine, supercharger, high octane fuels, the first night airway, the first completely blind landing, the first radio beacon and many other technical researches that have aided in the development of military and civil aviation throughout the world?

9. That the Air Corps Training Center had its birth at College Park, Maryland when Lieuts. Frank P. Lahm and Frederick E. Humphreys were the first military dodos, learning under the Wright brothers?

10. That a "Flying Fortress" consumes about the same fuel in flying from here to Tucson as a Flying Cadet burns up in his entire Primary course?

ECSTACY

She had the eyes,
She had the lips.
I had the wine,
We came to grips.
Too bad her Pa
Had buggy whips—
'Cause now my hide
Is mostly strips.

New F/C Eubank, R.H. 41-I

The Glee Club of the United States Air Corps Training Detachment, Ryan School of Aeronautics, Hemet, California, Class of 41-H and 41-I, was very fortunate in that the largest number of men turned out for this type of participation because of their true love for music and fellowship.

Under the expert guidance and superb supervision of Captain Hopwood and Lieut. Sather and with the able assistance of Flying Cadet Mason as pianist, and Flying Cadet Gardner as director, the group became very adept and one the night of May 3, the Ryan School of Aeronautics held the Ryan Fiesta in which the Glee Club made an appearance and sang three songs, namely: "God Bless America," "The Eyes of Hemet," and "The Eyes of Texas." An encore was requested and the Glee Club sang "Sweet Adoline" which was well received by the Ryan School employees.

On Saturday morning, May 10, the Glee Club journeyed to Riverside, California, to rehearse at the Fox Riverside Theatre for the presentation of a number of songs on a program where the film "I Wanted Wings" is to have its preview showing.

On Friday evening, May 16, the Glee Club made its second public appearance at the Fox Riverside theatre in Riverside at the preview showing of the film "I Wanted Wings." The presentation of the songs "God Bless America," "Stout Hearted Men," "The Spirit of the Air Corps" and "Army Blue" and the last song, "Army Air Corps Song" was well received by the audience. After the completion of the program the Glee Club members were guests of the management for the initial showing of the film, "I Wanted Wings."

Much interest has been created by the two showings made by the Glee Club and it is expected that an even better and larger Glee Club will be formed at the beginning of each new class in the future.

F/C McArthur, G.C. 41-I

Roster of Class 41-H

BAILEY, CHARLES M.
BENNETT, RANDLE M.
BERLIN, GORDON R.
CILKER, GEOGE E.
CONLEY, ALLEN J.
DAVIS, LOWELL K.
DAVIS, WILLIAM H. JR.
DEAN, CLAUDE L.
DeBERRY, PA M.
DONNELLY, GEORGE A. JR.
EPPRIGHT, BRYAN D.
ERCK, WILLIAM G. JR.
FARNSWOTH, KENNETH M.
FAUGHT, WALTER R., JR.
FAVER, DUDLEY E.
FEELY, OLAF J.
GARDNER, THURMAN C., JR.
GOULD, ALBERT D.
GRAVES, THERON J.
GREGORY, CARL C.
HAGGARD, VAN B.
HARGIS, TROY A.
HARPER, WADE K.
HARVEY, CLYDE L., JR.
HATHORN, FRANK D.
HEDRICK, WYATT S.
HENDERSON, TRUMAN C.
HENDRIX, PHILIP L.
HILL, JOHN M.
HOLCOMBE, WESLEY C.
HOLTON, CHARLIE H.
HOOKER, JEFF D., JR.
HOPPER, RICHARD B.
HORD, JOE C.
JOHNSTON, JOE L.
JONES, BRANDON F.
JONES, PAUL A.
JONES, WILLIAM
KEITH, WOODROW W.
KLUMP, VIRGIL
LITSEY, RICHARD R., JR.
LOVELESS, WILLIAM C.
LYONS, JOHN E.
MacGILLIVRAY, FINLAY
MARTIN, WILLIAM F.
MASON, MARVIN D.
MATTHEWS, WILBERT P.
MATTHEWS, WINTON E.
MAYER, JAMES L.
McCONALD, ROBERT L.
McKINNEY, CLAUDE G., JR.
McMURTRY, LAWRENCE C.
McNUTT, CHARLES C.
MIGL, MARVIN J.
MOORE, JOHN M.
MOORE, JOSEPH F.
MYERS, THOMAS S.
O'NEILL, OSCAR B.
PALMER, SAM L.
PEARSON, ALVAR
PELPHREY, JAMES D., JR.
PRUITT, JACK C.
REISS, WILFRED C.
SALLEE, JOHN M., JR.
UTLEY, GEORGE K.
VAN AMBURG, NED B.
WRIGHT, JOHN P.

THE FIRST CAPTAIN SPEAKS

Another ten weeks has rolled around, bringing forth the time for Class 41-H to bid adieu and bon farewell to our beloved training detachment. Before departing for the next station I wish to, on behalf of my fellow classmates, state that it has been most assuredly an extreme pleasure and good fortune of ours to have been assigned to what we consider the leading primary school of the country. We're proud to be Hemet trained men.

During our few weeks stay here we have had our ups and downs, as life will unfurl. It is true that the majority of us has been under pressure for the past ten weeks. However, now that the pressure-relief valve, so to speak, has functioned so graciously it is easy for us to recall the many happy times we all have had during out stay at Hemet. The horseback rides, the hay rides, the swimming party, the theatre party, the dances and the "bust" will linger in our memories for some time to come.

Now that our ground school, stages and checks are completed, I want to, and still thinking on behalf of my classmates, give our most heartfelt thanks and appreciation to our Army Officers who so unselfishly and painstakingly have worked with us and pulled us through. To the most of us this is the realization of a dream. Thank you kindly.

Thanks to Lieut. Sather for his success in bringing about many new friendships and pleasures to us in his planning for us while at work and at play. I'm sure these friendships will endure forever.

A note of appreciation to the members of Class 41-H for helping to make this a good outfit. Many thanks for the cooperation and splendid work to those men upon whose shoulders extra duties fell.

In closing I say "Good luck, ole Army, and may we meet again one of these days."

F/C Brandon F. Jones.

ARMY "IT"

It was yesterday after the evening meal that I slipped very cautiously between the classroom buildings, circled around the hangars and when I was quite sure that no one would see me, I ran straight and quickly to my cabin.

The room was empty. Poor sucker, those roommates of mine. Why couldn't they be as clever as I and dodge those upperclassmen? But instead they hung around to make one more formation for Colors, and not only that, but they subjected themselves to about another hour or so of marching—not even to mention the humiliation they would receive from the upperclassmen.

In fact, I'd had enough of all that silly, adolescent stuff those upperclassmen had been dishing out to us dodos. General Orders, Bah! Wings out, motor on, Bah! Lowerclass customs, Bah! Does anyone care for the Bread, Sir?—May I have the Bread, Sir, etc., etc. BAH! BAH! BAH!

What in the name of common sense has that got to do with my learning to fly an airplane? Absolutely nothing at all. Even a moron could reason that out. And don't you believe that I won't tell those upperclassmen a thing or two the first chance I get.

Evidently I had devoted considerable concentration to my personal rationalization for I had not heard the door open—I feel quite sure that it had been closed—and not until I turned around to reach for a cigarette did I notice a man quite immaculately dressed, whom I am quite positive I have never seen before, standing in the center of the room. I was taken so suddenly by surprise that it was indeed impossible for me to either greet him with a salutation, or reprimand him for entering my room without my permission. The man spoke first: "You don't know me do you?" "No, Sir."

The man made himself comfortable in the other chair. He spoke again, "and after I introduce myself, you still won't know me. Most men usually take quite some time to get acquainted with me, but once they do, I am their constant companion: men learn to love me and I offer them rich rewards for their friendship."

I must confess here that I was somewhat upset and possibly a little frightened by the strange visitor, but, nevertheless, I was able to compose myself enough to ask the very simple question of, "Just who are you, Sir?" He smiled satirically and answered, "Although you ask me who I am, I'm afraid you don't want to know me. You see, I draw my conclusions from the evidence you have given me in the past few days. But I hope after our visit here you will change your mind, because I want you to be my friend. "My name is Mr. IT."

"Mr. IT?"

"Yes, rather unusual, isn't it?" But only to those to whom I am a stranger." (He lowered his voice and modulated his words as if he were reading poetry). "I am the backbone of bravery; I am the strong arm of courage. I hold within my keeping one of the cardinal virtues that makes a man really a man. An acquaintance with me is the foundation upon which every efficient Army of men is built. I am the balance in any conflict of life that will determine the winner. I am always, sir, on the winning side. I am always true to the men that carry my friendship with them; I am always with the men that can take IT. You probably still don't understand what I mean, so let me explain a little farther before you ask that question,—that question which every man invariably asks before we can have a common bond of Friendship. In the first place, I have lived a very long time, but still I am strong and active because each year,—each day in fact, some man revives me; someone gives me new life.

"This IT that men must be able to take cannot be described, for every moment to every man,—I am something different. I am something that men feel, not with their hands, but with their souls. I am something that me see, not with their eyes but with

their hearts. I am something that men hear, not with their ears, but with their courage. And because this 'IT' that men must be able to take is determined by human traits, because IT is created by human desires and subject to human passions and emotions, the IT you must learn to take, visited you today in human likeness. As I said before, I am very old, so old in fact, that, for instance, I can recall how I was with Leonardo at Thermopolyle. There were men that could take IT. They won. They held the pass. I was with Columbus, Magellan, Marco Polo, and all the other ancient navigators. These men and their crews brought new lands and riches to their country. They could take IT.

"I was with Leanardo De Vinci when he spent his confinement in a prison cell, but he could take it, such an obstacle as a prison did not prevent his contribution to science. I was with Newton when he expounded his theories of motion and mechanics amid the ridicule of his neighbors and friends. But humiliation and disgrace did not stop Sir Isaac Newton. He could take IT. I was also with Washington and his men at Valley Forge, and all through the war and because Washington and his men could take IT they won against great odds.

"I have always been the friend of great scientists, inventors, writers, soldiers, and all men that help make History. They have constantly kept me alive and I shall continue to live if you, the man of today, and the men who follow you, continue to give me new life.

"What, I ask you, would have happened to our culture, Science, and civilization in fact, if men had forgotten me, if men could not take IT?"

The man paused, presumably with the expectancy of my making comment. I didn't. He continued:

"You have wanted to ask a question while I've been talking. I know what you've wanted to ask. You've wanted to ask what's all this got to do with me being a dodo. Haven't you? You dislike the way those upperclassmen have been treating you. You're about ready to throw hands up and quit. You can see no revelant reason under the sun for all this, can you? And that's why I'm here, to try and explain it to you, and to do so I shall use a very simple example:

"Remember when you first started out in school? How you took a course in writing and penmanship? Remember how your teacher made you do simple little exercises like ovals, and lots of push-pulls, and remember how you used to say to yourself, 'What's the use of doing all this? Why, this is not writing. This is silly scribbling.' Remember? And all the time your teacher was teaching you a very simple lesson so that you might be able to write better when the time come. And that's exactly what's happening to you here as a dodo. You are learning a very elementary lesson of 'How to take IT'. "

"Just as your ovals and push-pulls was not writing, neither are the tasks that the upperclassmen subject you to military. But remember, there will be lots and lots of things in the army that you, when you are an Officer, will have to take that won't be military."

The man rose to leave and while he opened the door he told me one thing more that I think I shall never forget. "And if you learn these first primary lessons in HOW TO TAKE IT and all the rest that are to follow, I shall reward you as I promised. And this reward will come from the mouths of men about you when they say to you 'you're one fellow that can sure take IT." What better reward could a man want?"

He left me then. I know not which way he went but I sincerely hope that he visited every other dodo in my class.

F/C Frank Clements

ALONG THE ARMY WAY

By F/C Bradford, R. J.

Brother, when this man's army gets under way, it moves fast. Less than a month ago we were a group of boys clustered around a recruiting officer, snickering at his brisk orders, and joking about quitting the plow for Uncle Sam's call, all of us anticipating the good times awaiting us at the "Country Club." Some of us came from school; some quit good positions in civil life. A few transferred from the various arms of the service.

We enlisted for reasons ranging from interest in the alleged romantic life of an army flyer and education at governmental expense, to the call of short hours and long pay. Many of us were only about ten paces ahead of the draft. None realized the depths to which our actions had taken us.

We boarded the S. P. West, still seeking the carefree air of a Sunday School picnic. Holiday spirit ran high. We sang "The Eyes of Texas" till we were hoarse. We exchanged warped ideas on the "Army Way" of flying, and spent the long evenings planning for the day when we stuck our heads up between those little gold bars. On Sunday afternoon, April 27, at 2:05, we arrived at Ryan Field. It was then that the fatal hour came when we were introduced to the real McCoy, and man, it really was a shock. After cheerfully displaying our athletic equipment and indulgently informing one and all that we joined the Army to fly Stearmans, and that our names were Bill Jones or Joe Smith, we were ordered to stow our sporting tools, and were instructed in the complex art of "sounding off". Above all, we were told the real reason we were working for Uncle Sam. The transformation had begun. Our individual school boy personalities were already in the process of crumbling, so that we could be rebuilt to the pattern of army men. The results are startling.

We have been here three weeks now, and it seems like a year, yet the weeks fly like hours. Perhaps to an old soldier we are nothing more than a handful of raw recruits, but in our hearts we are army all the way. We try to appear only moderately tolerant toward upperclassmen, but among ourselves we know that in satisfying their demands, we are improving ourselves, and we understand that motives behind our misery. At drill we strive to out do each other in precision; we take pride in our individual tasks about the cabins. And though we speak in grumbling tones about the upperclassmen who shout, "Toes out at a forty-five degree angle. A little more now. Arms back, Mister—but too stiff. Steady now," by golly, we'll be proud to fly behind that one. He'll hold up his part of the formation.

We've learned about the honor system here. We all joke around and say that the school may have the honor, but the students have the system; still, not one of us would violate that code to save any amount of hide off our backs. We have grown tired of hearing men punctuate every question with "Honor system—Honor system!, but from this constant drilling we have learned that we may depend upon others, and that we are trusted as well.

And with all of this we know we haven't even started yet. We know our customs, but we don't really know the ropes around here. A lot of us haven't even caught on to the ground school system. A few still try to buck the whole platoon every time we hear "To the rear, March", and we have only about four hours in the air. But we are ready. Just shoot the army to us, Mister. We can take it. We know the odds against us, but we stopped thinking about those odds and started working against them three weeks ago. We may not all make it, but if pegging our best up to the last notch will turn the trick, we'll be there one hundred percent. If a few of us do fall by the

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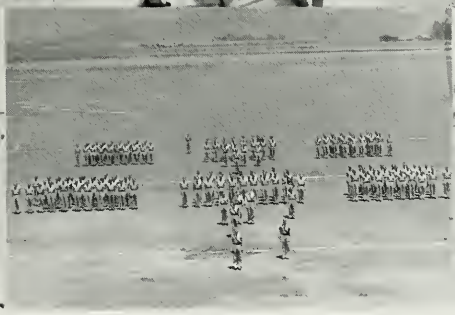

F/C GREGORY
CAPT. A. COMPANY

F/C PRUITT, RANKIN &
PALMER, LTS. A. COMP.

F/C JONES, B.
FIRST CAPTAIN

BATTALION FORMATION

F/C JONES, W.
CAPT. B. COMPANY

F/C SHAW, BERLIN &
GOULD, LTS. B. COMPANY

TRUE AND TRUSTED

By F/C Dean, C. L.—41-H

As the time draws near for the Cadets of 41-H to depart for basic school to enter another phase of training which is necessary for the molding of Officers of the Army Air Corps let us pause and refresh our memories of the necessity of true friends in the Air Corps.

In the short ten weeks that we have been here we have undergone a stiff and very thorough training period. At times the going was so tough that only the hardy survived. There were days when we did not have time to write a letter home or pause to rest our weary feet. Days of marching, studying, and going aloft, all flew by as swiftly as if blown by the prop-wash of a PT-13. Our roommates often were transferred before we hardly knew it. Only those who possess that which is known as inherent ability to fly remain. About sixty per cent seem to have that characteristic.

To those who remain in this qualified group there are many lessons learned and many more to be learned. We learned to

Continued on Page 28

HISTORY OF RANDOLPH FIELD

The Air Corps Training Center gained its start by Paragraph No. 1, War Department General Orders Number 18, dated August 16, 1926. On September 1st of that year, its first Commanding Officer, Brig. General Frank P. Lahm, established his headquarters at Duncan Field, near San Antonio, Texas. Up to this time, so far as can be determined, Randolph Field as it exists today was little more than the dream of a few pioneers.

The first intimation that a new field was to be built at San Antonio came when Major General Mason L. Patrick, Chief of the Air Corps; Major Ralph Royce, commanding Brooks Field, and Colonel C. C. Culver, commanding Kelly Field, recommended the concentration of all Primary Training at San Antonio. The location was decided upon because it is almost equi-distant from the East and West Coasts and climatic conditions are suitable for flying throughout the year.

The first Congressional action was taken in February, 1927, when Congressman Frank W. James of the House Military Affairs Committee, submitted the Third Army Housing Bill to the 69th Congress. This carried an appropriation of $1,876,000 to be used for housing the personnel of a new Air Field at San Antonio. This was approved by the House, but met objection from the Senate and the grounds that no such appropriation should be made until the Federal Government could be assured of acquiring sufficient land for such a project.

The next step was taken by General Lahm who advised the Military Affairs Committee of the San Antonio Chamber of Commerce of the situation and urged this body to take the necessary action toward providing about 2,000 acres suitable for the purpose. Many possible sites were inspected by an engineer representing the Chamber of Commerce and then by a Committee of the Air Corps Training Center. It was originally hoped that the new field could be established within a radius of five to ten miles from San Antonio, but sites in this area failed to possess all the qualifications necessary. In October, 1927, a Board of Officers was therefore appointed by General Lahm, with instructions to select a site within thirty miles of San Antonio. On November 3, 1927, the present site which is on the South of Houston highway between Schertz and Converse was visited by the Board and was eventually decided upon as the most favorable location.

After continuing negotiations this land consisting of 2,300 acres of mesquite, cacti, timber and farm land (seventeen farm homes had to be removed) was secured at a cost of $546,000, and was officially offered to the United States Government on December 31, 1927. A deed of Session from the State of Texas was executed by Governor Dan Moody on August 4, 1928.

Randolph Field was named in memory of Captain William Randolph, Air Corps, who was killed in a take-off from Gorman, Texas, on his way back to his home station, Kelly Field. General James E. Fechet, Chief of the Air Corps, recommended that the new Field be given the name of Randolph in April, 1928. On October 17th of that year the War Department approved it.

And now we come to the actual construction of a project of such gigantic proportions as to rank it second only to the Panama Canal in the infinite list of successful undertakings which we may proudly attribute our Army. The first work was begun on October 11, 1928, and was under the direct and capable supervision of Captain Arthur B. Parker, Constructing Quartermaster and his staff.

After the tract was thoroughly cleared of all timber, mesquite, cacti, buildings, fences and other obstructions, a well was started on October 31, 1928, and was driven to a depth of 700 feet reaching to the Edward's limestone. San Antonio receives its water supply from this same strata, but

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J.S. STOWELL
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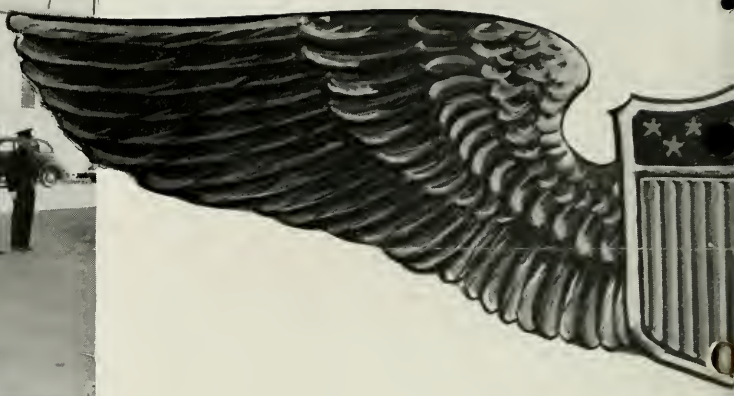


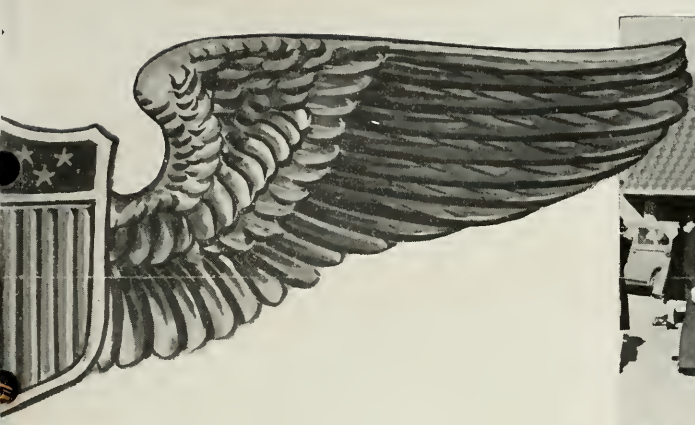
HISTORY OF

Kelly Field was organized in July 1917, construction having been begun on the field in May, 1917. In December the number of officers and enlisted men present at the field had jumped from 25 officers and 4,400 men in July to 1,100 officers and 31,000 enlisted men.

Kelly Field was at that time, as it is now, the base for training men to man other fields, so that by October, 1918, only 680 officers, 17,000 enlisted men and 363 cadets were present at the field. Instruction other than pilot training was also given during the war. In March, 1918, a course for enlisted airplane and motor mechanics and chauffeurs was inaugurated, having a capacity of 1,000 men.

The intensive period of training ceased with the Armistice but several hundred officers, cadets and enlisted men were retained at the Field. No flying training was conducted during 1921, the school being for mechanics alone. During the year 1921 the schools for pursuit and bombardment advanced training were transferred to Kelly and in 1922 advanced observation training and attack were added to the training program so that on June 28, 1922 the consolidation of these four branches of training was effected and that date is considered the birthday of the present Air Corps Advanced Flying School as a separate and distinct activity or institution. It was on September 30, 1922 that Kelly Field was officially designated as a permanent advanced training school in the Air Corps.

With the designation of Kelly Field as the Advanced Flying School, flying training was divided into six months primary at Brooks Field, and six months advanced flying. The advanced flying training being subdivided into two and one-



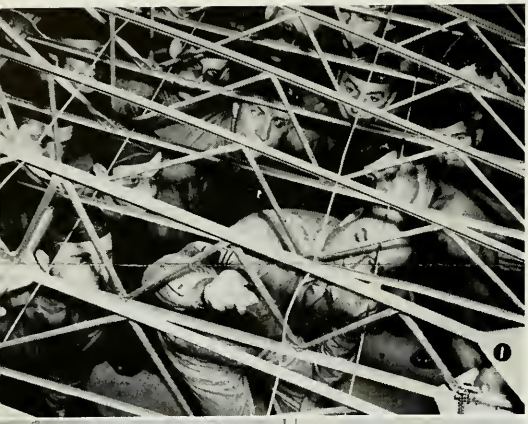
KELLY FIELD

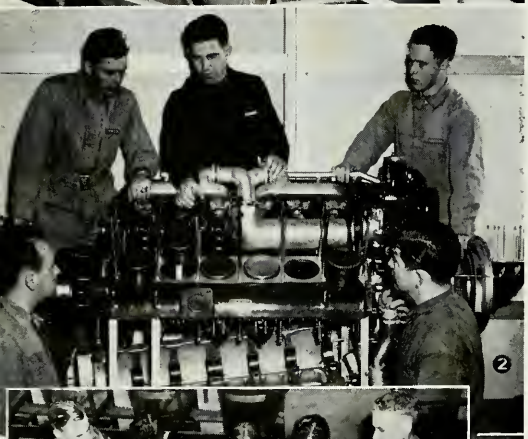
half months basic instruction on then current Basic Combat planes and three and one-half months on specialized work such as pursuit, bombardment, observation and attack. Concurrently rear seat observation training was given to groups known as special observers. These six months advanced courses being the first of their character became known as the "A" classes and were continued until February 4, 1928. In January, 1926, Kelly Field was reorganized in accordance with personnel orders No. 306, War Department, Order Chief of Air Service. This reorganization divided Kelly Field into School Headquarters, Academic Division, the School Group Division, and the Services. The new plan that was adopted was the lengthening of the primary training to eight months and cutting the advanced to four months. This enabled the graduating of three classes a year and this later became known as the 'B" system. This new plan necessitated more primary schools and on June 17, 1927, March Field, California, was designated as a primary school.

Kelly Field graduated 458 pilots out of 876 students from June, 1922 until February 4, 1928. Classes that began their training in June, 1939, were the first to get a streamlined course. The course was reduced to 12 weeks and 75 hours flying time per student, with specialized training given after the student's graduation and his joining squadrons of the Air Force.

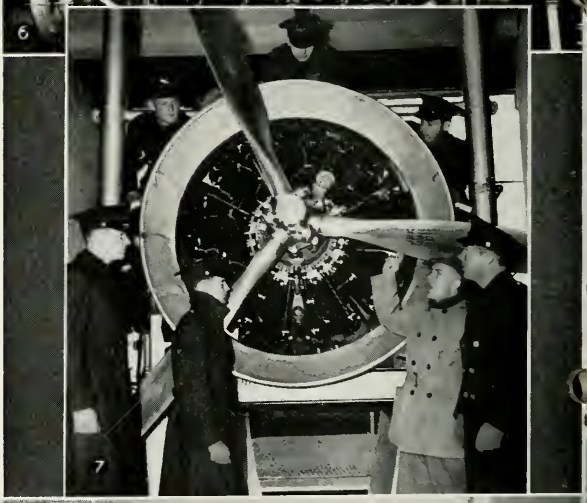
In June, 1940, the course was again shortened to 10 weeks without reduction of flying time and a class was graduated every five weeks.

New buildings were begun in July, (Continued on page 19)





COLD
FRONT



since Randolph Field is somewhat higher its supply must be pumped. Originally, nine wells were sunk on the field but at present only five are serviceable. Only three are in operation at any one time, giving a combined output of 1,725 gallons per minute.

The first bids were let on the field October 9, 1929, for the construction of two warehouses and six barracks. From this point forward progress was rapid since, on July 1, 1929, a total of $8,000,000 had been made available. At present there are 371 buildings on the field. Of these 174 are Officers' Quarters, and 163 are duplex sets for Non-Commissioned Officers and their families. The remainder consists of administrative buildings, recreational buildings, hangars, shops, school buildings and Bachelor Officers' Quarters.

On June 20, 1930, the official dedication at Randolph Field was held. Construction of Randolph Field was held. Construcceremonies were opened with a speech by Colonel L. B. Tuttle on the history of Randolph. This was followed by a speech from Major General James E. Fechet, Chief of the Air Corps, and the program was ended by an Aerial Review.

By the fall of 1931 the construction was practically completed at a total cost exclusive of equipment, supplies, aircraft, etc., of between $10,000,000 and $11,000,000.

In October of 1931 the Dodos in training at March Field learned the amazing news that they were to receive their basic training at the "West Point of the Air" and that a goodly number were to go by air flying their own trusty PT-3's. That they all arrived intact is one of the unwritten eulogies to the Air Corps Training Course, for flying a couple of hundred seventy-mile-an-hour planes with two hundred mile range over the badlands abounding in the southwest was no small feat.

But that cavalcade keynoted Randolph. Since then it has seen a continuous story of progress and expansion until today it looks back at the time when it was to have been the training center to end all training problems and finds twelve thousand men a year getting their primary training elsewhere. It finds half of the basic training going on at Moffitt and Maxwell Fields, advanced flying at Stockton, Kelly, and Brooks Fields, and many other specialized combat schools springing up throughout the nation.

But Randolph has grown also. Today four three-story, modern barracks buildings house up to a capacity of one thousand flying cadets. A large mess hall, administration and recreation building holds the center of the area. Fronting the Flying Cadet area is a modern two-story Academic Building. A swimming pool, tennis courts, baseball diamonds, and basketball courts flank the area and a small city of three hundred officers and three thousand men keep the wheels turning that the Air Corps may have its pilots.

LLOYD P. HOPWOOD,
Captain, Air Corps, Commanding.

HISTORY OF KELLY FIELD

(Continued from center spread)

1938 as a result of additional funds authorized in the fiscal year of 1938. The new barracks will accommodate approximately 2400 men with messing facilities being centrally located. Cadet barracks will accommodate approximately 200 cadets with separate messing facilities provided for them.

From February, 1928, to February, 1938, there were 865 students graduated. From February, 1938, to February, 1939, there were 311 graduated; from February, 1939, to December, 1939, 525 were graduated and from January, 1940, to December, 1940, 1,786 students were graduated, giving a total of 3,945 students graduated from 1922 to 1940.

As a matter of record and interest it should be noted that Kelly Field has a record of approximately 1,000,000 miles flown to each fatality.

AN UPPERCLASSMAN SPEAKS

F/C Litsey, R. R.

That time is almost here for us.

Eight weeks ago we arrived at the well known "Hemet Country Club" for a stay that we all knew would last at least two or three weeks and could last up to ten weeks. For nearly all of us that are still here the realization of our ten weeks' dream is about to come about. When we arrived, there was nearly six score of us, we all were open-eyed with amazement and satisfaction. At last we were actually in the United States Air Corps, the life long dream of most of us. We were green and gawky, and of every physical make up imaginable, but all of us down to the very last man, had that undefinable something deep down inside of him that could only be seen in his eyes, that made him the exact kind of material that the Air Corps is looking for. These are the men that hold the inevitable destinies of the world in their hands. These are the potential leaders of the thousands upon thousands of enlisted and drafted men that protect our world.

As soon as we arrived we immediately sensed an atmosphere of men living in a world more or less of their very own; a world that most people never see; a world above the clouds with only you and your God as the masters of your destiny.

Our upperclass took hold of us immediately and for about two weeks we didn't know which end was up. "Sound Off"—Pop To" "Red light, dodo", "in a Brace, Mister," "Eyes on a Point," "What's the fourth lower class custom," "Dirty Brass, Mister, report to the Adjutant for five Gigs." Then classes and flying started and we didn't have quite as much time to march and things were a little easier, except at meal time and between meals and in the morning and at night.

Finally recognition day came and 41-G was leaving. Most of us hated to see them leave, even though they'd given us hell for five weeks, but some of us were darn glad to get rid of those guys.

For a week we had a little peace, just flying, classes, studying, eating (?) and sleeping. Then 41-I started showing up. Boy, were those Misters raunchy! I don't see how we could possibly have been that raunchy, but I guess we were. Naturally, we started that only routine, "pop to," "In a brace, Mister," only we were on the business end of those orders this time. These fellows were raunchy all right, but they also, to the last dodo, had that gleam of ambition and accomplishment in their eyes. You just can't keep from liking fellows like that.

So the time of departure is almost here we've seen some of our best friends converted into Bombardiers, Navigators or Photographers over night; we've seen them all take it like a man is supposed to, even though we all knew how they must have felt inside. We've all had one thing in the backs of our minds all the time we were flying or studying, TEXAS and RANDOLPH FIELD. With such an incentive we were spurred on to greater things and greater records of accomplishment in the field of military flying; and our new aim is to make the U. S. Air Corps, and all those in it an invincible and well coordinated machine.

Thus with a certain reluctance in our hearts we turn it all over to Class 41-I. Take care of your dodos, even though they can't possibly be as raunchy as you are, just a farewell word to you of 41II—"Stay out of the Maytag and GOOD LUCK."

CROSSED BONES

I'm through with all women,
They cheat and they lie,
They tease us and torment us,
Till we want to die.
Say—who was that good looking blond
That just now walked by?

New F C Eubank, R.H. 41-I

Top left, Mr. Avert, Maintenance Supervisor, Hemet, Calif. Top Right, Monthly Check. Lower Left, Stone, overhaul & repair; Rhodes, Line Crew; Buckley, engraving; Stephens, Stockroom; Cross, Operations. Lower Right, Bogardus, Night check crew; Guarre, Service Dept.; Wienrich, Cost Accounting; Grier, Engine overhaul. 2nd Row, Gulbranson, Plant maintenance; HammondInspection; Guery, Airplane overhaul

AIRCRAFT MAINTENANCE

Our part, as Flying Cadets, is to fly them day after day. Each morning when we arrive the Stearmans are poised on the flight line, warmed and ready to go. Each evening we leave them stacked in neat rows. One who is inclined to cogitate, should he find time, must wonder at the action behind the scenes which keeps fifty-seven ground looping PT-13's in the air.

The Ryan organization has, in hangars one, two, and three, a group of men wise in the ways of dodo dumbness. It is these men that the dodo rides herd on and throws into violent exertion when he drags a wing, ground loops, pops a tire, noses over or any one of the many little things that do happen. This Ryan personnel, led by a Ryan graduate, Mr. B. Averett, maintenance supervisor, contract with the Army to maintain all equipment and return it to the Army at the contract's termination in relatively the same condition.

And then Ryan turns the ships over to the dodos. Talk about asking for it! The oldest Stearman known, ship No. 2, however, is doing duty on the Hemet flight line, testifying to the thoroughness of the mechanics. Mr. Averett has set up a system to cope with the dodo's incessant "croppers". This system consists of three major departments.

When a dodo chews the tail feathers off another dodo in taxiing—"No excuse, Sir!" —the Stearman "corpus delecti" is rushed to the Overhaul and Repair department.

When the damage has been undone the ship is the property of the Engineering and Test division. Mr. Averett's third line of do-do defense is the Operations department.

The Overhaul and repair department, where first the broken Stearman lands, is headed by Mr. Stone with Mr. Grier and Mr. Query in charge of engine and airplane overhaul, respectively. Should the plane be badly damaged it's not fussed with. New members are procured from the Air Corps Depot at Sacramento and the damaged parts shipped there to be repaired. So, in the due course of time a ship may entirely change its identity. Also working for Supt. Stone is Mr. Bogardus, foreman of the night check crew, whose duty it is to make the minor adjustments incident with a day's flying.

Next Mr. Buckley, Supt. of Engr. and Test takes the plane over. After Mr. Bruce o.k's all the ship's forms and records and an aircraft inspection is completed by Mr. Hammond and Sgt. Martin the plane is ready to be test flown by Mr. Dewey. This phase is far from the romance of Hollywood and is merely to determine flight and ground characteristics, engine operation, etc.

Mr. Cross as Supt. of Operations has working with him Mr. Rhodes, line foreman, and Mr. Quarve in charge of ship servicing. It is this group that controls the routine requirements of the flight line—warms the cockpit seats in the morning and serves us "fittin" in the cockpit when we come in, tired from flying.

Completing the list of Ryan maintenance services we find—packing, packing, packing, Mr. Sheeley, foreman of the parachute loft. I hope he's a good man I hope, I hope. Mr. Stephens has charge of the multitudinous spare parts we use while Mr. Weinrick of the cost accounting department tries to figure a way of making money from the Army.

Mister, it just can't be done!!!!

Ned Van Amburg, 41-H-2-W

McGINTY WAS THE GUY

O'Toul McGinty was from Irish Parentage,
O' Glory be, Bless his name .
Now McGinty was small in stature,
But he made it up in fame,
For from the beginning you knew McGinty was the guy,
Because he'd try.

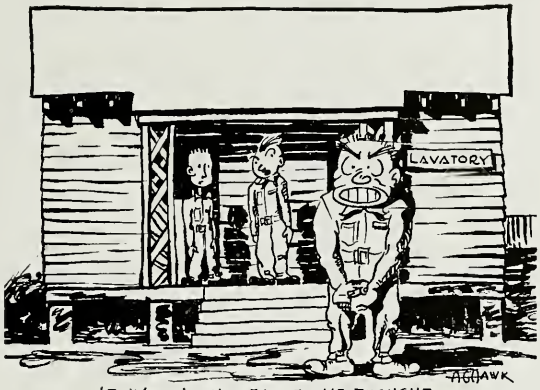
Now when McGinty reached his majority,
He joined the Army Air Corps.
You sorta knew from the start that he was alright
Because that old red face of his was full of fight.
All his classmen knew he was a regular guy,
Well, he was a square-jawed Irishman who'd try.

He always showed up for his classes,
And was rarin' to go when it came to his time to fly.
Now this McGinty tried his durndest to fly those planes,
But his instructor said he lacked coordination in his brains.
Don't think McGinty cried or lost his guts,
He just smiled and gritted his teeth,
Irishmen don't say die, they'll try.

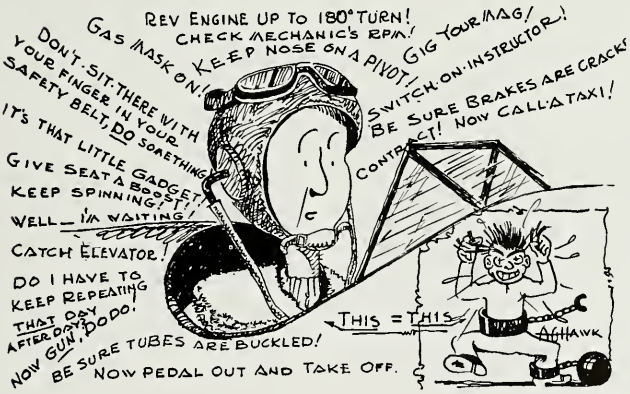
When old McGinty was told by the Lieutenant
That his training in the Air Corps was over,
He forced a smile even though it seemed pretty rough;
But to smile as he did you knew he still had the stuff.

Whatever branch of service that Irishman is now in,
I feel that old McGinty will always be a right guy,
Because that Irishman will try.

New F/C Cooper, R.A. 41-I



IT WASN'T HIS FAULT. HE THOUGHT THEY UNBOTTONED IN THE BACK.



HE ONLY SAID "GUN, DODOS" HE DIDN'T KNOW THAT ONE JUST CAME IN FROM TEXAS.

DEVELOPING ABILITY TO THE POINT OF INDEPENDENT ENDEAVOR

One can think of only a few walks in life in which many human factors are developed. One of the walks in life which manifests the development of many human factors necessary for the development of independent endeavor is the training and preparation that a Flying Cadet of the Army goes through, previous to the time that he received his commission as an Officer in the U. S. Army.

Let us take up a few of these factors and see wherein a Flying Cadet achieves the point of independent endeavor.

Discipline is a chief factor that must be developed within a Flying Cadet if he is to continue his path on toward the completion of his course as a Flying Cadet. Discipline and a high degree of efficiency is necessary if any cooperation is to be achieved, for without cooperation very little is to be gained, and if any headway is made at all without cooperation, it is negligible. The ability to give orders effectively, the ability to receive assignments cheerfully must be developed to a high degree. Flying Cadets receive training in discipline in that Flying Cadet Officers are selected from the group of Cadets and each Flying Cadet has an opportunity to be the Officer of the Day.

Social contact or the ability to get along with other people is very essential if a Flying Cadet is to be a capable Officer in the United States Army Air Corps. All Cadets in taking their physical examination have to take a Psychological test wherein the individual is determined as being an introvert or extrovert. In the event that an individual is classified as an introvert precaution and care is given during his training period to see that he develops the ability of getting along with other people in civilian life, it has been found that more people lose their jobs, because these are unable to get along with their superior. According to a recent occupational guidance survey. Our association with men, men who have completed at least two years of college or proved the intellectual equivalent thereof is one in which a timid persons, or a person lacking in initiative develops these lacking traits to the nth degree, because he is brought in close contact with all his fellow Cadets, and within two or three weeks he knows all the Cadets in his class by their last name.

Flying Cadets must be in perfect physical condition and before they are even accepted into the Air Corps, they must undergo a very rigid physical examination. Cadets retain their physical fitness through daily exercises such as drill and marching, balanced diet and regular hours of retiring and getting up in the morning. When physical condition is lacking, these requirements can seldom be achieved to effectively fulfill the desired standard of efficiency.

HUMOR

Visitor: (Gazing at campus building) "I think your porticoes are very well shaped."

Co-Ed: "Yes, that's what all the fellows tell me but that's a new name for them."

New F/C Dooley, J. C. 41-I

Private: "Hey, look here—there's a hair in my soup."

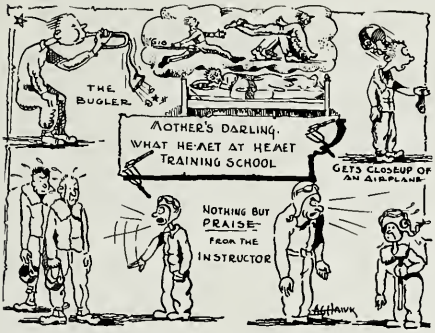
Sergeant: "Aw, go on, that's only a crack in the bowl."

Private: "Well, this is the first time I ever saw a crack wiggle around like that before."

New F/C Dooley, J. C. 41-I

My tale is short and to the point—Cadets, your coming here has caused your parents many a miserable moment even tho you may not know it. Let's all pass one resolution: **Write home every time I write my best girl**—What do you say, Buddies?

New F/C Garrett, L. V., Jr. 41-I



NOCTURNAL MUTTERINGS OF DODO No. 18049476

(This cockpit storm usually takes place about two hours after taps and continues until dawn—the usual rising hour of a dodo.)

Bzzz! Snort! Groan! Attention! Eyes on a point! Groan! Keep head on a swivel! Sir, the 1st lowerclass custom is raised to the No. 8 Tee Setting. My general orders are: Wings! Sound your motors! On the double, you dodos! Didn't you hear that buzzer? Snore! Bst. Brr! Sir, the 4th lowerclass custom is as follows—Dirty buckle? One gig! Lowerclassmen will sit at ease in the mess hall! Relax, Mister, that stick won't jump out of your hand—it's fastened at one end, you know! Watch that nose—keep your head on a swivel! Engine theory—RPM—BHP—EXHAUST—INTAKE — Supercharger—Back in your ship (15 minutes later). And so on into the night.

New F/C Callaway, J. E. 41-I.

THE GROUND UP

Dodos, you will have to drill
In order to get the ole army skill
To learn to fly a ship
But if you ever skip
One little old formation
You won't have coordination
To ever make a solo
That's the one ambition of a Dodo.

New F/C McComas, F.G., Jr. 41-I

JUST IDEAS

Yes, the Army is a good institution to be in. Of course now, it's the way you look at the matter.

There are a lot of things we do not like to do and seem to make very little sense to us, but in time we will see the use and need of doing all these things. The best thing for us beginners (known as Dodos) to do is to do all the things we are told to do and be good natured about them.

There are many good things about this new life we have entered. Most of us have not been used to doing certain things at a designated time and when we did do them, simetimes it was done in an improper manner. As we have seen here, it is quite different, and as it should be. There will be many good habits formed in us that will remain with us several years. We all can profit by making the best of our opportunity while we have the chance, and try to make men of ourselves.

Of course, the main reason we are all here is to learn to fly, maybe some for the pleasure and some for the purpose of serving, if needed. So, the writer would like to wish every member of class 41-I the best of luck on every take-off and every landing, and also to our upperclassmen as they go on to Taft. It is also my sincere wish that there will be the smallest percent of washouts in our class since the beginning of Ryan School of Aeronautics.

New F/C Dickson, J.L. 41-I.

Here's to the upperclassmen,
The boys with the friendly advice,
Let's wish them luck, dodos,
'Cause they've really been nice.

New F/C Caraway, R.E. 41-I

●

The Dodo slid along the bed
With back and stomach flat,
His arms and legs raising hell
For he was chasing rats.

Unsigned. 41-I

THE HOMESICK DODO

I've only been here seven days,
But it seems so awful long
To be away from the Texas plains
The place where I belong.

Who wants these valleys and mountains high
That imprison us in a wall of rock?
What's better than the open plains
That roll and roll like waves on a dock?

Why boast about the vales so green,
Orchards, and, the Golden Gates;
If you haven't really seen
The beauty of the Lone Star State.

I sweep the floors and make up beds,
And even try to polish brass;
All these things I wouldn't mind,
If only there weren't an upperclass.

VANISHING DODOS

A hundred and twenty dodos standing in a brace,
Swinging about to a left or right face.
Marching, marching, the live long day.
Wondering if it's worth it for the time they'll stay.

Ninety dodos standing on the line.
Thirty gone and twenty close behind.
Left bank, right bank, climbing to a spin.
Chandells, Immellmans, loops, and then:

Eighty upperclassmen snapped to attention.
Five weeks have passed of things that we won't mention.
New dodos arriving to undergo a raid.
Boys, won't it be worth it for the time we've stayed!

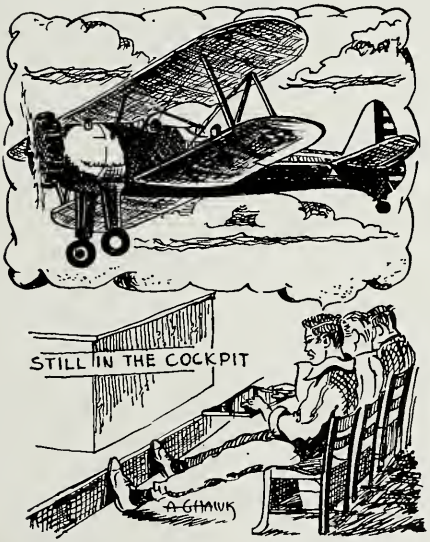
New F/C Carter, R.M. 41-I

TO THE FOLKS—

Dear Old Man:

Allowed you'd want to know what this yere camp was like. Well I can tell you it's like nothin I ever seed before. Freedom is somethin none of us Dodos (that's what we're nown as around here, some upper gagjet says its some kind of animal that caint fly) noe nothin about.

The minut I stepped off'n the train my freedum was gone and its never came bak. And whats more you aint allowed to look at bu tone spot at a time when yore marchin. Paw, why warn't I warnd agin this marchin. Yestidy, I had to throw away my shoos cause my feet swolled so bad, I get so dizzy watchin that one spot so much I allready fell twict. You remember you tole me always to voloonteer. Well, I think you was rong. It seems lik I allays voloonteer, for the rong thing cos I allays end up marchin or fixin somethin. They has giving me a swell name —Raunchy—they say it meens yore a perfeck soldier and I'm purty proud a it. I was a big hit with these fellers out her cos im so smart, they ask me abot everything. Corse I know they aint had as good an educaton



as I have so I don espect much from them. My roomers is easy fellers to get along with but none of them has the same attytude as I has. They come heer to march cos thats all they done so far. I hardly never see them cos I have so many official dooties to perform sooch as guard howse dooty and lookin at a red lite they all talk about.

I aint tole you nothin about flyin but its not so hard. Me and this feller that I fly around gets along swell. But Paw they don fly here like no place else becos you turn all the time. I keep the plain on a swivel jusst as they tole me and I miss all the mountings. Sometimes this feller gets awful mad, I can't heer him but I kin see him. It's allways cos some other feller flies around and moshions to us. He never says nothin too me directly but he cusses somethin terrible when we leave th plane and I aint yet bin able to figur it out.

Well Paw I'll rite you later on this yere life. Tell Maw not to worry cos the Army caint do without me.

Yore Fatheful-son, Charles.
New F/C Clark, C. D. 41-I

ALONG THE ARMY WAY

Continued from page 12

take it and came back for more. Whether it be on the flight line, in ground school, as a dodo or an upperclassman, we always stuck out our chins and magnified the determination in our minds and hearts. We knew that "That which is worth having is worth working for" and we were determined to get those coveted wings and to be an Officer among men.

From the time we first set foot upon Ryan Field to the "Bust", we have made and molded our friendship with our classmates into binding ties which will last forever. The friends we have made here, we know to be true and trusted. For it is with these friends that we and other airmen must fly beside, eat with, and in general enjoy life with. Our buddies, we know to be true and trusted for in the fast and furious ten weeks just past we could not afford to be in any doubt whether just soloing or shooting a stage with other cadets.

From here we go on to make new friends in basic and advanced schools. Even after commissions are handed out to the lucky ones, we are continuously trusting and being trusted. One think we all should remember is that the fellow who soon will be next to your wing tip is depending upon you to do your part correctly and flawlessly just as much as you are depending upon him for his part.

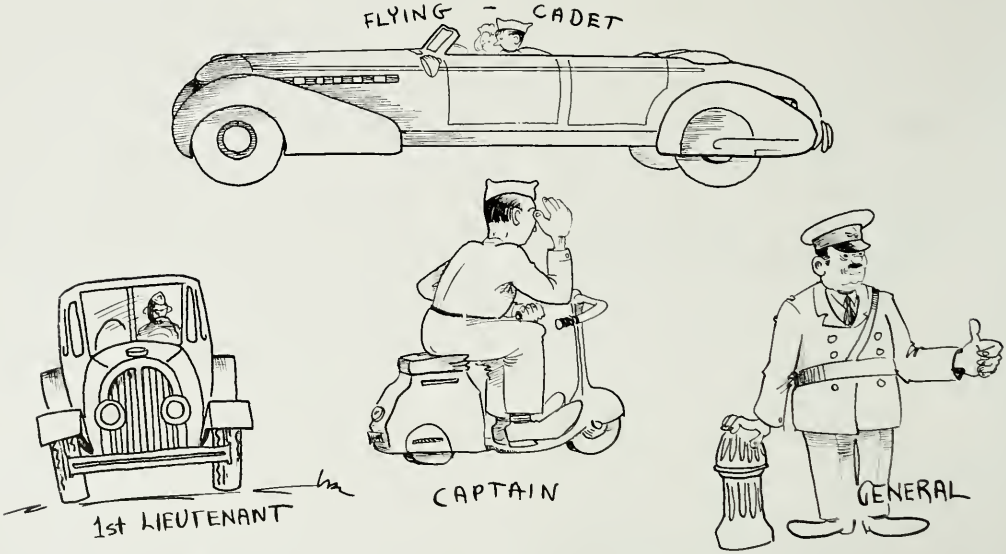
So, regardless of whether you are in foreign service, in a training unit, or at some airbase in the U.S., remember to be trustworthy and leave no doube in the fellow next to you in a right or left Eschelon above the clouds but that you can be trusted.

So, in closing, here's many "Happy Days" for the Cadets and potential Officers of Class 41-H and 41-I.

TRUE AND TRUSTED

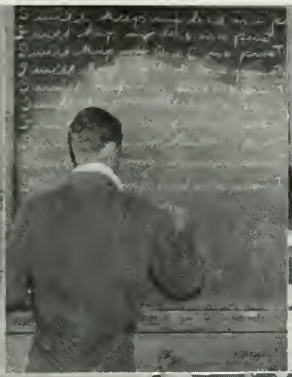
Continued from page 13

wayside, we'll keep on pulling for the others, and we'll hold that same pride we have now in those silver wings as long as there are ships to fly and men to fly them. We may have teamed up with this outfit for different reasons, but we stay for just one—to get those wings. And even when we get them we won't stop cracking dawn. We love this army Air Corps, and we'll fight like the devil to maintain the standard it has handed down to us.



EVOLUTION OF TRANSPORTATION AT RANDOLPH

F/C who has committed a flying error



F/C who failed to look around enough

F/C who failed to note tee change

Hangar flying

Still in the plane

FAREWELL

Dear Dodo:

To you we, the upperclass, leave you our cabins, our instructors, and all that was ours while we were here.

To you we leave the job of teaching the next class how to make beds, to march, and above all, its is entrusted to you to try your best to impress upon the new dodos that although they are dodos it will be such a really short time until they will be upperclassmen, and finally officers. Will you teach them the manners and duties of an officer? Will you fail your supreme task?

Here you are a hurdler. Each hurdle may seem a little harder than the previous one, but at the end of the race, when you cross that finish line, you should be able to say, "A job well done."

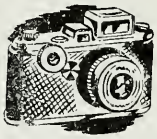
Be a pilot, be a sport, and be an officer. If you can accomplish these three, you have the abilities above the demands of ordinary men.

There are many things you do not understand now as a dodo, but the time will come when you can look back and find a use for each task assigned you.

Yes, you are taking on not merely a man sized job, but still larger than that, a job of teaching, yes, forming opinions in another man's mind. The job of teaching is a profession, do not be slack on this job. Train your men so that in the near future, you can say, "I'm the man who helped to direct him as a dodo. I am proud to call that man a fellow officer."

F/C Pruett, J.C. 41-H.

Cameras - - - Films



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FAREWELL MESSAGE FROM CAPT. HOPWOOD

TO THE EDITOR OF CONTACT:

This will probably be my last appearance in Contact. Saying goodbye to my first command carries a large measure of sadness but with it a higher measure of pride. I am intensely proud of the uncompromising efforts of every member of the Ryan organization to play the game according to all rules without exception. I thank the members of the permanent Army establishment for their unswerving loyalty and unselfish devotion to duty at all times. I take great pride in the class after class of flying cadets that have eagerly attempted at all times to comply with every phase of the program at this station and the fine record of conduct they have maintained at all times both on and off the post.

It is with a great sense of satisfaction that I turn this unit over to Lieutenant Ford, who since the early days when it was only a weed patch has shouldered an ever increasing load in the administration of the command. That this unit will continue to grow not only in size but in value to its country, I am fully confident. That it will grow soundly and with satisfaction and happiness for all concerned under Lieutenant Ford I am just as confident. To him I pass my many keys with confidence and my congratulations on a job well done in the past and one that will be increasingly well done in the future.

One of the strongest factors in human behavior is motivation. Here in Hemet there are several obvious motives. To the Ryan personnel, Hemet is a job that can be measured coldly in dollars and cents. To the military detachment, Hemet is a duty to be measured by the efficiency of its management. To the Flying Cadets, Hemet is the beginning of a career. But above all of these obvious common motives is a higher one—that motive common to all of us—the serious task of growing strong wings that our American citizenship may always be the blessing it is today. Because I feel that to be the strongest single influence in this program, I need not say goodbye for I will be working always in the same channels you are wherever my duty may be. All of you, regardless of the niche you fill today are standing shoulder to shoulder with a vast part of America doing the same job. That the job will be done is certain, for so long as the single mindedness of units like this one remain as clearly defined as it is here in Hemet.

Mrs. Hopwood joins me in wishing you all success, satisfaction and much happiness here in Hemet. Keep your chins always high. We know of no word that expresses our feelings in leaving more aptly than—

ALOHA!
LLOYD P. HOPWOOD,
Captain, Air Corps, Commanding.

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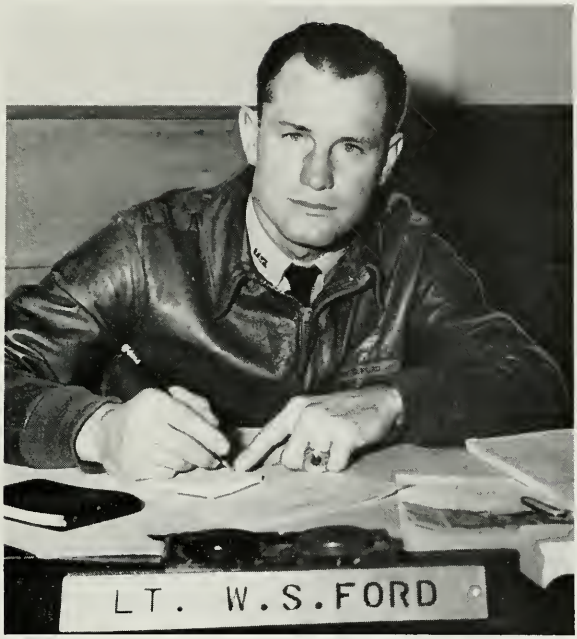


COMMANDING OFFICER

WHY AVIATION CADETS

From time to time it becomes necessary to change existing regulations to meet the ever-changing situations, and such is the case in the change of the name "Flying Cadet" to "Aviation Cadet." Many people have wondered and are still wondering why this change has come about. In this article I will express my own personal views as to the reasons for the name being changed.

With the increase in the number of cadets in specialized training which was introduced last fall in order to retain the services of valuable men who were unable to become satisfactory military pilots, courses were instituted in which flying was not a part of their training in any manner whatsoever. These courses in specialized training include Engineering, Photography, Communications, and Armaments. In none of these courses was flying training any part of the curriculum. Consequently, to have men in these categories classed as "Flying Cadet" was misleading and misinformative, as well as erroneous.

Because of the resulting confusion it became necessary for the War Department to request that Congress pass a bill changing the name of students from "Flying Cadet" to "Aviation Cadet," thereby covering all cases, since students in the specialized training courses are still given commissions in the Air Corps at the completion of their training even though they are not flying officers.

The name 'Flying Cadet" was further misleading in its application to students in tactical organizations. At the completion of a certain period of their training in these specialized schools students are sent to tactical

Continued on page four

DODO'S ANALYSIS

When the first clear notes of the bugle tones
Through the early shadows of a cold pale dawn,
Our restless slumber is shattered and gone
To the throbbing rhythm of a ceaseless drone.
We know not why we are here;
We know not why we came;
Our only hope is to feel the air
Flow incessantly by our plane.
From here on we cease to live;
We must think, act and dream
As if our minds were puppets,
Controlled and played by a gigantic force
From which there is no escape—
No regrets; only life that races by on
Swift wings of the Army Air Corps.

We are in a prop-wash that beats and
Propels our destiny into an inevitable
Outcome of world catastrophe. Such is our fate.
We must pursue it. The bugle had decreed it
And we are deaf to any sense
That warns against deliberate destruction.
We are flyers—men of the Army Air Corps.
So drink to the mighty machine that stands
Throbbing at the line like a giant falcon.
Waiting impatiently to quit the land
And to search the skies for unfriendly guns.

Drink heartily to her, sons.
She holds the destiny of your fate
In the tiny sights of her guns.
She is your queen, your eternal mate.
To abuse would be to forever
Erase our life from the skies of the Army Air Corps.

A/C McNeill, W. H.

Little Miss Muffett
Decided to rought it
Out in a cabin medieval
A rounder bespied her
And plied her with cider
And now she's the forest's prime evil.

F/C Jester, H.B.

WHY AVIATION CADETS

Continued from page three

organizations to complete the final phases of their training. Until recently these students with tactical organizations were known as flying cadets, although in many cases their duties entailed no flying whatsoever, and, therefore, the name was misapplied. To further clarify the situation the name "Aviation Cadet" is applied.

The above facts are presented for the benefit of those who have failed to give the change in name much thought so that they will be able to answer questions of the civilian population in a clear and logical manner.

LT. W. S. FORD.

A VISCITUDE OF LIFE

He was proud and he was haughty,
And with the fair sex, he was considered naughty,
His clothes were gay and boisterous,
His speech as always, was sarcastic and vociferous,
Money he had to splurge and burn
Women and whiskey he had on hand at every turn,
To see him now after knowing him once,
You'd fall over in a faint,
Because like others of the type,
He's taken on another slant,
To see him falling into drill,
Or shuffling off to mess
To him it's no particular thrill,
As the upperclassmen stress,
No, he's not a broken hobo,
He's just a raunchy dodo.

New F/C Olney, H.G.

DODO'S SWAN SONG

I came here to fly, sir,
It was wings or die, sir,
But in a crate,
I'm not so great,
So now it is goodbye, sir!

New A/C McLean, W. P.

LT. JOHN C. EDWARDS
Commandant of Cadets

MESSAGE FROM OUR COMMANDANT OF CADETS

The Ryan School of Aeronautics has just completed another ten-week period of training Cadets. By Cadets, I mean men that I, as your Commandant, can feel reasonably sure will conduct themselves in a manner befitting the standards of an officer and a gentleman. We have endeavored to establish here; men who will sustain and improve the records already set by graduates of this rapidly developing school.

During the past five weeks a number of improvements in our program have been affected. Discipline and daily routine schedules have been modified to a point of greater efficiency. Most of this, I feel, is due to the attitude of upperclassmen on whose shoulders rests the duty of training "Dodos" to be better upperclassmen than the ones before them were.

However, we have by no means reached our objective. In the future, we will continue to improve our methods of operation in any and all ways that are felt necessary to improve the caliber of the men who will represent Ryan Field in the Basic Schools to which they are sent.

With the proper spirit, I sincerely believe we can attain these things.

SAY, MISTER

Say Mister, are your shoes shined?
Say Mister, does your buckle glow?
Say Mister, is your name in line?
Say Mister, does that letter show?
It does? Well, you're raunchy.

Say Mister, is your knife set straight?
Say Mister, can you ask for beans?
Say Mister, do you glance from the plate?
Say Mister, is the army what it seems?
Well, anyway, you're raunchy.

Raunchy means you're mighty poor,
In dress, in drill, and in cabins.
And if you're always blabbin'
About your lot, you'll get the door.

New F/C Aubrey, Carl.

DODO'S PRAYER

Why doesn't someone give the command "Rest",
I've been standing at attention waiting for mess,
My spine has curvature, my stomach is playing an overture.
Please, mister, give the command at a "Dodo's" request.

FROM DAWN TO DUSK

First call is sounded and cadets awaken
And into the shower, to shake and awaken.
Buckles are polished, and buttons are clean
And shoes are polished until they gleam.

Revielle sounds and onto the porch
Come the cadets all bursting forth.
Roll call is taken, the cabins are tolled,
The O.D. salutes, and back in our holes.

The floors we do clean, our beds we do make,
We empty the baskets and kill all the snakes.
The brass is shined, and the windows all clean
For soon comes inspection and "Gigs" not foreseen.

Assembly is called and out through the doors
Fly all the dodos with motors aroar.
And into line, by the mess hall we soar
For personal inspection is held out of doors.

Inspection is over, and all are quite neat
We enter the mess hall, our breakfast to eat.
At the table we sit—"Pop-to"—and back in our ship
Upperclassmen give orders and on infinity we sit.

Back to our cabins, for brief case we hasten
And off to class, where the prof's are awaitin'.
Ground school's important and not lightly taken
For soon come exams for which we awaken.

Again to the mess hall, the cadets do their meetin'
To eat the noon meal with plenty of discretion.
We are quizzed of customs, much to our chagrin
The answers are taken, from memory herein.

We assemble for flight line, our knees are a-shakin'
For flying is precision and coordination.

As orders are given, we carry them out
And soon we come in, "Form One" to fill out.

The flying is over and drill we begin,
And stand at attention our eyes on a p'n.
To the mat we are taken and on toes we hasten
To "Pass in Review," for the Captain's awaitin'.

At attention we sit, in the mess hall once more,
Orders are read, and guards posted o'er.
Dinner is over and for drill we fall in
Retreat is assembled, while the flag is brought in.

Soon to our cabins, we all dig in
The day is over and the lights are dimmed.
Elation flows o'er us and proudly we grin
It's the Army Air Corps that we are in.

A/C Beall, J. M.

DODO writes to his mom:
Dear Mom:
As soon as I hit the post I got into "Rum-Dum."
Mom replies:
Dear Son,
I thought I told you to stay off the bottle.

New F/C Brannan, J.T. 41-I

THE ARMY AIR CORPS WAY

You have all heard the saying, there is the right way and the wrong way and the ARMY WAY. In the Air Corps that saying will come to life. Or maybe that saying could be changed to the CAA way, the private and the ARMY WAY. To have previous time in the air is a good thing and it helps for a limited number of hours after you are in the Air Corps.

There is a real bang to be had in flying any way you look at it, but there is not a man in the Air Corps who will not say after you have learned the precision way that there is not a bigger thrill in learning to fly in that manner. Sure, it's hard to a certain extent to keep the nose in a groove, on all of the banks, coming out on the exact turn of a spin and then park the plane exactly in the right place on the line. There is no substitute for knowing you have done something right and that the thing will mean so much to you someday whether you stay in the Air Corps or not.

Flying must get in the blood and I imagine that it is there for good, because you do not have to go any farther than the hangars at your base and there is not a grander bunch of men than the ones that go to any end to see you through the whole way. It couldn't be just the money in the thing that makes them stick to it. People make money in a lot of things and would not go to the ends do that these men that teach them to fly the right way.

Gentlemen, there is not one among us that in time if you do not like it now you will learn to have a love for the U. S. Army Air Corps as you never loved anything before, because there is nothing like the U. S. Army Air Corps way.

New A/C MARCUS, P.M.

Here's to the upperclassman
May he continue on his way,
We can't cuss him too much,
Because we'll be one ourself someday.

New A/C Neary, R. C.

The Hemet Country Club

"Welcome to the Hemet Country Club gentlemen. We hope to make your stay a pleasant one—though it may not be a long one!" Such might be the words that first fall on the ears of the new flying cadets as they report to Ryan School of Aeronautics.

From civilian life, the Army Air Corps looks like a pretty soft deal. Just think of it—paid at $75.00 a month to learn to fly, with room and board furnished. Of course, there's the possibility of washing out, but it's always the "other guy" that does that. And, since flying is the principal object, there probably won't be much drilling. After nine months, a second lieutenant's commission, and a chance to see the world with the Army Air Corps. In short, a glorified military country club.

The awakening is short and I might say a bit on the rude side. The dodo finds he has to work hard, and at times is resentful because his ideas have been reworked so suddenly. Growls and groans creep into the general remarks. Before long, though, the "espirit de Corps" of the Army starts working, and resentment changes to pride in this "man's" Army—our Army. Another Army man has just been born.

New A/C Bennett, E. C.

LITTLE BIG MEN

Lanky lithe, loose and strong,
The men here ain't wrong,
Big, little, mighty men,
Our own Uncle Sam's many kin,
Learning to flap our wings,
Judging the wires as they sing,
Banking, turning, and stalling,
We all hear Aviation calling,
If God be willing, hear my plea,
Please grant my wish as You see,
The heaven I want is my wings,
give me the key.

A/C Dupree, B.X. 41-I

"OPPORTUNITY"

Now that we all have had the biggest change in our life that has ever been made, we look back to compare our past with the future that confronts us. We see in the past that possibly four years in college and two to three years' experience in some profession has been thrown away but it looks somewhat blue to us but when we stop to compare these six or seven years with a future in the U. S. Army Air Corps, it begins to resemble mainly the foundation for the pleasant future that is before us.

Many of our fellow classmates have "washed out"; but that is no reflection on those fine gentlemen with high ideals radiating from them as they go on to some other branch of the Air Corps, such as Armaments, Bombardiering or Navigation, which is very essential in order that our air offense can be carried on in the Red, White, and Blue manner.

For the benefit of those who possibly had the opportunity of seeing the Air Corps picture, "I Wanted Wings", I would like to say here that the loyalty and comradeship that was displayed there is no exaggeration of the fine fellowship that is shown in the Air Corps. The lessons that are given in how to be a gentleman is an asset to any man. It brings about respect that can be found nowhere else. Occasionally a lowerclassman may feel that the routine through which he is put is useless and it is time thrown away. However, when the wings are pinned on the benefits will begin to be reaped from our reactions as a "dodo," or underclassman.

The Air Corps offers opportunities that can be gotten only in the Air Corps. Army pilots are the best available not only from the standpoint of physical ability but also as real men from the heart out. If they could not take it, they wouldn't stay. There is future in navigation, bambardment, and armaments which lead to a commission in the U. S. Arm which we all live and hope to be, some day within the next nine months.

IT'S WORTH IT, GENTLEMEN—CARRY ON! New A/C IGO, H. C.

A DODO'S SOLO

A last minute pep talk
Before he takes to the air
His face is as white as chalk,
His hand attempts to control his hair.

Contact! the ship begins to move
By throttle and rudder,
The ship taxis along rather smoothly,
Then the instructor begins to shudder.

The dodo on his first solo flight,
Is as nuts as a drunken driver.
The throttle he jams full on in fright,
The crate moves forward with a quivver.

Dodos and instructors are on their feet
Watching the ship as it flys around the course
Surely this dodo is not flying by his seat
The landing will be made by force.

Out of the cockpit steps the dodo
With a grin on his face
Which not even an upperclassman can erase,
For he has completed his first solo.

New A/C Reed, R. W.

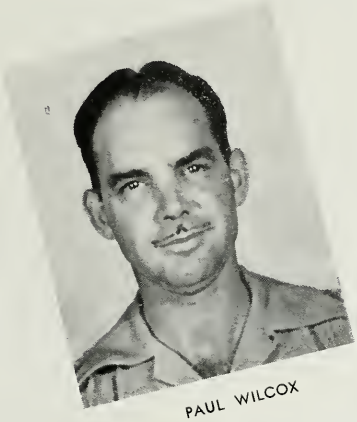
TO THE DODOS

Here's to the dodos tried and true,
Who do nothing all day but just pop to,
They're raunchy and rough and plenty green,
And sometimes the officers have to get mean,
But it's all for the best and they make you a man,
And send you to Randolph Field as soon as they can,
Then you start all over with the same old stuff,
It's a mighty fine life but plenty rough.

A C Elder, J.R. 41-I

THE FLYING PERSONNEL

Ryan School of Aeronautics



PAUL WILCOX

V. H. MURDOCK

Mr. Paul E. Wilcox

We, of the class of 41-I and 42-A are indeed fortunate to have for our Civilian Flight Commander as capable a man as Mr. Paul Wilcox. Mr. Wilcox was graduated at the Redlands high school and immediately began a course at the Mahoney School of Aviation, at San Diego, Calif., which he completed in approximately one and a half years.

Shortly after finishing this course, Mr. Wilcox was chosen as Chief Pilot on a trip in which he delivered two Ryan ST-M, Military trainer planes to the Guatamala government.

During the year 1929-30, Mr. Wilcox was employed as Flight Instructor for the Ryan School of Aeronautics at Lindbergh Field in San Diego. He then accepted a position with the Continental Motors, Chicago, Ill., as Head Engineer for two and a half years.

In 1934, Mr. Wilcox again returned to Ryan School at San Diego, as Flight Com-

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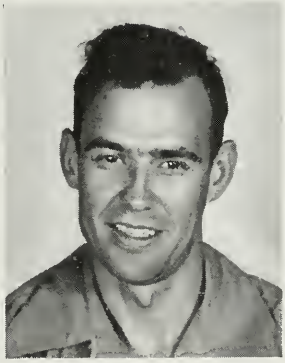


JACK WILBURN

Mr. V. H. Murdock

As Assistant Civilian Flight Director, we are very fortunate in having such a capable man as Mr. Murdock.

After Mr. Murdock completed his high school training, he attended Waynesburg College where in 1934, he received his Bachelor of Science degree. Immediately upon completion of his college work he enrolled for a Commercial Course at the Ryan School of Aeronautics at San Diego. During 1935, Mr. Murdock operated privately in Pennsylvania.

In 1937, he returned to Ryan School in San Diego as a Flight Instructor in their Commercial School. During June, 1939, Mr. Murdock completed Civilian Instructor's course at Randolph Field. Since that time he has been employed by Ryan School in conjunction with the Army Training Program.

Mr. Murdock is soft-spoken, conservative and possesses a gentle disposition.

FLIGHT "A"

SLOAN, W. P., Flight Commander

LAKE, D. N., Asst. Flt. Commander

BALA, P.

BEAN, R. F.

CARLISLE, T. E.

DENHAM, B. M.

DEREMER, A. C.

FRANSCIONI, W. R.

GRAY, W. M.

GUNDRY, W. M.

KINERT, T. C.

MERGENTHAL, L. C.

PAYNE, L. L.

PORTER, R.

SCHUMANN, R. C.

McCALLUM, R.L., Dispatcher

FLIGHT "B"

EVANS, W. C., Flt. Commdr.

SCHEIFELE, W. B., Asst. Flt. Commdr.

BOUCK, W. C.

CHASE, ART. L.

COOPER, L. J.

DEWEY, W. A.

FITCH, W. J.

GRADY, J. C.

HART, J. E.

HELM, G. A.

JAMES, F. C.

SANDUSKY, W. F.

FETTE, J.

YOUNG, R.

CALDWELL, C. W.

FLIGHT "C"

HUFFMAN, R. Y., Flt. Commdr.

KUMLER, J. C., Asst. Flt. Commdr.

BARKSTROM, H. L.

BELTZ, D.

BISHOP, N.

CHASE, AL C.

WAIDE, J. A.

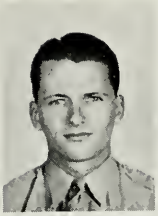
LEWIS, S. D.

MATTHEWS, J. F.

VENABLE, L. M.

ANDREWS, J. C.

FLIGHT "D"



HAZELTON, BEN F. III, Flt. Commdr.

VOORHEES, G. I., Asst. Flt. Commdr.

FREDERICK, T. P.

GARDNER, C. R.

MOLITOR, E. T.

SHORES, G. F.

SIMPSON, J.

WHISENAND, W. B.

WOLF, W. M.

HODGES, D. D.

WILSON, S. L.

CLOTHES BY COREY'S

POEM OF A DODO PILOT

I can't take off, I can't turn,
I use too much throttle, how the prop does churn,
I can't club, I can't even stall,
And on every spin, I'm afraid I'll fall.

I get a forced landing, and what do I do,
Turn downwind, and undershoot too.
He says "S Turn" and I begin,
"You did it wrong, now do it again."

All of a sudden he shoots it the coal,
All of a sudden I'm in a slow roll,
Grabbing and holding to keep my berth,
God, would I feel funny, drifting to earth.

I'm feeling funny, my stomach weak,
Up it comes, I'm unable to speak,
Down we come and park on the line,
For the next few minutes, a washrag is mine.

I'm just a dodo, I can't fly,
I get so sick, I nearly die,
If only the food weren't so bad at home,
I'd never left Texas for any airdrome.

New A/C Parker, J. W.

An uuperclassman, pausing one night to dream of dodos, pictured a dodo flapping his arms frantically as the dodo fell from the plane without a parachute. The upperclassman just laughed and laughed for he knew the dodo couldn't fly.

New A/C Seidel, A.K.

THE DODO'S LAMENT TO UPPERCLASSMEN
or "A Change in Attitude"

Most of us came from Texas,
To be the pride of the Air Corps.
But all we've done here so far,
Is march till our feet are sore.

We wait and fly by morning,
We go to school till night,
And in between we're mourning,
The upperclassmen "washed out" in flight.

We were told it was a country club,
Where we could swim, golf, and recline,
But we found it a military college,
With a flying school combined.

We red light, yellow light, green light,
Groucho Marx, bird-dog, and "pop-to"
We sit at mess in stiff braces
And eat from port holes too.

Be we live to be upperclassmen,
When our worries will be half through,
And we'll probably do to our dodos,
All the things done to us by you.

We all want to make good officers,
And improve in all we do.
So we can pass on to future classes,
The training we received from you.

New A/C White, J. C.

MR. RAINE

Twinkle-twinkle little hair,
How I wonder what you aire,
Up above the lip—so brave,
Mr. Raine—why in the --I don't you shave?

Angry O. D.—What's the meaning of your coming in at this hour?

Dumb Dodo—My girl friend had to be at work at 7 o'clock, Sir.

New A/C White, L. A.

CAPT. LEO F. BACH

LT. MERRILL O. DART

DISPENSARY

We, as Aviation Cadets, are recognized as being as near physically perfect as it is possible for any group of men to be. While training, we maintain this high degree of health under the able and direct supervision of our Dispensary staff. This splendid group under Captain Bach and Lt. Dart see that we obtain the best possible medical care. Upon our arrival we were administered typhoid inoculation and smallpox vaccination by Corporal Irvin, W. M., 1st Class Private Ferrell, J. L., and Private Ellis, E. H. All our ailments from colds to blisters receive prompt and efficient attention. At any time of the day or night these men stand ready for any emergency.

The service this fine group renders is of the greatest importance because it is a well known fact that phsical condition greatly influences one's flying ability.

We cadets wish to express our sincere appreciation for the excellent aid this staff has extended to us.

MR. PAUL E. WILCOX

Continued from page nine

mander and has steadily climbed to his present position as Civilian Flight Director of Ryan School of Aeronautics at San Diego and Hemet. He has held this position since 1937. In June, 1939, Mr. Wilcox attended the first Civilian Instructor's School that was held at Randolph Field, San Antonio, Texas.

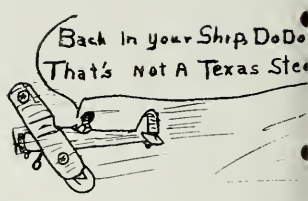
A short time ago, Mr. Wilcox moved his family from San Diego and has established permanent residence in Hemet. Mr. Wilcox is married, has three children, one boy and two girls, very conservative gentleman and is considered by all his friends as being a "regular" fellow.

ALRIGHT—"IF"

Your take-off was poor,
The climb was worse—
On the first turn,
We ordered a hearse.
Your banks were lousy,
And you're much too tense;
Mister, 'fore you fly,
Get a little sense.
You lack coordination,
And ignore R. P. M.,
You're sloppy on the throttle,
And don't give a damn.
If your glide had been better,
And the tee your way,
You could've said to yourself,
You'd had a good day.

New F/C Campbell, W.V. 41-I

POET'S



"POP-TO"

When you're red in the face (and somewhere
else too)
And your flying is raunchy and so are you,
Then, Mister, "Pop-To,"
It'll make your fight and flight clean.
No "Washing Machine,"
Can ever get you,
If you can "Pop-To".

When you "brace" and you march,
And you "Sir" all day long,
To get your spoonful at mess,
It takes so darn long,
And for Purity's White,
It takes all your might—
To say Mister, "er",
"No Excuses Sir."
Then 'tis time for you Dodo, before you get
through,
To subconsciously come to a quick "Pop-To".

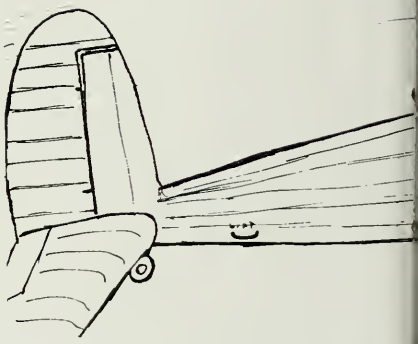
It's after inspection, your flight wash, too,
You're so tired you don't believe blue is
for true,
And then, "Keep your head on a pivot, your
eyes on a point,"
Turn this way and that way till your neck's
at disjoint."
Then you're not sure enough, but Mister
keep true,
Stay in the Air Corps—give me a "Pop-To."

Now Mister, "No matter how hard for you
it will be,
The Army Air Corps will make you and me
And for old Stars and Stripes our Red,
White, and Blue,
I'm glad and I'm proud to give a "Pop-To."

New A/C Newton, F. M.

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells and cockle shells,
And one darned ole petunia.

A/C Jester, H. B.



ODE TO A DODO

Here's to the life of a Dodo
You really have no ego,
If you open your lip,
It's "Back in your ship!"
Cause first you've got to solo.

We dodos are flyers, in the making,
But too much for granted, I'm taking,
Without any doubt,
We'll probably wash out,
No more at "Five" We'll be waking.

Some say the army is swell,
But "Mister" you never can tell
They gave us the rub,
This is no "Country Club."
But I'll stick with it thru hell!

New A/C Oliphant, C. O.

CORNER

THE FIRST FLIGHT

The day has finally come,
With all its thrilling joys
When I try my wings,
With the rest of the boys.
The instructor says climb in,
And buckle your belt up tight,
I'll take you for a spin,
And show you all the sights.
Off the ground we go in a mighty zoom,
I turn my head to look around,
Grasp my stomach and make a gasping sound,
Everything inside of me goes boom.
Back to the ground we go,
Oh! please bring a bucket,
Also some water too.
I'll try my wings another day when I don't feel so blue.

New A/C Merritt, R. B.

A DODO'S LIFE

I'm a dodo, I'm here to learn how to fly,
But sometimes, I really wonder why
I have to march and drill and drill,
That at night I can't even lie still.
I heard that this place was indeed,
Something that every flyer would need,
In the morning it's "clean up your hole,"
After that you fall out as a whole,
To have the needed daily inspection.
And are told all the ways for correction.
Then you go to mess, to eat your fill,
With your eyes in our plate and very still,
On occasions a "pop-to" or so;
Then "back in your ship" you go
To recite a lowerclass custom,
For some upperclassman's mention;
Then to the flight line or classroom
You go, to zoam and to groan,
The amoeba of the Army to be chastened to fly,
That is the way the Dodo's life is brought by,
Which makes sometine a good treasure,
All dodos have to pitch in as a whole,
That is why this on the system of honor roll.
Take all the advice from the upperclass,
He's been here longer, and he is also human,
All the advice he gives should be an omen,
To make us more man and less woman,
This seems strenuous and unbearable at times,
But after all when you finish you have shared the wines.

New A/C Ullrich, D. O.

"A TOAST"

Here's to the upperclass, as good as they are,
And here's to we dodos, as raunchy as we are,
For as good as the upperclass is and as raunchy as we dodos are,
We're as good as the upperclass as raunchy as we are.

New A/C Woodruff, W. F.

CALISTHENICS

Since the inauguration of the Athletic Program at Ryan School of Aeronautics, a regular period of calisthenic drill has been set aside each day. We, the cadets are of the opinion that this work is a decided benefit to us as it affords an opportunity to relax and enjoy ourselves. Also, this work assists in bringing about the physical coordination which helps the Cadets in developing their flying.

A regular physical training uniform is worn by each Cadet and the reaction brought about by the establishing of an athletic program has created a desire among the Cadets to participate to the fullest in this recreation as the muscle posture building is a definite asset to each and every one of us. New A/C ULLRICH, D.O. 42-A.

Dodo: This meat is certainly tough.

Upperclassman: Mister, if you think that meat is tough, just think how tough it would be if you didn't have any at all.

New A/C Williams, G. E.

PLAYGROUND BALL

One of the most important phases of our Recreation Program is "Playground Ball."

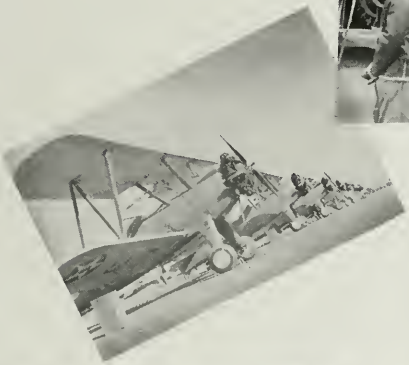
The game is of particular importance in that a large number of men can participate in it at the same time. Also, teams are chosen between the Upperclass and the Lowerclass and in that way competition is very high. Usually, the games last for three innings only as that is all the time that is permitted.

We are indeed fortunate in having two good fields in which to play on and as the Athletic Program has just been inaugurated, all equipment is new.

The referee and managers of the various teams are chosen either by the players or the various section leaders. This type of sport affords a great deal of pleasure to all connected with it as it develops sportsmanship and fair play throughout.

New A/C ULLRICH, D.O.

A DAY AT THE FLIGHT LINE



"EVOLUTION OF A DODO"

I had been to the "Bloody Bucket",
I had been to the "Pirate Cave",
I had thought with those incisions,
I knew just how to behave,
And then I joined the Air Corps
Just a new and easy life,
But the first thing the boys told me
Was, "I couldn't take a wife."

Well, I didn't mind that so much,
And prepared to be "at ease."
Until I arrived in Hemet,
And became afraid to sneeze.
I enjoyed saluting the officers,
The "popping-to" was bad,
But then the parade had started
Since then the Air's been bad.

I've flown too low on "Dodo Calls,"
Mo motor has "conked on out."
I've eaten so little, for being so raunchy,
I'm everything but stout.
I used to think I had a brain,
And also thought that I was tough,
But from this idea I now refrain,
It must have been a bluff.

There's surely been some changes made,
For better or for worse,
Whichever it may seem to be,
My general orders I rehearse.
The upperclassmen are working hard,
For a purpose we all know,
So hold that chin up, dodo—
Onward we must go.

We're here to "learn to take it,"
And our country to protect,
So goodnight everybody,
The Lt. is coming to inspect.
Sweet dreams to all the Officers,
Upperclassmen and Dodos too,
We're all one big happy family,
"The Army Air Corps Crew."

New A/C Nation, J. B.

THE FLIGHT OF A DODO

We hit the line with our spirits high
For we're doing the work we love,
And we know the time has come to fly,
And zoom to the clear blue sky above.

With our hand on the throttle we get the nod,
Make ready to give her the gun.
Then with head on a swivel we start her to roll,
And we climb at the rising sun.

When the flight is over we bring her in,
And then when she ceases to roll,
We know that another flight is o'er,
And we're one step nearer our goal.

New A/C Lentz, J.C. 41-I

ARMY SCHOOL

Flying school, to any fool,
Contains a wealth of knowledge.
It shows you that the Golden Rule
Was never learned in college.
Arithmetic and algebra, and trigonometry,
Like Einstein's theory never was
And never hoped to be
Proved beyond doubt a great and worthy cause.
Economics, history, geology and French
Make poor Army dodo boys
Who used to warm the bench
Respect and wonder at the airplanes' funny noise.
Could it be that we'll ever know
Why is a B.T.U.?
Which way the wind does blow,
And why its pattern too?
Though it may not be your destiny
To ever develop a brain,
The United States Army
Will teach you to fly a plane.
So it's Army School for us to do
With all its tales of woe,
But, by gad, when it's done and through
There's no place we can't go!

A/C Wills, J. A.

LT. D. D. CONARD

R. D. COOPER
Athletic Director

LT. D. D. CONARD

In June, 1938, the Coolidge High School of Coolidge, Kansas, presented to a young man a diploma that opened the gates to college and an eventual Army Air Corps career. Lt. Conard first attended the University of Idaho, Moscow, Idaho, the Garden City Junior College, Garden City, Kansas, and the University of Kansas, at Lawrence, Kansas.

In the latter part of July, 1940, Lt. Conard entered the Cal-Aero Academy, Ontario, Calif., and after completing primary stage of training was sent to Moffett Field, Sunnyvale, Calif., for basic training and later to Stockton Field, Stockton, Calif., where he was awarded his wings and a commission in the U. S. Army Air Corps.

Shortly after receiving his commission as a second lieutenant in the Air Corps, Lt. Conard was assigned to active duty at Moffitt Field as an instructor and remained there as such for ten weeks. He was then transferred to Ryan School of Aeronautics, Hemet, California.

His ambition is to become a regular officer in the U. S. Army Air Corps.

MR. R. D. COOPER

Mr. R. D. Cooper has recently been assigned the position of Athletic Director of the Aviation Cadets at the Ryan School of Aeronautics, Hemet, California.

He has a background that assures his ability to perform this duty and to develop his students into well-coordinated, healthy pilots of the future. His ability comes from an athletic background that reaches back into high school days at Van Nuys, California, where he excelled in football, baseball, and track. The year 1935 Mr. Cooper attended Glendale Junior College and he further pursued his athletic activities. From 1937 to 1941 Mr. Cooper attended the College of the Pacific, in Stockton, California, majoring in Physical Education and for three years played halfback under the expert tutelage of the "Grand Ol' Man of Football" Mr. A. A. Stagg.

For recreation and entertainment Mr. Cooper enjoys reading, outdoor life, softball, ping-pong and golf.

CANDID SHOTS AT RANDOM

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club, composed of cadets in the class of 41-I, had a fairly successful season. Considering all the handicaps they worked under, their one and only performance was indeed successful. All of the members turned out for glee club 100 per cent this time and showed a sincere interest in it. Had it not been for the cooperation I am afraid we would not have been able to do so well on our only engagement.

The Valley Players put on a pageant at the Hemet Woman's club and our glee club was asked to furnish several numbers between acts of the plays they presented. With no discredit to the glee club of 41-H, I can truthfully say that our glee club put on the best program of the season.

Our club has been unfortunate in one respect, however. We have not had an accompanist and that has been our main handicap. In fact, it was for this reason that the cadets of 42-A were unable to get any experience singing with our club.

We are indeed grateful to Lt. Sather for his cooperation on ever occasion. In fact, it was through him that we were able to get an accompanist for our program at the Woman's club. He is very interested in glee club work and I might say to the class of 42-A at this time, don't let him down. Do your very best to organize a club that can bring pleasure to yourselves and glory and publicity to our post. You will find Lt. Sather willing to help you all he can.

At the beginning of our period as upperclassmen there were plans for new music and several programs, including radio programs. As yet, all the details have not been worked out and the glee club is not ready for any programs. But these plans should be materialized by the cadets of 42-A and a sincere effort should be made to carry them out.

I have talked with several men in the new class and I am sure there are a sufficient number interested who have had previous training in music, that the new director should have little trouble in organizing a new club. I agree that the schedule we follow is hard and there isn't so much time for glee club work, but there is so much to gain by the programs in the way of publicity that the time put into this work is repaid many times over.

So may I say to the glee club members of

Continued on page 26

DODO'S DAFFYNITIONS

Hangars—Racks to hang clothes on.
Landing Mat—Article in bathroom floor to break falls after slipping.
Laundry Bag—Sack to put odd shoes, bottles, powder boxes, etc. in on Saturday mornings (also used occasionally as a place to deposit dirty clothes.)
Mountain—Part of ring in which gem is set —curvature of horizon.
Hemet Belle—Give me a cow bell.
Ground School—A fellow's got to catch up on his sleep somewhere.
Upperclassman—CENSORED.
Potatoes—Usually rare.
Jacket—Combination of verb and pronoun, "If we have a flat tire, we'll jacket up and change it."
Anonymous—Noted Greek author.
Rome—Verb meaning "to wander."
Myth—Female moth.
Basin—Place where during inspection water is supposed to be found not present.
Hand Towel—Bathroom decoration.
Ash Tray—Ditto (without bathroom.)
Flying Line—Ferocious animal with wings.
Pop-To!—Used as "I'm gonna write Mom a letter and Pop too."
Ground Loop—Rope laid in a circle on the ground.
Take-Off—To doff.
Elevators—Found in tall buildings.
Rudder—To take one's choice—"I'd rudder be a F/C than a yard bird (I think.)"
Letters—Sows have 'em when they haven't been good girls.
Vertical Fin—A $5 bill.
Tea Dance—Plural for a certain species of ant.
Anti-Socialist—One who never goes to parties or social functions. (Dodo.)
Gelatin—Machine for decapitating Frenchmen.
Dutch Cleanser—Laxative used in Holland.
Gig—Used to spear frogs.
Parachute—Article which, if you ain't got when you first need it, you won't ever need again.

TEMPER

When I have lost my temper, I have lost my reason, too.
I'm never proud of anything which angrily I do,
When I have talked in anger and my cheeks are flaming red,
I have always uttered something which I wish I hadn't said.

In anger I have never done a kindly deed or wise,
But many things for which I felt I should apologize.
In looking back across my life, and all I've lost or made,
I can't recall a single time when fury ever paid.

I have waked up many a morning and I've shuddered to review,
My trail of deeds regrettable no gentleman would do.
I've gained nothing to my credit when my fits of temper end,
But I've often gained an enemy, and sometimes lost a friend.

New A/C Thomas, G. G.

THE AIR CORPS

The dough boys know their snappy drill,
The calvary know how to take a hill;
The sailors get to cross the sea,
But sir, it's the Air Corps for me.

You have to make your bed just right,
All the brass must shine like light;
You must keep things out of sight,
And keep your collar buttoned tight.

The ground school classes are always rough,
The upperclassmen are really tough;
You must always take it upon the chin,
And try to walk off with a grin.

New A/C Langford, R.C. 41-I.

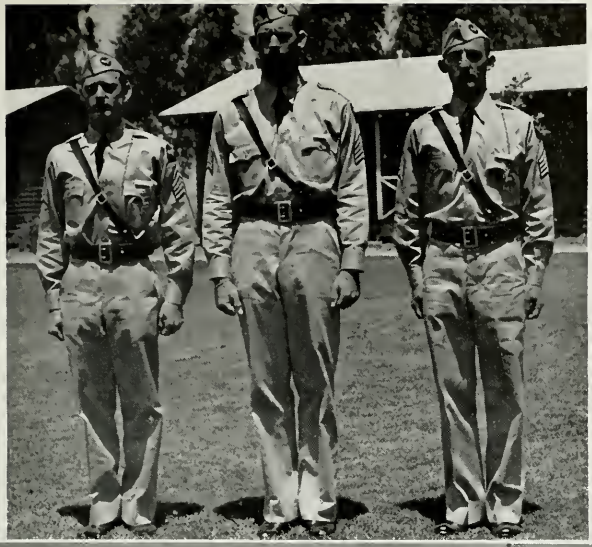
TOP CENTER

1st Captain
A/C JACKSON, G. L.

Co. "A" Capt.
A/C BOETTCHER, Emil

Co. "B" Capt.
A/C MIKEWORTH, J.L.

CLASS
41-I
Group Picture

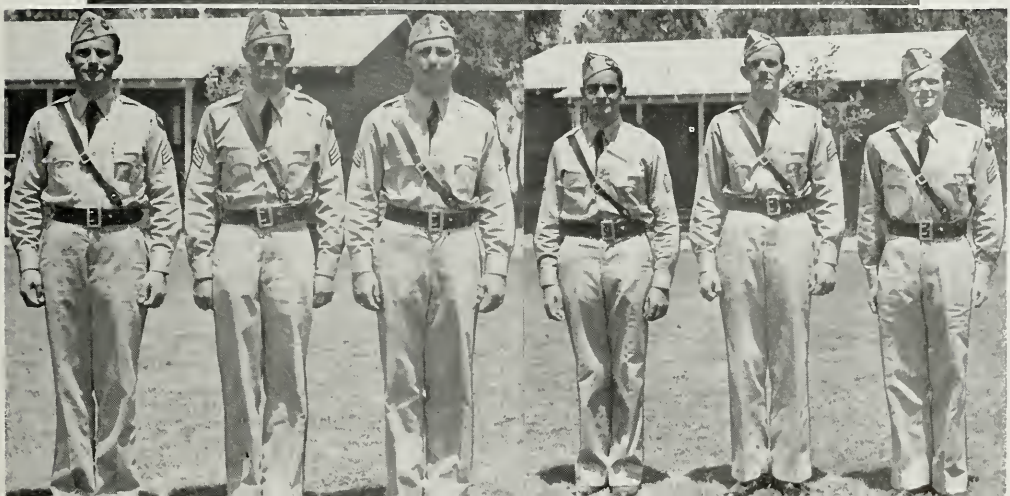


LOWER LEFT

Lts. Co. "A"
A/C LONG, A. R.
A/C CLARK, C. D.
A/C PARIS, F. B.

LOWER RIGHT

Lts. Co. "B"
A/C RYCKMAN, C.W.
A/C HYNDS, K. C.
A/C BORDERS, W. S.



INSPECTION TIME

At half past four in early morn
I felt that I had just been born,
For in two hours at half past six
I had to have the room all fixed.

My roommates were supposed to help
But I knew them, the lazy whelps
Would sit and stare out into space
While I would run from place to place.

I made my bed and pulled it tight
It had to be exactly right.
From there I went to killin' flies
I was in a whirl as they flew by.

The floor I then began to scrub
Until my fingers were shortened stubs.
With all the dirt and dust that flew
I hardly knew just what to do.

After straightening closets and cleaning chairs
My roommates three were combing hairs.
I raised my voice as if to muttons
But they began to polish buttons.

They paid no heed to me or time
So I offered them a shiny dime
If they would help me to get through
Before inspection time was due.

They asked me to stop and try to think
How they could clean our dirty sink.
If a drop of water or a snake is found
The inspectors then would call us down.

They cleaned it well in time to eat
But no one did—there was no meat.
So back to the cabin we all four went
With empty stomachs and all backs bent.

As we were starting to begin
A knock at the door, I said "Come in".
I called attention and stood in a brace
As they searched our room from place to place.

After searching our closets just looking for gin
One grabbed the door and made a wind.
Straight at the stove the breeze did fly
Till a rat came out and blinked both eyes.

The end had come I hate to say
I was Orderly for the Day.
Into their pockets their hands did dig
Out came a pencil to give me gigs.

So on the week-end in mid afternoon
I hope you won't come by too soon,
To watch me march both up and down
While my three buddies laugh and clown.

But next week when it ain't my turn
I'll get even if I have to burn,
Cause I won't help to clean the room
I want my roommates marching soon.

A/C Guernsey, F.D.

First Dodo: "Is this the right way to make a bunk?"
Second Dodo: "No, that is the Army way."

New A/C Lee, G.W. 41-I.

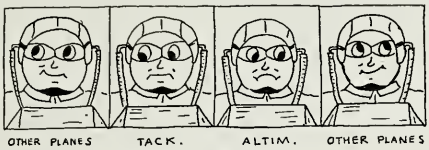
With most other arms of the service busily engaged comparing cigarette lengths, we have been wondering when the dodos will begin. New A/C Irvin, J. L.

GLEE CLUB

Continued from page 23

41-I, thanks again for your loyalty and cooperation and to you men who will make up the club of 42-A, work hard and make it the best club Ryan School has ever had. You can do it and we're betting on you.

A/C HAYES, J.C., 41-I.



THE STIFF NECKED PILOT
HEAD AND NOT EYES ON A PIVOT
A/c BERGER J.A

TOLD TO A DODO

I saw a plane up in the sky,
"A pilot must have fun," said I.
So to the Air Corps I did turn,
A bright new pair of wings to earn.
The first time up, I'll never forget,
I have not yet, Oh, No, Net Yet!
The aeroplane did bounce and buck,
I grabbed the stick and trust'd to luck.
My instructor did wave and shout,
And made me always look about.
The days go by and weeks are past,
The months go by and then at last,
A bright new pair of wings, I'd earned
For to the Air Corps I had turned.

This is the story of my wings,
And Dodo, if you wish for things,
Such as these shiny wings of mine,
Then n'er a duty to decline,
And n'er an honest word withhold
And mind always to be controll'd,
And never close to look about,
Always the answer, not a doubt.
If you have this completely filled,
And of your utmost best have will'd,
Then might you have thte honor of
A pair of wings to soar above.
A country which means all to you,
For which we'll all remain true blue.

New A/C Heard, V. V.

Susy: What's the difference between a modern and old-fashioned kiss?
Sally: Oh, about five minutes.

New A/C Taylor, R. F.

ILLUSIONS

Now listen cadets
and you shall hear
of the sad, sad story
of Dodo Revere.

He arrived with the illusion
of seventy-five per
but soon got the idea
and saw things as they were

This dodo packed in the
golf clubs and things
that he thought he might
use while gettings his wings.

Alas, came the awakening,
of Dodo Revere
as far as the golf course,
he never got near.

This dodo learned
that the country club life
was made up of of naught,
but trouble and strife.

He learned that the
upperclass,
could deal out the hell,
and many others things as well.

For this dodo to learn,
it didn't take long,
that a commission's not earned
for only a song.

New A/C Rodden, J. A.

I'M GOING TO BE A FLYER

I'm going to be a flyer;
I'll be a good one, too;
I'll do just what the teacher tells me,
I'll listen close and follow through.

That's the vow I made sincere
And I did my best to try;
But here's what really happened
The day I went to fly:

The take-off looked easy,
As simple as could be;
But darned if I could follow through,
Or feel a movement one degree.

And then it came my turn
For me to do my stuff;
But the way the ship reacted
I'da sworn it was a powder puff.

I did just what he told me;
At least, I thought it right;
But the tail came up, the nose dove down,
Good Lord, it was a sight.

The Instructor took control
And neatly did recover.
He said unless I did it better
I'd go back home to Mother.

HEMET—ALMA-MATER

In the heart of Hemet Valley,
'Neath the sun's warm glow,
Is a nest of Army Eaglets,
Grandest place we know.

May we cherish thy traditions,
Fly the colors high,
Ever guard thy name in glory,
Live to fly or die.

Tho we leave the skies forever,
Many miles fly hence,
May our love for Army Air Corps,
Only have commenced.

New A/C Glasgow, R.L. 41-I

THE THRILL OF FLIGHT

With the thrilling roar of a wide-open gun,
We're off and into the air.
Onward and upward toward the sun,
The sky with the birds to share.

The cares that we had are far behind,
They lie on the ground below,
There's nothing left to hold, to bind
Our blood's exultant flow.

We've met the thrill we've waited long,
The thrill of soaring flight,
As our engine throbs with its throaty song,
Its symphony of might.

We're here because we love to fly,
To us it means our life.
To feel our freedom in the sky
From all the worldly strife.

True, we are here to learn to fight
Should our country be attacked.
We'll use our newfound thrill of flight
To turn invaders back.

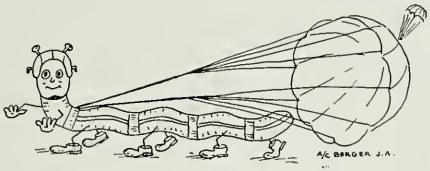
We lads are young and fresh and free
Learning to do and dare,
That some day we too may be
Defenders of the air.

A/C Naismith, R.E.

"PATTER"—And Words Webster Defined Differently

1. The aftermath of a conversation between an uuperclassman and a dodo—"Pop-To."
2. An upperclassman as defined by a dodo—"Censored."
3. Latest Mood—"Rum Dum," or The Birth of Knowledge for Flying Cadets.
4. A "Dodo"—a dumb but willing mass of living organism used solely for the purpose of upperclassmen.
5. "Open Post"—Something the "dodos" wish the upperclassmen had none of.
6. "Gig"—an invitation to walk.
7. The "Dodos" ran at gliding attitude.

New A/C Yarbrough, H.



DEDICATED TO THE JUNIOR CATIPILLAR CLUB

TO HEMET

Here's to Hemet
The school of the day,
But they make you work,
If you want to stay.

They make you a Dodo
And run you around,
And your first week of flying
Is done on the ground.

You purr our motors,
And run real fast.
And you get two gigs
If you come in last.

But after three weeks
Your troubles are through
Then you think things up
For the Dodos to do.

New A/C Boulware, J.B. 41-I.

ODE TO A FLYING CADET

I've studies calculus and trigonometry,
And every sort of advanced Geometry.
In short, every kind of a course mathematics,
Including mechanics, dynamics and statics.

Physics and chemistry have made me toil,
Over hydraulics, I've burned late oil.

So now I'm an enlisted Flying Cadet,
You can see why still in a hell of a fret,
The stuff, I use as a general rule,
Is what I learned in a country school.
Reading lowerclass customs, thru,
Writing quipps till my hands are blue,
Adding simple sums till I'm almost sick,
Reading, writing and arithmetic.

New A/C Hornett, E. L.

DOUBLE-TIME

"On the double, Dodo,"
Is what I hear all day,
And even in my sleep at night
That's all my dreams can say.

From barracks to the mess hall,
From mess hall to the line;
Then back the other way, I run
In double, double time.

Now I don't mind the running
And I have never been late,
But when I AM allowed to eat
All I can see's my plate.

So there's one thing I'd like to know
Before I get much sicker:
If they want us there in such a rush
Why don't they start us quicker?

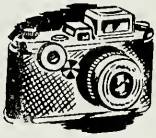
A/C Addison, M.C. 41-I.

I'VE GOT TO MAKE GOOD

Off to the Air Corps I did go
With love for my country
And fate (?) for my foe
Much was I to learn
And lots was I to do
Before my wings were won
Before my flight was through
There were loops and spins
To set the risky pace
And dips and dives
To keep me in the race
But of all that I learned
This I learned best
You got to do your darndest
If you ever pass the test.

A/C Meredith, F.E. 41-I.

Cameras - - - Films



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AUBREY, C L
BEALL, J. M.
BENNETT, E. C.
BERGER J A
BLOMSTROM, H. R.
BOWEN, K. M.
BOWERS, J. S.
BRADLEY, R. W.
COMMONS, A. M.
CONDIE, R. C.
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DEMPSEY, T. W.
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FOX, R. W.
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GILLESBY, F. G.
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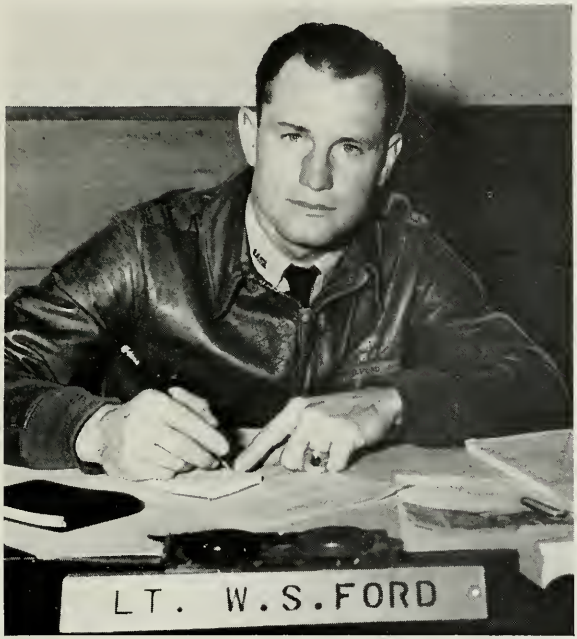
IGO, H. C.
ISENHOWER, G. G.
JOHNSON, J. A.
JOHNSON, J. P.
KEARNEY, C. C.
KING, W. W.
KITCHEN, W. M.
KUENSTLER, R. E.
LEE, M. L.
LEWIS, J. B.
MAKAY, N. C.
MALSBERGER, A. H.
MAY, M. M.
McGUIRE, T. K.
McNIEL, W. H.
McREYNOLDS, J. O.
MELTON, F. C.
MERRITT, R. B.
MORRIS, R. C.
MURPHEY, R. C.
MUTTERSBOCH, E.
NEARY, R. C.
NELMS, T. M.
NEWTON, F. M.
PARKER, J. W.
PARKER, W. L.
PAYNE, C. G.
PAYNE, W. E.
PERRY, T. C.
POKORNY, A. J.
RAINER, E. L.
RANKIN, W. F.
RAY, C. C.
REED, R. W.
RENICK, M. D.
RODDEN, J. A.
RYCKMAN, C. W.
SHOFNER, F. K.
SPOONTS, M. A.
STEELE, F. C.
SWARNER, W. C.
TAYLOR, R. J.
TAYLOR, Z. V.
THOMAS, D. B.
TODD, R. M.
TUCKER, L. C.
TURNER, C. R.
TYLER, J. M.
ULLRICH, D. O.
UMSTED, W. P.
WAGNER, C. M.
WAHLERS, C. G.
WHITE, J. C.
WHITE, L. A.
WILCOX, J. R.
WOODRUFF, W. F.
WRATHALL, J. L.
YARBROUGH, W.
YELVINGTON, J. L.



To the Commander

SINCE LIEUT. FORD'S induction as our skipper there has been a never ending trend of improvement in our Post. His measures for improvement are clear cut and definite, his conception of discipline is sturdy, and we, the class of 42A are happy to have had such a capable man as our navigator. The U. S. Army Air Corps can be proud to have an officer in whose work is seen a duty well performed and an enthusiasm born of pride. It is to this officer that we respectfully dedicate this Contact.

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Ryan School of Aeronautics

HEMET, CALIF.

August 11, 1941

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EXPANSION

By WALLACE S. FORD

First Lieutenant, Air Corps, Commanding

Since the beginning of this school in September, 1940, it has become necessary to expand the facilities in order to meet the increase in the student classes.

The first class here was composed of fifteen students. The second class consisted of sixty students and for a while sixty was the quota assigned each class. However, with the ever darkening clouds of war hovering over us the Government considered it advisable to further increase the size of aviation cadet classes, and our quota at this school was doubled.

As a result of the many events on the European continent the position of America in world affairs has become more precarious rapidly. In order to meet this growing menace more and more war materials and qualified pilots are being demanded. Consequently, it has again become necessary for the facilities at this school to be expanded to take care of still larger classes of Aviation Cadets. Additional hangar space is required to house the airplanes which will be stationed here for student training. Additional housing facilities are necessary to take care of the students assigned. Additional recreational facilities will be required, a hospital, and a larger Army administration building have become necessary.

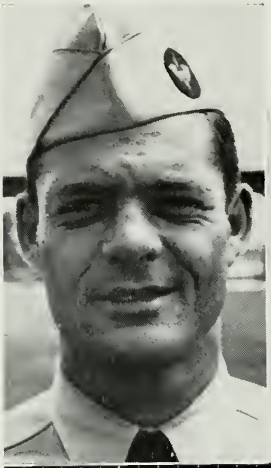
All of these things have been given deep consideration and thought, and at the present time Mr. Earl D. Prudden, Vice-President of the Ryan School of Aeronautics, has completed plans for this additional construction, and it is contemplated work shall begin shortly. This expansion will take care of an increase of one-third over our present allotment of students.

People visiting the field in a short space of time will see construction being accomplished on two additional hangars, various athletic courts, some sixteen new barracks units, and an Army administration building and hospital. The plans for this work have been drawn up with the able assistance of Mr. Frank L. Hope, architect from San Diego; and construction will start shortly under the direction of Mr. Ulmstead, contractor from San Diego.

In keeping with the expansion of classes and building facilities at this station is the increase in the Army Officer personnel. At the opening of this school two Air Corps officers were assigned here for duty. The officer personnel has been increased from time to time until at the present six Air Corps officers and four Infantry officers are assigned to this field as their permanent station. Similar increases have taken place in the number of instructors, civil employees and maintenance employed to take care of the increased number of cadets.

This expansion has been made possible through the wonderful cooperation of the Ryan School of Aeronautics, the civilian population of the Valley and the Army personnel. The efforts of all have been combined to make this, the Ryan School of Aeronautics at Hemet, one of the best primary flying schools on the West Coast.

BATTALION ATTENTION



Ryan Field, Hemet, Calif.
Aug. 8, 1941.

In a few more days or so, we upperclassmen will be entering the second of three phases of training a cadet must finish before he becomes a commissioned officer in Uncle Sam's Air Corps.

It seems only yesterday that we were dodoes. The first impression a cadet gets of the Air Corps is one that is justified in a sense. At first you don't see how you can possibly get through. Now this is one of many tests you must meet, and it makes towards a better quality in personnel. Those who admit defeat easily are dropped by the wayside or "washed." This is why the United States Air Corps is the best in the world today. Obtaining a commission is a feat which takes no little endurance and effort.

At last "Recognition Day" arrives and the dodoes are treated as equals for the first time. The first ten weeks period passes all too soon; for it seems only yesterday that I was a dodo myself. The last of the high hurdles before graduation from Primary Training are the final civilian and army checks. With these behind him many an upperclassman has been known to let his hair down and be his real self. It takes a lot more effort and endurance to finish this phase of the training than the average person realizes.

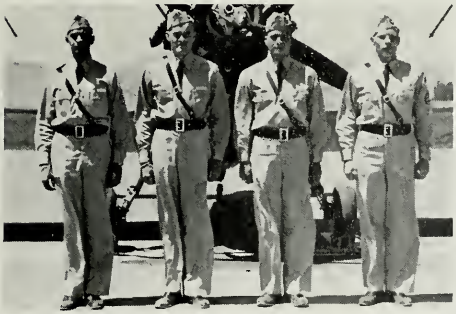
As Cadet Captain and battalion commander it has been a pleasure to work, fly, sleep, eat, and study with a cross section of the finest young men in the world. The cooperation that has been given by the entire cadet corps, to the other cadet officers

Continued on page 16

CADET OFFICERS

A/C Kearney, C. C.
A/C Reed, R. W.
A/C Newton, F. M.

NOTE: (Reading Left to Right)



A/C Ryckman, C. W.
A/C Nelms, T. M.
A/C Hilliard, J. P.
A/C Wilcox, J. R.

A/C Todd, R. M.
A/C Isenhower, G. G.
A/C Spoonts, M. A.
A/C McReynolds, J. P.

A/C Murphey, R. C. Jr.
A/C Reed, R. W.
A/C Rankin, W. F. Jr.

A/C LUTZ, J. R.

THE ARMY MAN MACHINE

TAKE IT FROM ME

A/C Fletcher, B. B.

"Hello, Mister. Welcome to the Ryan School of Aeronautics.

"What's that? You like the looks of the place? You really believe you're going to like it here? Well, most of the men who come to Ryan seem to feel that way. A great many of us who come here are, at first, under the illusion that this is a glorified country club.

"Go ahead and laugh. All joking aside, it is a good looking layout, and, I might add, the grounds and buildings are always in tip-top shape.

"But let me give you a tip, Mister. Army discipline in the manner in which it is used here may seem peculiar at first. The idea of the Air Corps personnel is to achieve efficiency. All these orders and rules are to instill in the new men proper respect for authority and to cut waste motion.

"While it is true that we have pleasant surroundings, amicable and intelligent co-workers and superiors, it is also true that there must be a standard. And, Mister, here is the Air Corps standard. There seems to be a lot of noise and confusion at first, but if you just stop and think a bit you can see that it all has a purpose.

"The Army Air Corps has a gigantic task. It must take civilians from all walks of life, many of whom have never been up in an airplane, and in just seven and one-half months transform them into military pilots of the first rank. At the end of their training period these men must be officers and gentlemen as well as aviators. This takes concentration and application, Mister.

"How's that? You believe you can stand the gaff? Well, that's the right idea. Mister, I hope you realize that your preparation here is a stepping stone to larger responsibilities that are yours up ahead.

"It seems to me that it all boils down to this: Upon the shoulders of the young men of America lies the future and destiny of the American concept of life. We are the watchmen and the ramparts of freedom and Democracy. And, Mister, the Air Corps is doing its part to train young men for these tasks. To be an Air Corps pilot, Mister, you've got to have that something extra.

"Try to take hard knocks and disappointments with a smile. Above all, learn obedience . . . .

"Oh, excuse me, Mister. I see some more Dodoes coming through the gates. You go on over to the O. D.'s office and he'll direct you to your quarters.

"Oh, that's okay, Mister. Think nothing of it. Just remember to keep your eyes and ears open. Happy landing!"

THE DODO'S LAMENT

Where Beulah bathes in placid brook
The dodo hid each day to look
When Beulah stands in nude delight
Lovely and lean, a charming sight
He would gladly take that wedding vow
Were she a maid, and not a cow.

A/C Cutforth, C. C., 42-B

ARMY OFFICE PERSONNEL

TOP ROW, left to right:
1. MR. D. K. AMES
2. MR. W. B. SMITH
3. MR. L. NATHANIEL GOMER
4. MR. R. D. COOPER

BOTTOM ROW:
1. MR. R. C. LENT
2. MISS DORTHY PETERS
3. MR. J. J. PAJEWSKI

"AS THE TWIG is bent * * * "

In the period of thirty weeks the United States Army Air Corps must inculcate into those successful aspirants from civilian life the principles which go to make an officer, a gentleman and a pilot. Each of these three is in itself a lifetime's labor; an unending struggle towards perfection.

The United States Army Air Corps must teach the over-all importance of duty, the elements of discipline, the basis for respect, the principle and forms of conduct. The Air Corps must teach rudimentary close-order drill, supervise flying and ground school. In addition it must oversee the quartering and provisioning of the cadets. It must check and maintain the physical standards of flying personnel, check all flying equipment. These duties plus the purely administrative burden, the infinite number of personal problems and questions which inevitably occur between the theoretical and actual operation of any plant; these duties fall to the Air Corps.

At Ryan the Air Corps is represented by those officers and civil service employees who, together, form the Army Office.

Lieut. Ford is Commanding Officer, Agent Finance Officer and Supervisor of Fight "D". The Commandant of Cadets is

Continued on page 14

Left to right: Miss Harriett Fink, Miss Maxine Savage, Miss Barbara Deane, Bertha Klemans, Daryl Smith.

RYAN SCHOOL BUSINESS OFFICE

By B. B. FLETCHRE

THERE ARE TWO OFFICE forces at work at Ryan Field. Only one of these, however, is composed entirely of civilian personnel. This one is the Administrative Office of The Ryan School of Aeronautics located in Hemet, California. This office is the coordinating factor between this school and the San Diego Ryan School of Aeronautics.

The purpose served by this corps of workers is to keep an individual record of the flying time of each Aviation Cadet receiving training at this primary flight field. Not only do they compute the Cadets actual flying time, but they also keep his financial records at the Canteen straight and see to it that he is properly provisioned and given comfortable and sanitary quarters. The supplies and provisions for the several cabins in which the Cadets are quartered, together with the supplies for the Mess Hall, come under the supervision of this office.

The personnel of the Ryan Office is under the able supervision of Mr. R. Douglas Maw, Who is the Resident Business Manager for this branch office of the Ryan School of Aeronautics. Other members of this organization include Mr. D. H. Smith, who is office manager; Miss Barbara Dean, Flight Time keeper and secretary; Miss Bertha Klemens, accountant; Miss Maxine Savage, receptionist and stenographer; and Miss Harriet Fink, Assistant Flight Time keeper and stenographer. Mr. Stanley Weinrich is also connected with this group as cost accountant for Aircraft and Plant Maintenance.

Unofficially, there are rumors to the effect that plans are under grave consideration pertaining to further development and enlargement of the present Ryan School of Aeronautics Cantonment .New hangars and barracks are being contemplated.

The constituents of this office force deserve the highest praise for their untiring efforts to create efficiency and accuracy out of the seeming chaos of confusion that confronts them resulting from their multiplied duties and responsibilities. Theirs is no easy task. We, as a class, salute these unassuming and effective workers who do so much more than their part to make the Ryan School of Aeronautics "the little West Point of The Air ."

TOP ROW: left to right: Pvt. E. H. Ellis, Staff Sgt. J. C. Stewart, Tech. Sgt. L. G. McClaran. BOTTOM ROW: Tech. Sgt. L. R. Martin, Staff Sgt. L. H. Thompson, Staff Sgt. R. L. Smith.

ENGINEERING AND SUPPLY

By A/C THAYER

Flying is the job to be done here at Ryan Field, but what of the people and departments who make it possible for this job to be efficiently performed. We cadets should give a rousing round of applause and display our appreciation to these departments who keep us going in the air; namely the engineering and supply departments.

Neither of these departments is well known enough to the aviation cadet, for him to realize how important a job they are doing. The Engineering Department, headed by Lt. Edwards, has Lt. David as assistant engineering officer and Technical Sergeant Martin as inspector. These men see that all the planes flown by the aviation cadets are correctly repaired by the civilian mechanics of Ryan Aeronautical School. No ship will be accepted until either of these three men has given his okey. In addition to this work the department checks all Form 1, makes all accident reports, and mails all the necessary reports to the Army Air Corps office in Washington, D. C.

The Supply Department was created at the same time the Engineering Department started to function—August, 1940. Headed by Lieut. Pinson it is without doubt the backbone of the Field. Technical Sergeant McClaren, Staff Sergeant Thompson and Mr. Ames help Lieut. Pinson in the performance of his duties. This department supplies the cadets with flying uniforms, goggles, helmets, scarfs, leather coats and will in the near future supply the cadets with uniforms, sox, towels, duffle bags and other necessary clothing. It keeps the Engineering Department supplied with necessary parts to keep all planes flying. Parts not on hand are telegraphed for in order that a complete stock may always be maintained.

A brief comparison of Ryan Field, Aug.

Continued on page 12

HOLDOVER BLUES

A "Dodo" is a funny bird,
Who has no wings and can't say a word,
Just "Yes, Sir" and "No, Sir" or he stays
"Popped-To"
The same as the rest of the wingless herd,
Who are in the Army Air Corps Blue.

Yet a "Dodo" is in the proverbial clover,
Compared to the unfortunate "Holdover."

We are the guys who from civilian lives,
Were called in late to see how a plane dives,
We got to travel a few air miles,
And then they found us way down in the files,
"You're all too late to catch up on what's
gone,
So you'll stick to the ground till the class
later on."

A few short weeks and peace did reign,
And then we found out we were Dodoes
again.
So it's back to ground school and staying
"Popped-To"
Rat races and Red Lights as all Dodoes do,
But the best of all with the rest of the grind,
We are all back again on the flying line.

A/C Clawson, L. W., 42-B

DODO

Oh, won't someone listen to me
And hear this poor dodo's plea?
Day after day I do my best,
But no one ever gives me rest.

I have to march the whole day long
Still everything I do is wrong
It's mister here, and sir there,
With upperclassmen in my hair.

But I know it is only a game
All upperclassmen do the same,
And this, gentlemen, is a dodo's plea,
That an upperclassman someday I'll be.

A/C McCook, 42-B

INVICTUS

Out of the night that covers me
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank this Ryan nunnery
For what is left of this dodo's sole.

In the felt clutch of upper class
I have not winced, or cried aloud;
Beneath the bludgeonings my pride
Is injured but unbowed.

Beyond this peace of wrath and tears
Looms but the basic school ahead
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me not quite dead.

It matters not how far the gate
How marked with gigs the O.D.'s scroll;
I am the master of my fate
But the upperclass owns my soul.

A/C Mitchell, M. L., 42B

PREPARATION

Out of the night that covers us,
The silver wings speed by on high;
The motors roar and the props whine,
While stolid men below mark time.

The Air Corps is our country's might,
As we strive to keep our freedom light,
So peace may reign and lessen fear,
We'll keep these things we all revere.

A/C Kuhlman, L. J., 42-B

POET'S NOOK

A DODO'S PRAYER

When I die bury me deep
Bury me where the dodoes sleep
Lay a dust cloth on my breast
And tell the O. D. I have gone to rest.

If I should live until the morn
To hear the bugler sound his horn,
A better man I might be
If no upperclassman bothered me.

Should this rigid test I stand
And make a valiant army man;
Then send me that of which I'm fond—
A beautiful ,luscious, five-foot blonde.

A/C Putnam, L. J., 42-B

AINT YOU SORRY?

Simple arithmetic we start tomorrow
And study hard, dodoes or you will be sorry.
These rum-dums are sure to be rough—
Just ask the upperclassmen, they've been through the stuff.

We pop-to, sound off, and march on parade,
But don't feel bad fellows, it's part of the grade.
Learn your lowerclass customs and try to be true;
When you get to be an upperclassman you can forget everything, too.

A/C Anderson, J. H.

A DODO'S LAMENT

Oh, tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream,
For a dodo never really slumbers
And things are never what they seem.

Take breakfast which was always meant
To be a thing of peace,
It's now a thing of devilment
For "pop-to" will never cease.

Why mention dinner and that evening meal?
There's nothing can be done,
To me they have lost all past appeal,
And are surely far from fun.

Can you your hunger satiate
While "flying on the beam"?
With eyes glued to a scanty plate
You eat as though in a dream.

But worst of all is that inspection,
And all that endless, ceaseless cleaning,
The things I think I cannot mention
About this learning that we're gleaning.

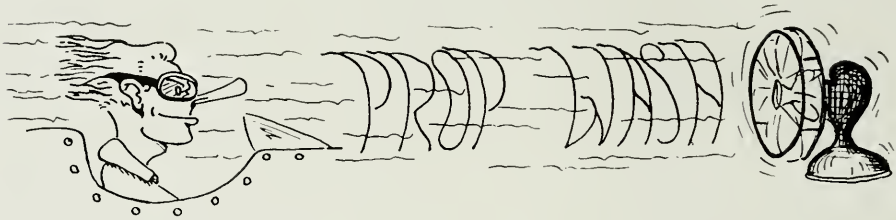
But after all is said and done,
About this school at Hemet—
For me a new life has begun,
I'll back it to the limit.

A/C Dempsey, J. D., 42-B

MILITARY MAN

I am a military man.
The air corps loves me better than
Furloughs, drafts or decorations,
Women, stripes or double rations.
I cannot fly, I cannot drill
And yet in spite of all these, still
The air corps really loves me.
Others may excel in knowing regulations
Some may excel at acrobatic demonstrations
But me,
I can clean the best commode in Company B.

A/C Skinner, J. H., 42-B



YEA, VERILY! !

By WM. (DOC) SLOAN

AND SO IT CAME TO PASS that in the great valley where clear skies dawned eternal and Stearmans roared in a manner most unholy, an Untutored one came. Yea, though he possessed a sheepskin, his noggin was bare, save the bone. And he sayeth unto the Prophet, "O Mighty One, teach me the way of the Lords. Grant unto me the power to arise alike unto the eagle that I may no longer be eathborne. Guide me past the pitfalls of elimination, and deliver me from the washing machine. Lead me to my commission that I may have a goodly income, and dazzle the babes back home with my glamor."

And the Great One restrained his anger, for lo, this was olde stuffe to him. Hardened unto ignorance was he, and tolerant of asses. So he sayeth unto the knucklehead, "O giver of headaches and sleepless nights, the way before thee is strewn with thorns and groundloops. Before the symbol of worth is pinned on thy heaving bosom, ye must prove thyself a man. Thy heart must be filled with the love of flight, not of femmes. Thy yen to be possessed of wings must be as a sponge, absorbing always the wisdom of the learned ones, for he who progresses as a snail shall be forever wingless. Thy eyes shall be dedicated to eternal vigilance, for he who looks, but sees not, soon reposes in Hell. Thy body shall be at ease, yet responsive, for he who possesses two left feet and coordinates cross-legged disappeareth with the first Board Meeting. Yea, though the Great White Beard needeth pilots, thou art as a friend unto the enemy if thou art gutless.

So go then, ye accident seeking a place to happen, and abide by these truths. And in those darkest days when thou knowest not up from down, let this be thy prayer:

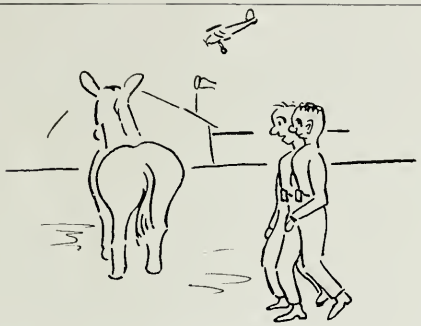
My Instructor, who art in the front cockpit,
CENSORED be thy name.
When finals come, I hope its done
In flight, as it was on the blackboard.
Give me this day a passing grade,
And forgive me my raunchy turns,
As I know not what I do.
Lead me not unto Bombadiering
But deliver me to Pursuit
For Thine is the word that will keep me
From being a Dodo
Forever
Amen.

ENGINEERING AND SUPPLY

Continued from page 9

1940, with Ryan Field, Aug. 1941, will show the magnitude of the supply department job. Ships on hand August 1940 totaled six with the corresponding parts necessary to keep them going. Ships on hand August, 1941, totaled 70 at a valuation of $900,000, extra engines worth $60,000 and other supplies worth approximately $50,000.

To the men who "Keep Us Flying" our salute and sincere appreciation for a job well done. Without you our job could never be completed.



Fellow Dodo: That reminds me, Mr Beall wants Me to see him.

A POSSE AD ESSE

ONCE THERE WAS A MAN named Dempsey (not Jack) who one day while snap rolling leisurely above the beautiful town of San Jacinto was confronted with a situation. Namely, a conked motor. For a moment our hero was stunned, his mind refused to function. The only thing that penetrated his fogged brain was FORCED LANDING. Suddenly his mind took hold and Dempsey realized the seriousness of his position. Instinctively he reacted—first a normal glide, then he looked frantically for an open field below—he saw none. "How about the home field," he thought, "sure I can make it. I have just about enough height." The desperate pilot swung his ship around and started the long nerve-rending glide with only the question WOULD HE MAKE IT pounding in his head. Slowly the field came closer and closer and slowly the plane lost altitude—too much altitude. Feverishly he fought to keep the most efficient descent. Lower, lower the plane sank, would he never get to that field. It was too late to turn back now. In his mind Dempsey could see looming the disaster that awaited him if he failed. No—not death—worse, the deadly fate known as Wash Out. Tedious weeks of enthusiastic effort smashed to bits.

He could see the field coming closer now but still there was a question. The ship staggered—must keep that nose down. A few more tense moments passed and our man Dempsey saw that he was going to make it—now to land. Never before was a landing so important. The ground came closer, closer and slowly the ship reached stalling speed and touched the field, all three wheels hitting in perfect unison. Thank God he had done it! As Dempsey crawled from the cockpit he smiled and breathed deeply—he and he alone had made a successful forced landing. His future was practically assured. He was soon aware of the crowd that surrounded him but he could only hear whispering voices. He heard one instructor say to another, "I wish he were my pupil, he showed good judgment." Dempsey swelled with pride.

The first man to speak to our hero was his instructor, Mr. F. C. James and the words he spoke will forever go down in history as the closest thing to famous last words that could possibly escape reality—to-wit:

"Mr. Dempsey, did you establish a correct base leg upon approaching this field?"

WHAT STATE IS THE BEST?

Ryan man enters cabin occupied by four Texas dodoes. "Some of these fellows certainly have their idea as to the best state in the Union."

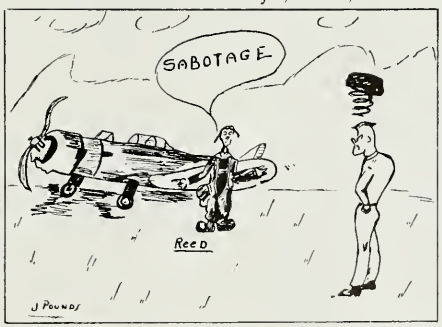
Aggie Dodo jumps up, "I suppose you think Colorado is."

"No," answered the Ryan Man.

"Which one is, then?"

The four Texas Dodoes in unison, "the state of intoxication."

A/C Krejci, V. F., 42-B.



THUMBNAIL BIOGRAPHY

LIEUT. ALFRED S. HOWELL

AMONG THE ADDITIONS in personnel which have lately been made to the administrative department of the Army office an outstanding officer and personality is Lieutenant Alfred S. Howell. His tall figure and quiet manner when making Saturday inspections, when supervising recreation periods, and when on the post through the week is fast becoming well known to all the cadets.

A brief summary of Lieut. Howell's previous record is enough to convince any one that his life is devoted to the Army. It is needless to say that his record also bears out the fact that he is a very efficient and ambitious officer.

Upon graduation in 1930 from Oklahoma A. and M. College where he studied Military Science he received his commission in the Infantry Reserve. In 1935 he was assigned as Commanding Officer in the Civilian Conservation Corps in south Texas. He served two tours in this capacity, one for 19 months and one for 22 months or a total of three and one-half years. Upon completion of duty with the C. C. C., Lieut. Howell retired for two years. He was later assigned as Administrative Officer with the Army Air Corps. This is his first permanent station since his resumption of active duty. On July 15, he was named Assistant Commandant of Cadets.

We hope that Lieut. Howell will remain here a long time as we cadets feel that he is a very definite asset to any post and particularly ours.

A/C L. W. Cunningham, 42B

ARMY OFFICE PERSONNEL

Continued from page 7

Lieut. Edwards who is also Engineering Officer and a flight supervisor. The problems of supply fall to Lieut. Pinson, Agent Quartermaster and his assistant, Lieut. McCormick. Lieut. Sather is Headquarters and Personnel Officer. In these duties Lieut. Sather is assisted by Lieut. Olsen, Assistant Operations Officer and a flight supervisor. Lieut. Conard, Operations Officer, is also a flight supervisor. The medical department is ably run by Captain Bach and Capt. Dart. A flight supervisor, Lieut. David is also Assistant Engineering Officer. Lieut. Cape handles public relations in addition to his duties as a flight supervisor. The Assisttant Commandant of Cadets is Lt. Howell.

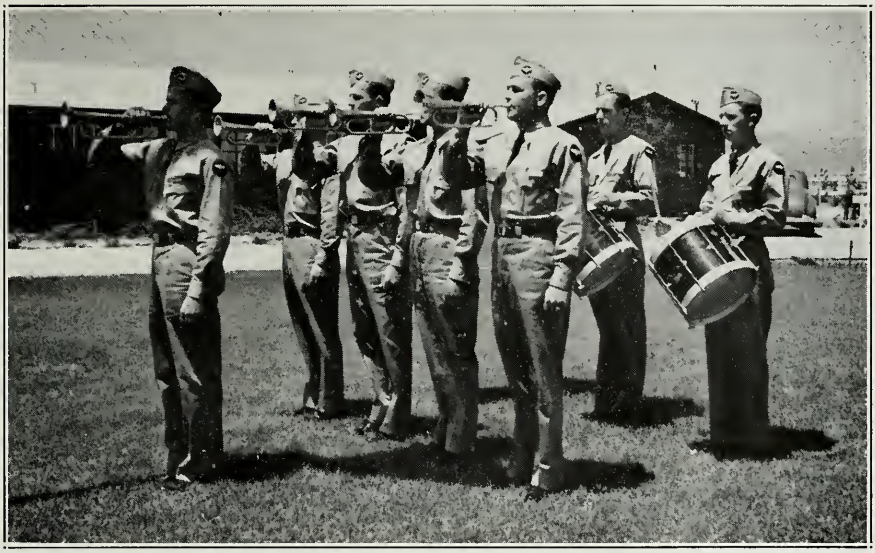
Among the civil service employees whose clerical ability helps to make possible the efficient administrative system are Mr. W. B. Smith, Personnel Clerk, Miss D. D. Peters, Stenographer to Commanding Officer, Mr. D. K. Ames, Supply Clerk, Mr. Nathaniel Gomer, Finance Clerk, Mr. R. C. Lent, Secretary to Commandant of Cadets, and Mr. J. J. Pajewski, Finance Clerk.

Director of Athletics, Supervisor to Contact, and entertainment provider is Mr. Cooper.

This capable staff IS the Army Air Corps to cadets at Ryan. Through these men are the twigs bent to the strong and ready principle.

May the trees grow straight.

RYAN DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS



With the roll of drums and blare of bugles a new cadet corps was ushered into existence at Ryan Field, August 2, 1941. This new unit is to be known as the Aviation Cadet Drum and Bugle Corps. Thru the farsightedness of Lieut. Edwards who saw that some method was needed to keep all marching companies in the same cadence step, a search was conducted within the cadet personnel of the post for any one who could play a drum or bugle. Five buglers, three field drummers, and one bass drummer were found and after one day's practice were ready to perform as a unit.

Playing military tunes and marching arias the Drum and Bugle Corps gave a very good performance for such a short time of practice. A very decided improvement was immediately seen in the marching of the battalion in review as each cadet was able to hear the exact step-cadence being played for the whole company.

Lieut. Edwards, to whom credit goes for the formation of this corps, has plans for a more extensive use of them with relation to playing at retreat and all future marching formations. With additional routine which they will, no doubt work out, the corps will become a very worthwhile addition to our Aviation Cadet Training program, and with its aid the performance of the Cadets in marching will without a doubt increase in efficiency.

A/C Bales ,R. C. 42B.

TO A PARACHUTE

You are heavy, awkward, uncomfortable and flat.
You have strings, buckles, silk, and straps;
But for all your faults you can rest assured,
I would not trade you for a Ford. (Blonde)

A/C Roberts, R. A., 42-B

HOW TO BAIL OUT

In not too serious a vein, an anonymous contributor to the "Air Corps News Letter," published by the intelligence division of the Air Corps, suggests the following instructions to persons forced to bail out of a bomber:

1. In case of engine failure or other minor trouble such as loss of wing or wings, loss of propellor, fire, etc., the following procedure will be carried out:

(a) Remove all loose radio equipment and tools. (b) Ask pilot for form 1 and fill out same; (c) send radiogram to corps area hq., requesting permission to make emergency jump; (d) Check altitude and position, being sure to include this information in the above mentioned radiogram; (e) Make a list of best telephone numbers in the vicinity; (f) notify pilot that you are ready to jump; (g) Jump.

2. After leaving ship proceed as follows:

(a) Count 10 (it may be necessary for some passengers to carry slide rule to accomplish this. If necessary it will be included in the bundle of spare radio parts and tools carried); (b) Pull rip cord. This is quite essential; (c) The usual procedure here is for the parachute to open; (d) If step "b" or "c" or both are omitted, immediately upon landing the passenger will proceed to the post operations office, secure and fill in Form No. 1131 (request for sympathy) and mail same to the Chief of Chaplains, U. S. Army, Washington, D.C. This will be accompanied by an unsatisfactory report on the parachute used; (e) The Form 1, ra-rio, spare parts, tools, etc., will always be carried by passenger on his jump; (f) In some cases the booklet "How to Swim in Three Easy Lessons" will be found very helpful.

There was a young dodo at Ryan
Who had an ambition for flyin',
Golfing all day, the country club way
At Ryan at flyin', he is still tryin'.

A/C Paap, D. H., 42-B

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN OR HEARD—

Capt. Kearney say, "Rest men"?

Nation without a baseball glove?

Perry without a box of cookies from his girl?

Mr. Wagner C. M. send his instructor up for an elimination check?

Reed right side up?

Instructor F. C. James say, "You have a passing grade for today."?

Jack Wilburn say, "Subtract a couple of stars, Mister."???

A mess hall waiter carry more than one dish at a time (or walk fast?)

Lt. David Jitterbug at the Hemet Woman's Club?

Newton outa "Rum Dum"?

Irvin with open post?

McReynolds when he wasn't scratching? (Mac was born under the sign of Cancer, the crab.)

Beall with a kindred look?

BATTALION ATTENTION

Continued from page 4

and myself in our effort to make this cadet class the most outstanding that has been at Ryan Field, is greatly appreciated.

During our stay here several new changes have taken place for the betterment of the cadet corps as a whole.

The new arrangement in the mess hall is one to be proud of because of the results it has obtained. A drum and bugle corps has been organized and also a color guard. The parades have improved considerably due to this new unit.

The one big thing is that the Class of 42-B carries on and keeps up and betters the work of the preceding classes.

Gentlemen keep your chins up and keep your head on a point. Put out your best at every opportunity for you can never try too hard to keep the Army Air Corps the organization it is today.

A/C Reed, R. W.

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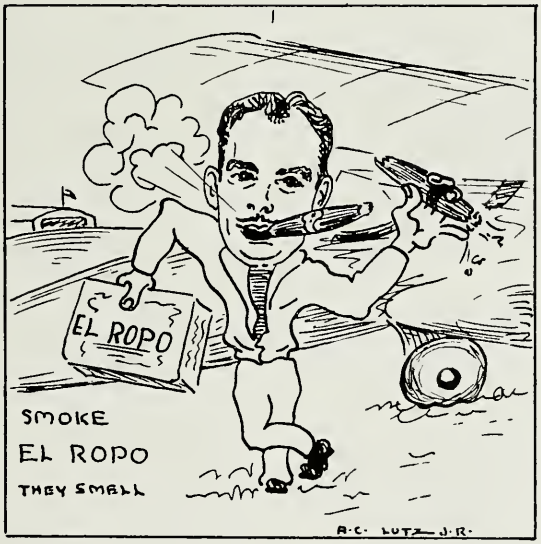
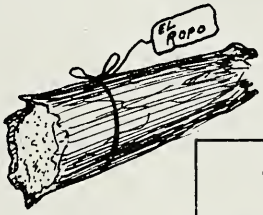
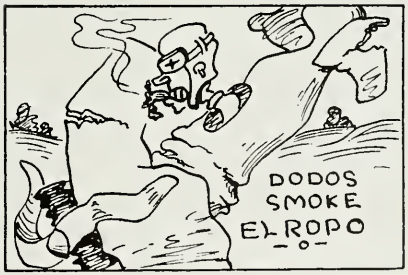


"I CRAWL
AFTER AN
EL ROPO"

Says Civilian
(Cough, Cough)
Flight Comm.
Paul (Call Me
Stinky) Wilcox





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Air Corps Training Detachment
HEMET, CALIFORNIA

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ANDERSON, GUY T. JR.
ATWOOD, CALVIN G.
BALES ·ROSS C.
BARKER, ALVIN L.
BEAVEN, WILLIAM M.
BECKHAM, VANCE W.
BOYER, M. W.
BROWNING, B. A.
BRADLEY, LEONIDAS C., JR.
BRADY, JOHN B.
BRILEY· CARLUS L.
CLAWSON, L. W.
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COVERT, CLARENCE JR.
CRANE, JACK
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DUNGAN, JACK R.
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SMITH, JACK

DEDICATION

Democracy is facing its greatest test of all time. The United States Army Air Corps is made up those men who have pledged their all that our democracy will not perish. To those who have made the Air Corps what it is today we sincerely dedicate this publication.

PUBLISHED BY

Ryan School of Aeronautics

HEMET, CALIF.

September 22, 1941

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editorial Advisor . . . . . Cooper, R. D.
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Cartoons . . . . . A/C Beseda
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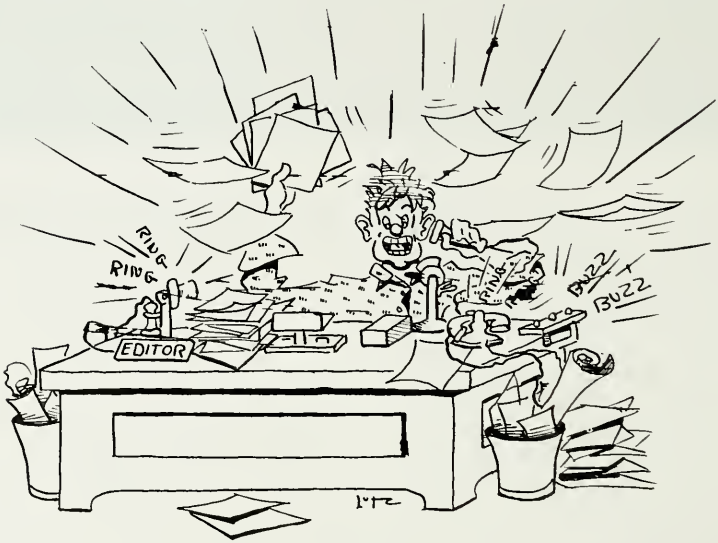


RYAN
School of Aeronautics
U. S. GOVERNMENT APPROVED TRANSPORT SCHOOL
LINDBERGH FIELD
San Diego, California

September 23, 1941.

Lieut. Wallace Ford,
Ryan School of Aeronautics,
Hemet, California.

Dear Lieut. Ford.

As the Hemet Air Corps training base of the Ryan School of Aeronautics begins its second year of operation, we are reminded of the progress that has been made during the past twelve months and of the factors contributing to the growth of this important unit of our organization. Nor can we stop to "pat ourselves on the back" as it were, without acknowledging with grateful appreciation the efforts of the many who have made the successful growth of the Hemet base a reality.

A little less than a year ago we dedicated the school and the field at Hemet to the training of pilot personnel for the United States Army Air Corps. Chosen for its ideal location, with consideration for both climate and separation from other air traffic, and because of the whole-hearted cooperation of the citzens of Hemet in helping to solve the difficulties naturally encountered in locating and establishing such a base, the Hemet School at that time was but a nucleus of the training center that it is now destined to become.

Within three months of the dedication day, one expansion was already under way and now a second and even greater one is in the construction stage. The latter, when completed, will enable the Ryan School at Hemet to train over 300 aviation cadets each ten weeks or three times as many as our original facilities in Hemet accommodated.

This rapid expansion authorized by the Air Corps is evidence of the wise selection made by Ryan Air Corps officials in establishing at Hemet. It is also proof of the very capable supervision which has characterized the Hemet Air Corps Detachment throughout the entire year, of the enthusiasm and interest of our entire civilian staff, and of the excellent spirit of cooperation which has been the essence of all of our dealings with the citizens and officials of Hemet, and of the County of Riverside.

The Ryan School of Aeronautics is very proud to be affiliated with the Air Corps primary training program and takes pride in having been one of the very first schools chosen to put into effect this civilian training phase of the Army's pilot training program. In this regard the Ryan organization holds the unique position of also supplying ships for the primary training program, the Army's new PT-22 soon to be in operation here, being the latest Ryan low-wing monoplane trainer.

It is with a great deal of confidence and enthusiasm that we begin our second year in Hemet. Backed by the combined energies of the organization here in San Diego and the personnel at Hemet, coupled with the spirit of the Air Corps officers and the various Aviation Cadet classes, and the interest of the Hemet community at large, continuing success of this unit is assured.

Sincerely yours,

RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS,

T. CLAUDE RYAN, President.

Military Personnel

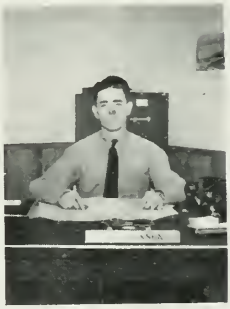
CAPT. MERRILL O. DART

LT. D. D. CONARD

LT. JOHN C. EDWARDS

LT. GUNNAR J. SATHER

LT. WALLACE S. FORD
Commanding



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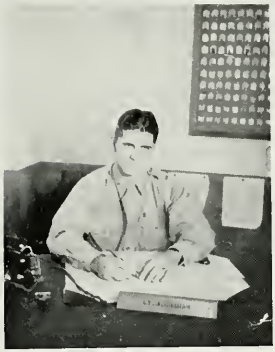


GRAHAM

McCORMICK

THUMBNAIL BIOGRAPHIES

Lieut. Rolf D. Cape, by his own definition, is an assistant to everything official at the School and he claims that whenever a new assistant appears—he's it. Lieut. Cape, a Californian, is at home when he's in Pasadena.

Following an engagement with a military science curriculum at Pasadena Junior College, Lieut. Cape was appointed an Aviation Cadet and took his primary training here at Ryan. He was a member of the second class to graduate from here and then was sent to Randolph Field, Texas, for his basic training. In May of this year he received his commission at Kelly Field, Texas.

Lieut. Cape refers to himself as an Army career man. Soon after his commission as an officer, he was sent to Moffett Field, California, as an instructor and was transferred here August 15th of this year.

For a hobby, Lieut. Cape, takes color photographs then does his own finishing. His favorite sport is fencing and he was on the fencing team at college and at Randolph Field.

Lieut. John K. Graham, already famous for his instructions to his dodo pupils to grab their ears and pull their heads out, is from the mint julep capital of the world, Louisville, Kentucky.

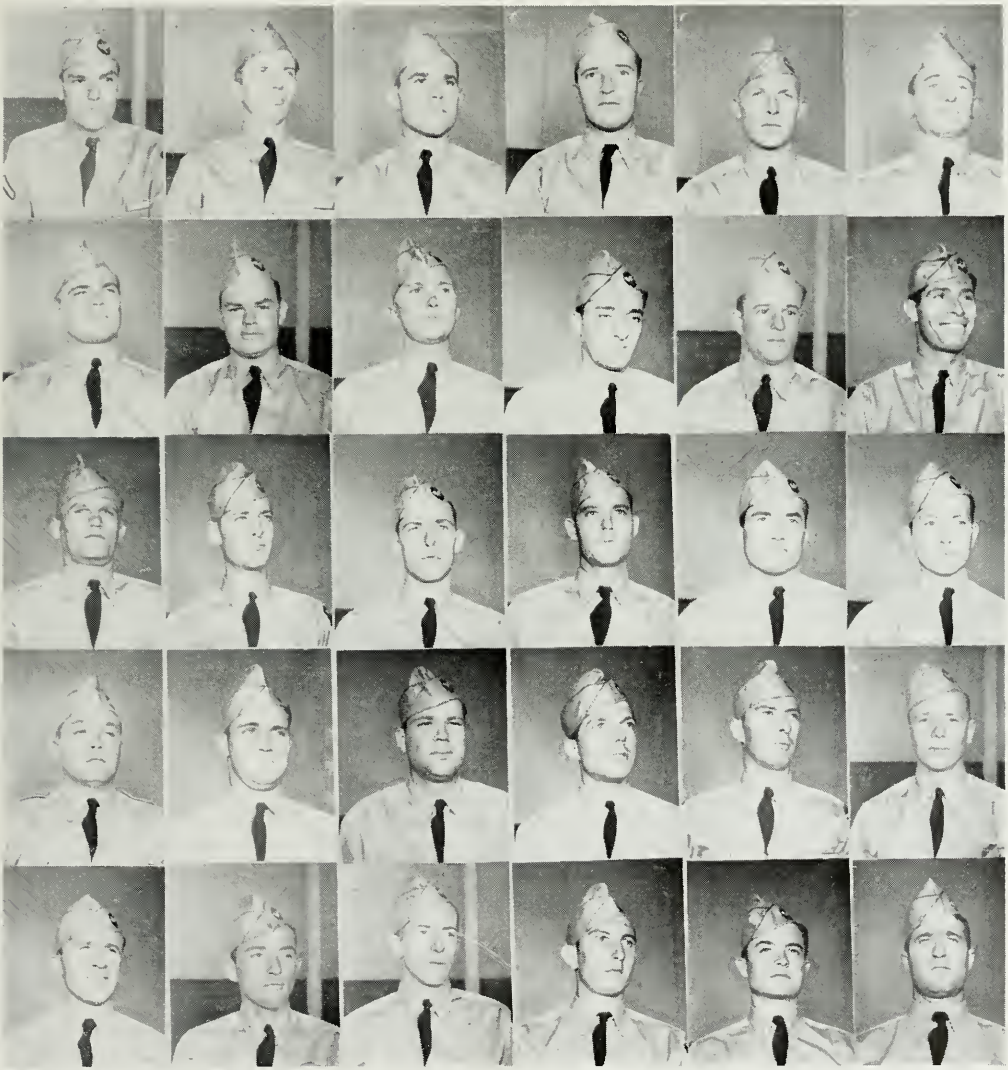
Two universities claim him as a son, the University of Kentucky and the University of Louisville. He has a bachelor of science degree from the former and was graduated in 1939. September of 1940 found Lieut. Graham an Aviation Cadet at Love Field, Dallas, Texas, engaged in the primary phase of flying instruction. From Love Field, he went to Randolph Field, Texas, then to Kelly Field, Texas. At Love Field, Lieut. Graham was named Cadet Captain.

Following his commission as a second lieutenant he was sent to Moffett Field, California, as an instructor. His duties here as an instructor commenced when the class of 42-C began flying.

Besides flying, in which he has had, in addition to his Army training, both CAA and private training, Lieut. Graham admits that football is his favorite sport, having

Continued on page 34

CADET OFFICERS—1st Row: Miller, R. G., Hodge, D. L., Wilcox, G. C. — 2nd Row: Shows, L. D., Woods, W. G., Cook, R., Rutan, J. L., Peterson, M. E., Godman, L. K. — Third row: Sparks, J. S. , Forte, R. A., Beaven, W. M., Dickinson, S. R., Kyle, W. E., Howard, E. W. 4th Row: Bradley, L. C., Vivian, E. A., Patterson, E. F., Bales, R. C., Wells, T. H., Pounds, J. W. — 5th Row: Miller, R. E., Gilliland, D. J., Covert, C., Dungan, J. R., Dixson, N. E., Evans, A. D.



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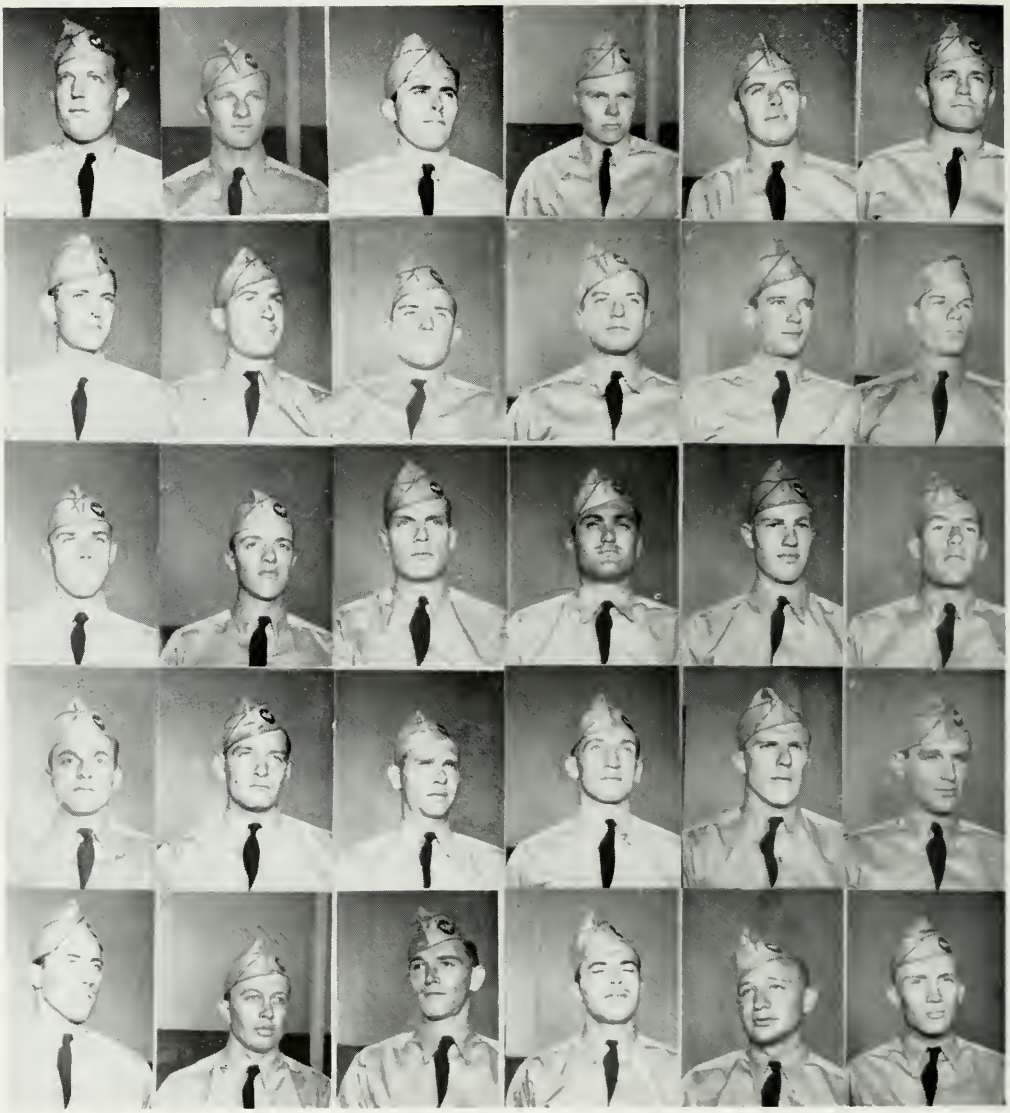

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EUGENE and ROBERT SHEELY

N. A. SHARP

SHOOTIN' THE 'CHUTES

By A C LEVEIDGE, F.—42-C

LIKE THOSE OF the Mikado's Lord High Executioner, the functions of a parachute are particular vital. Indeed, that we go through the daily ritual of checking chutes in and out, and stagger awkwardly around the Line with them hanging leadenly from our shoulders and bumping against our tail surfaces shows indisputably how thoroughly we believe in their indispensibility. Our responsibility ends, however, with checking them in and out properly, wearing them, and taking reasonable care of them. Outside of that we merely depend on them, we never stop to wonder if they are in good working order; we take that for granted. Let us take a brief glance at just what it is we take so easily for granted.

The performance of a parachute depends upon the condition of its materials and its packing. This latter job requires about an hour and a half of working time and must be done by an experienced rigger with at least several months of experience and training. Proper packing is a very delicate operation; it has the two-fold object of insuring rapid and complete opening of the chute and preservation of the delicate silk of the canopy and rigging shrouds. According to Army Regulations, the outer harness of every chute must be inspected every ten days and the entire chute opened, inspected, and repacked every 60. Though the main body of the chute is good for seven years, the harness must be renewed at least every three years. This schedule is, in addition, of course, to all sorts of minor repairs and cleaning that may become necessary in the course of the turbulent life of the average chute.

Here at Ryan, all these functions are vested in the Messrs Eugene and Robert Sheely. Not only do these two gentlemen keep the 178 odd chutes in their charge in proper order, but also they must cock an ever watchful eye for any rough treatment of their brain children. To help in this task, Ryan boasts a Junior Caterpillar Club with a flourishing membership of 21—21 intrepid parachutists who fearlessly bailed out while still on the ground, a performance not designed to improve either the condition of the parachute or the tempers of the Sheely's.

Continued on page 31

Ryan Daze and Knights

STATISTICALLY SPEAKING

By DOC SLOAN

IT SEEMS THAT TEMPUS has been fidgeting more than somewhat of late, and to our complete surprise, one year has suddenly been dissolved into the endless and eternal maw of the ages. It seems hardly possible that only a year ago the present Ryan Academy of How-to-do-it-Like-the-Birds was only a figment of Capt. Hopwood's imagination and a vision of sudden wealth and prosperity to the local merchants.

Yet it has come to pass, and lo, great are the accomplishments of that first band of hopeful visionaries who viewed the expanse of wheat-field that is now our main airdrome. (This is not to be misconstrued as an essay on From Wheat to Corn in twelve easy lessons.)

In the Good Ole Daze, as some are wont to quaintly put it, the organization was composed of a grand total of 91 civilian employees aided and abetted by nine staunch Army supporters. The flight line was resplendant with its two hangars and the present landing mat. The remainder of the field was still under cultivation, and the rumor as to the extent of the watermelon crop was the dominating conversation of the day. Dust was thick enough to make the fledglings from Oklahoma homesick.

The original enrollment of fifteen students from San Diego was assigned individual flight tutors, and an airplane apiece, giving basis to the reference that the first two weeks were the Golden Era of operations. The rumor that the school was then situated on a bluff and operated on the same principle since has been discredited as propaganda of the lowest sort. There are no bluffs in the valley. The fact that the original fifteen flight instructors are still able to sneer into a gossport is a credit to their eternal patience and iron constitutions.

But, despite you-know-what and high water, the school has grown with phenominal rapidity. Statistics covering the past year's activities stagger the imagination like a triple Zombie. To date, 1023 cases of potential insomnia-on-the-hoof have passed through these portals. Of this number, 567 have been graduated and moved on to the more complicated things in life. If those who were subsequently eliminated had been laid end to end before the inception of the school, the estimated sleep conserved would have operated every sawmill in the country for three and a half years. Hair that was either pulled out by handfuls or turned prematurely gray would have been sufficient to stuff individual mattresses for the entire conscript army.

Of the six million, four hundred thousand chandelles executed during this period, three were found to have been satisfactory to the Air Corps flight supervisors. The amount of profanity used during landing practice has definitely placed flight instructors in a class far and above stevedores and army sergeants. The 522,444 gallons of gas consumed was equal to one tenth the amount that was passed through the gossport tubes into the slipstream. Of the 32,264 quarts of oil dispensed, 50 were used in the airplanes and the balance distributed among maintenance personnel for hair, internal, and other uses.

Auxiliary fields, which were practically nonexistent during the first six months of the program, have been procured throughout the valley. Greg field serves a double purpose, inasmuch as the Company is leasing it during the winter months for naval operations. With the proposed additional surfacing of the main field, we hope that the days are past when taxiing off the mat meant the disappearance of all but the upper wing of the airplane.

All in all, it has been a most successful year, and new expansion plans lead us to

Continued on page 32

PHYSICAL TRAINING PROGRAM

By ROY D. COOPER,
Physical Training Director

SEPTEMBER OF THIS YEAR marks the first anniversary of the establishment of the Ryan School of Aeronautics in Hemet. One who has been here the entire year will agree that the school of today is much larger than a year ago; many developments have taken place in the course of a year.

Along with the many developments in the past year there developed the physical training program. Here at Ryan, as in all the other Air Corps Training Schools in the country, we saw the inauguration of physical training for Aviation Cadets. We became part of a very progressively planned program deemed necessary to the training of these men. An hour each day of the regular training day is given over to this phase of cadet training, and is particularly beneficial in that it serves as a period in the day when they can relax mentally as well as physically. It is a period when they

Continued on page 13

A/C JACK LUTZ

A/C L. W. CUNNINGHAM

FROM THE STAFF

By A/C CUNNINGHAM, L. W.—42-B, EDITOR

Here it is Class of 42-B. In this anniversary issue of the CONTACT we the staff have tried to bring to you all an entirely new and different type of Air Corps Training School Class publication. As one goes through the following pages he will note a marked departure in many respects from the old features so often found in books of this type heretofore. As it is new, your reactions will be the acid test as to whether or not this style or pattern is practical for an Air Corps School.

The vast majority of all credit due goes to the cooperation of the entire military and civilian personnel of this post. Speaking in terms of personalities the following deserve more than just a casual mentioning of their names:

To Lt. Gunnar Sather for his work on the photography. To Roy Cooper for his all-around assistance. To Aviation Cadets Byers, H. E., Landrum, J. C., and Neeff, E. R., for doing the typing of copy and proof reading. To Aviation Cadet Jack Lutz as Cartoon Editor and his staff of Aviation Cadets, Patrick, J. M., and Redman, F. O. These are the persons responsible for helping to make this book what it is.

PHYSICAL TRAINING PROGRAM

Continued from page 12

can forget their flying and enjoy some sport or game for relaxation.

Physical training does not exist for cadets only, but for officers and enlisted men as well; they too are found on the athletic field certain periods of the week, because it is felt that their training in this department is essential to rounding out a really great physical training program.

The current expansion project taking place here at Hemet has provisions for a vast athletic play area, which should prove to be one of the finest of the Primary training schools. Some of the planned facilities are completed with more additions in the near future, so the future looks bright.

In closing, may I say that it is a pleasure to be a member of that group which helps to "Keep 'em Flying."

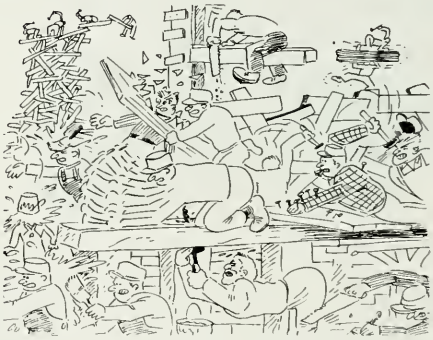
RYAN'S HEMET ANNIVERSARY MARKED BY EXPANSION

By A/C LYMAN, J. B.—42-C

BY A SPECIAL WAR Department order dated August 5, 1940, Ryan School of Aeronautics of San Diego, California was authorized to build and establish an Air Corps Training Detachment at Hemet, California. At that time there was located on the present site of the field a farm, complete with a full set of buildings standing in the vicinity of the flight tee. In just thirty-seven days and nights this field was converted from a farm to training base. The mat, composed of 2,860,000 square feet of asphalt, was laid from start to finish in five days. On September 8, 1940 fifteen Flying Cadets of Class 41-B moved from Ryan School, San Diego to Hemet and began training. Commanding this group was Captain Lloyd P. Hopwood and one assistant. Also on the job, then as now, was Mr. Bovet, who fed the Class of 41-B even though the stoves were not working and there was no water.

The close of the year 1940 and the beginning of 1941 saw considerable improvement and enlargement of Ryan Field. More cabins and hangars were built, and more students and airplanes were acquired. At the present time we find in place of the fifteen cadets and four airplanes of a year ago, over two hundred cadets and some seventy airplanes. Likewise, in place of the two Air Corps officers assigned here last September, we now have six Air Corps and four Infantry officers permanently assigned to this post.

As Anniversary Month rolls around, we find that Ryan Field is again undergoing further expansion. Now nearing completion are sixteen new cabins, two hangars, an Army administration building, and hospital. These buildings, along with various other athletic facilities, will be available to accomodate the incoming classes of the future. What the size of these classes will be only time will tell.



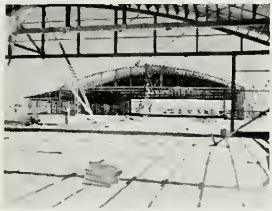
BUGLE BOY

I am the bugle boy of Company B,
I huff and puff when I play reville;
You form at retreat and hear my horn,
Always wishing I'd never been born,
And then a tramping to mess you go
And, by gosh, there I am ready to blow
Rat-a-tat fluff, rat-a-tat fluff—
My gosh! Haven't you guys had enough?
Drop in at 20-B and you will see
The rooto-toot-toot bugle boy of company B.

A C Evans, B. A., 42-B

PICTORIAL HISTORY OF RYAN FIELD

NOTHING



CONSTRUCTION

CADET AREA

FINISHED

DEDICATION

FIRST FLIGHT INSTRUCTORS

FIRST CLASS

GROUND SCHOOL

BEFORE PRESENT EXPANSION

READY OR NOT — HERE I COME!!
"Contact"

Top left, Mr. Averett Maintenance Supervisor, Hemet, Calif. Top Right, Monthly Check. Lower Left, Stone, overhaul & repair; Rhodes, Line Crew; Buckley, engraving; Stephens, Stockroom; Cross, Operations. Lower Right, Bogardus, Night check crew; Guarre, Service Dept.; Wienrich, cost accounting; Grier, engine overhaul. 2nd Row, Gulbranson, plant maintenance; Hammond, inspection; Guery, airplane overhaul.

AIRCRAFT MAINTENANCE

Our part, as Flying Cadets, is to fly them day after day. Each morning when we arrive the Stearmans are poised on the flight line, warmed and ready to go. Each evening we leave them stacked in neat rows. One who is inclined to cogitate, should he find time, must wonder at the action behind the scenes which keeps fifty-seven ground looping PT-13's in the air.

The Ryan organization has, in hangars one, two, and three, a group of men wise in the ways of dodo dumbness. It is these men that the dodo rides herd on and throws into violent exertion when he drags a wing, ground loops, pops a tire, noses over or any one of the many little things that do happen. This Ryan personnel, led by a Ryan graduate, Mr. B. Averett, maintenance supervisor, contract with the Army to maintain all equipment and return it to the Army at the contract's termination in relatively the same condition.

And then Ryan turns the ships over to the dodos. Talk about asking for it! The oldest Stearman known, ship No. 2 however, is doing duty on the Hemet flight line, testifying to the thoroughness of the mechanics. Mr. Averett has set up a system to cope with the dodo's incessant "croppers." This system consists of three major departments.

When a dodo chews the tail feathers off another dodo in taxiing—"No excuse, Sir!" —the Stearman "corpus delecti" is rushed

Continued on page 18

AIRCRAFT MAINTENANCE

Continued from page 17

to the Overhaul and Repair department. When the damage has been undone the ship is the property of the Engineering and Test division. Mr. Averett's third line of do-do defense is the Operations department.

The Overhaul and repair department, where first the broken Stearman lands, is headed by Mr. Stone with Mr. Grier and Mr. Query in charge of engine and airplane overhaul, respectively. Should the plane be badly damaged it's not fussed with. New members are procured from the Air Corps Depot at Sacramento and the damaged parts shipped there to be repaired. So in the due course of time a ship may entirely change its identity. Also working for Supt. Stone is Mr. Bogardus, foreman of the night check crew, whose duty it is to make the minor adjustments incident with a day's flying.

Next Mr. Buckley, Supt. of Engr. and Test takes the plane over. After Mr. Bruce o.k.'s all the ships forms and records and an aircraft inspection is completed by Mr. Hammond and Sgt. McClaran the plane is ready to be test flown by Mr. Dewey. This phase is far from the romance of Hollywood and is merely to determine flight and ground characteristics, engine operation, etc.

Mr. Cross as Supt. of Operations has working with him Mr. Rhodes, line foreman, and Mr. Quarve in charge of ship servicing. It is this group that controls the routine requirements of the flight line—warms the cockpit seats in the morning and serves us "fittin" in the cockpit when we come in, tired from flying.

Completing the list of Ryan maintenance services we find—packing, packing, packing, Mr. Sheeley, foreman of the parachute loft. I hope he's a good man I hope, I hope. Mr. Stephens has charge of the multitudinous spare parts we use while Mr. Weinrick of the cost accounting department tries to figure a way of making money from the Army.

Mister, it just can't be done!!!!

MY FIRST DAY AT THE HEMET COUNTRY CLUB

A/C Covert, C. Jr.

As we came into the Hemet Country Club, Mr. Evans was elected to go to the Guard room to find out where we were to report. When he started to leave the Guard room, he did not salute the Orderly of the Day. Yes, he was told about it in a very impressive way. Of course, not knowing any better I laughed at him. Yes, I then was told where to get off.

We then went to the Dining Hall to eat lunch. Did we report to the head table to report late? No. Did we catch ---I? Yes. The first meal I had I thought I would never get through with it. I made one mistake after another and for every mistake, it was "POP TO" Mister. Did I know how to "POP TO"? No, but I learned very quickly.

After lunch we were quickly given uniforms and cabins. Then came what I didn't expect quite so soon. It was march, march, and march some more. That was undoubtedly the longest afternoon that I ever spent in my life.

When supper finally arrived, I was certainly relieved. I thought maybe I would receive some rest. Did I? No, things had just started good.

After supper, I was shown how to make up a bed; the Army way, when some upperclassmen came in and we had a lovely "rat race." I did not know what a "rat race" was, but I did before very long. We had just finished this when we had a nice "air raid." Yes, every Dodo will find out what these are at some time.

At 8:45 Tattoo was given. At 9:00 Taps was given. If someone would have told me that I would have been ready to go to bed at 9:00 p.m. three weeks ago, I would have told them they were a D--- liar.

That first day was hard for me and so will many of the rest be, but they will do us all lots of good.

THE PARABLE OF THE H. P.

By A/C BESEDA, J. M.—42-C

VERILY, VERILY, IT CAME to pass that in the year when a certain impostor ruleth over the land of milk and (Blond) Honey's for the third term, there liveth in a small village in that land a man and verily he hath a son.

And this son stinketh unto high heaven—he graduated from the school Yoo Hoo U. and he thinketh himself to be the something on a stick.

For verily, he goeth with the village siren, namely Helen Highwater—and, she thinketh herself to be something on three sticks—Wow! they really soweth many acres of wild oats .

And behold neither hath any virtue and they courteth often and yea though they walk through the valley of the shadow of the sycamores, they fear no park Cops. Verily they both thinketh themselves to be the hot stuff indeed.

But it also came to pass that in those days there cometh the draft. For there was a certain chicken, namely, (Word Censored) (double censored) Hitler — he thinketh himself to be something on nine hundred sticks—and verily he Damned near proveth it. Behold he raketh the bowels of many Countries; he proveth himself to be the modern villain. In other words he stinketh like unto seven hundred pole cats.

Now this young son he pulleth the right strings and he entereth the Army Air Corps unto a place called Ryan Field—and verily he suffereth nine hundred kinds of Hell.

For the Corporal maketh him popeth-to, for behold the Corporal thinketh himself to be something on about two dozen sticks.

And the Sergeant maketh him turn pastel, red, white, blue, green and lavender from fright because he talketh in ranks and shineth not his brass. For behold the Sergeant thinketh himself to be the substance that maketh three dozen sticks glitter.

Yea, the Lieutenant and Captain descend down upon him like unto fire and brimstone—verily they maketh him feel like unto a native Californian, he rates not worth a Damn. For the Louie and Captain knoweth they are the chemical formula which can make any stick gleam.

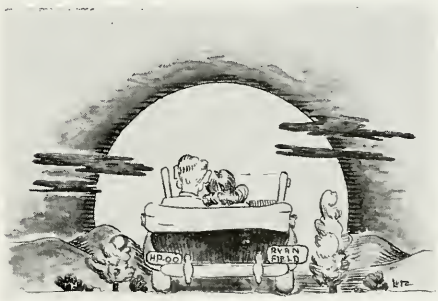
So the lad writeth the hot stuff girl friend Helen Highwater and sayeth: "Helen, at least thou hast not forsaken me—write unto me words which maketh the kidneys creep and maketh the liver conga eight beats to the bar—Deliver me from my enemies."

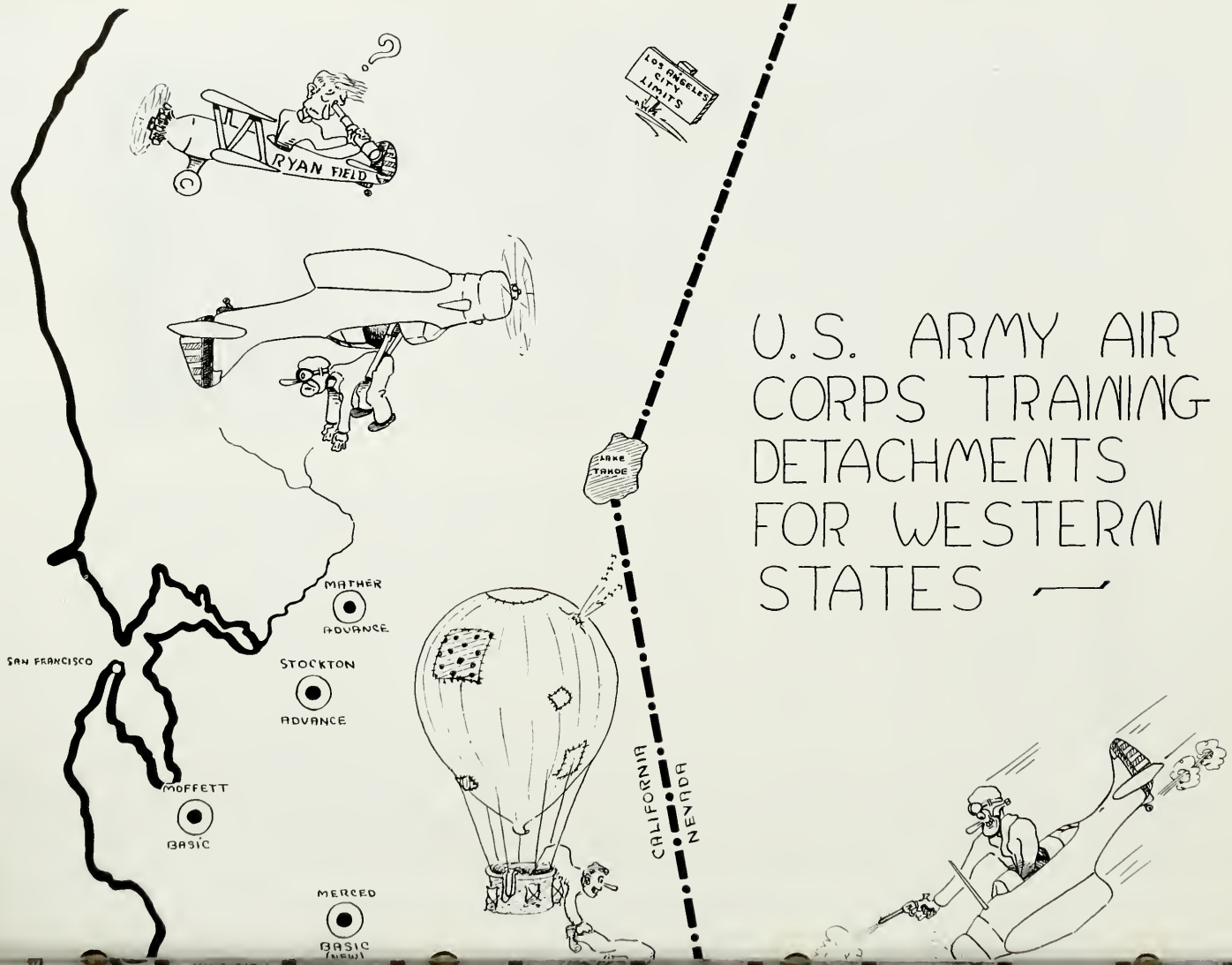
But behold the answer arriveth: "Great gobs of foo to thou—behold I taketh unto myself a husband, thou rival, the Percival Pigsnout. Already I knitteth the raiments of infanticipation."

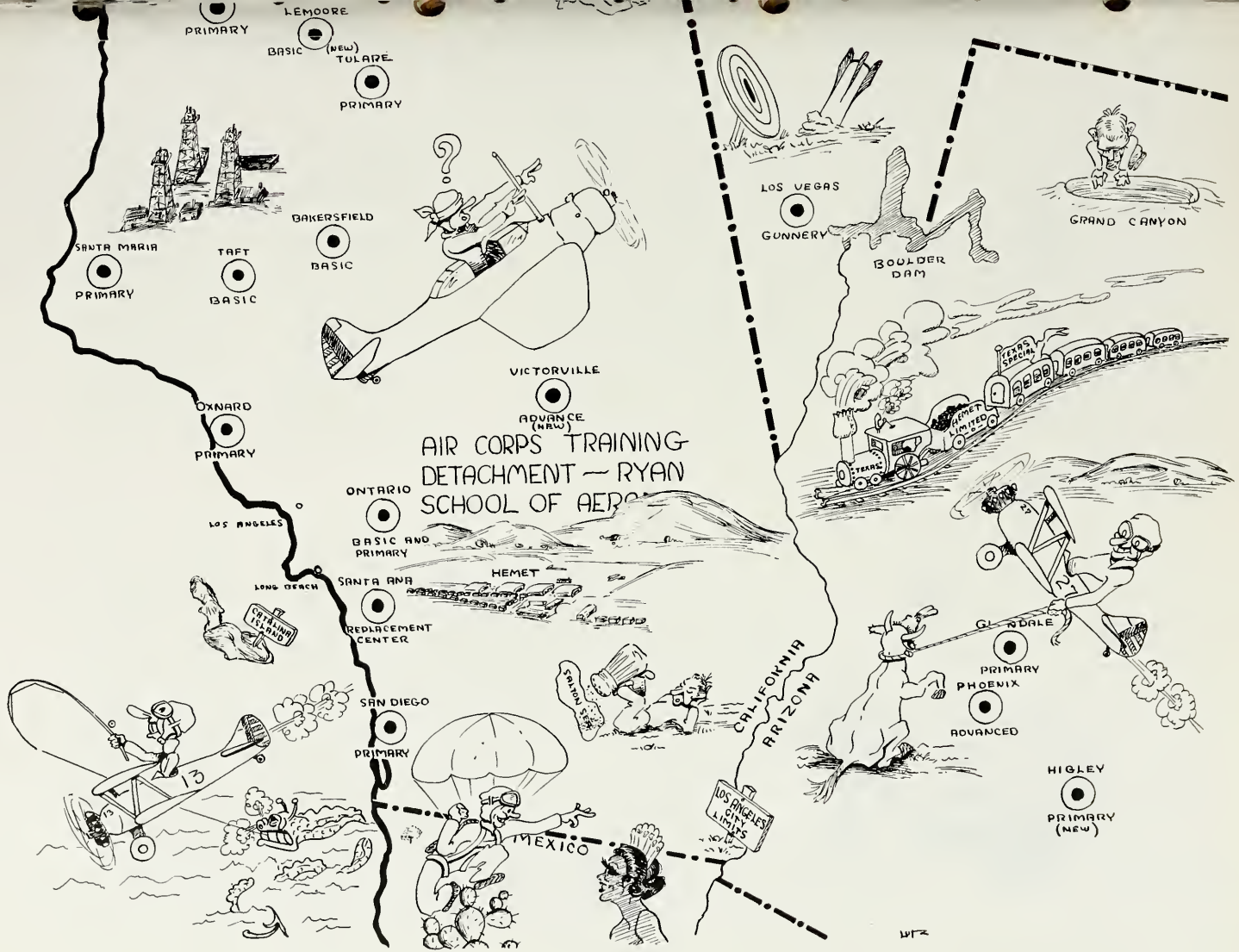
Oh, and verily, the lad tosseth about the bed in great agony and decideth to commit unto himself sideways. For behold Woe is he.

Forthwith cometh the dawn he struggleeth with his instructor into the P. T. 13-B and climeth to five thousand feet which is unto five G's of altitude. And he diveth the plane unto a straight line toward that portion of the landing field upon which is asphalt. Verily the plane traveleth like

Continued on page 32




U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENTS FOR WESTERN STATES
RYAN FIELD
LOS ANGELES CITY LIMITS
LAKE TAHOE
CALIFORNIA
NEVADA
MATHER
ADVANCE
SAN FRANCISCO
STOCKTON
ADVANCE
MOFFETT
BASIC
MERCED
BASIC


PRIMARY
LEMOORE
BASIC
(NEW)
TULARE
PRIMARY
BAKERSFIELD
BASIC
SANTA MARIA
PRIMARY
TAFT
BASIC
VICTORVILLE
ADVANCE
(NEW)
OXNARD
PRIMARY
AIR CORPS TRAINING
DETACHMENT — RYAN
SCHOOL OF AERO
ONTARIO
BASIC AND
PRIMARY
LOS ANGELES
LONG BEACH
CATALINA ISLAND
SANTA ANA
REPLACEMENT
CENTER
HEMET
SAN DIEGO
PRIMARY
SALTON SEA
CALIFORNIA
ARIZONA
MEXICO
LOS ANGELES CITY LIMITS
LOS VEGAS
GUNNERY
BOULDER DAM
GRAND CANYON
TEXAS SPECIAL
HEMET LIMITED
GLENDALE
PRIMARY
PHOENIX
ADVANCED
HIGLEY
PRIMARY
(NEW)

POET'S NOOK

A DODO'S MESS

In the beginning it's a sad tale
A dodo had rather eat hanging from a nail.

You enter the hall with your eyes on a point,
You never know what's inside the joint.

About the time all the men get rest
It's Pop-to dodos and make it your best.

The lower class customs you must quote
And if you can't men, that's all she wrote.

The grub this meal was fine they say
Maybe you dodos will get to eat some day.

It's eat hearty dodos with your eyes on the plate
And when they say bail-out, men, don't be late.

Now comes the dessert, which you think is a breather
But if you know no joke you don't get that either.

There is one thing that one might contend,
A dodo's what's left over when the Lord makes men.

This one thing the author must insist
A dodo's the lowest form of human to exist.

A/C Lamb, H.A. 42-C

DODO'S FIRST WEEK

Up at five and breakfast at six;
The hour between the cabin we fix.
We scrub and polish, the beds we make
So the less will be the "Gigs" we take.
They keep us walking from dawn till mess;
It's quite a life we must confess;
And after mess our life's our own
Within the cabin we call our home,
Until the Upperclass from "Bore"
Knocks upon the cabin door.
It's a hell of a life even at best
And when Sunday comes it's quite a rest;
Till eight P. M. when it starts all over.
And it's four more weeks till we're in the clover.

A/C Walter, W. R. 42-C

POP-TO DODO!

The Infantry yells, "Hep! one! two!
Hi! Hi! Hee!" the Field Artillery
And they call out the same old goo goo
At every Division Review.
But the yell that always thrills me
And gladdens my heart indeed
Is the good old "Pop-to! Dodo!"
That they yell at Ryan Field.

Oh! "Pop-to, Dodo!"
Our eyes are all on you
Oh! "Pop-to, Dodo!"
A bird dog and a red light too!
When a senior stands before you
Every man stand up and do
A "Pop-to!" "A Pop-to!" to you.

A C Jenkins, D.E. 42-C

EVOLUTION OF A "DODO"

We left our homes in high elation,
Our loved ones waving from the station,
Within our hearts, our minds, the things
We all were thinking of, were wings.

O'er hill and vale, through rock and rill,
Our spines were tingling for the thrill
That goes with winging through the blue
On man-made wings, so strong and true.

To Hemet country club we came,
Resolved to fly and play the game.
But to our sorrow, here we found,
We'd spend our best time on the ground.

Are we down-hearted, blue, depressed?
Hell no! we "dodos" must have guessed
That officers must take and give;
We'll learn the cleanest way to live.

And when the time arrives to climb
Into a sleek P-39
We'll fly our ships like bats on high,
And burn those "Jerries" from the sky.

A/C Ritter, L.A., Jr. 42-C

He learned to sleep
And drink his wine,
He lerned to fly a Stearman T.
He learned to cuss
He learned to wait
He learned ways of making 8's.
He learned to loop
And coordinate,
So now he's ready to graduate.

A/C Charlie Coats 42-C

OLD FAITHFUL

Here's to that Stearman I call my own,
I loved in spite of fear.
Not so sweet as my girl back home,
But a damn sight more sincere.

A/C Walters, E.N. 42-C

THE RAVIN'

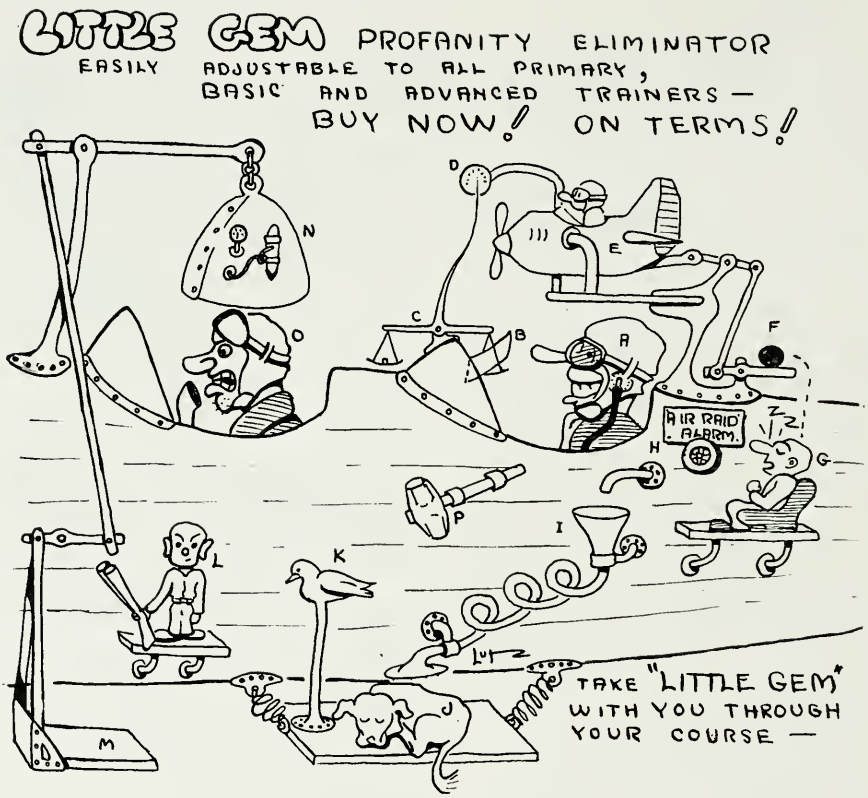
Once upon a morning dreary
When I pondered weak and weary about
things far, far away.
While I nodded, nearly napping
Suddenly there came a tapping as if some-
one roughly rapping,
Rapping on the classroom floor.
"Nuts,' I muttered darkly for I could sleep
no more.
"Who's so bold to spoil my slumber?
"Did you see him——get his number?
Suddenly, then, I felt no pain,
'Cause it was only Mr. Raine.
Mr. Raine and nothing more.
Nothing more than Mr. Raine.

Now, in the midst of every morning,
While I listened to his droning about the
merits of a radial.
While I listened to his jokes, I sit there very
nearly choking,
Not because he's so funny, but because it's
so revoking.
Mr. Raine, if you should read this—
Just forget this little thesis.
I know you are quite forgiving,
Even though you're not forgetting
How I rumdummed every week-end.
On the tests I was asleeping
When I should have been apeeping.
But now that I've found out the score,
I'll never more forget the score,
Quoth the author, nevermore.
(Apologies to Poe, E.A.)

A/C Mitchell, M. L. 42-B.

Here's to the dodo from Texas
Who still doesn't know what the score is, ...
He thought he could fly, and still wonders
why
He washed out and is now sitting on his axis.

A/C Sewall, S.E., 42-C



Explanation:

At first burst of profanity from instructor, student, A, gives forth with juicy razzberry, moisture of which is caught on blotter, B, hanging on delicately balanced scales, C—scales' pointer moves altimeter, D, of Link Trainer, E—Dwarf thinks he is losing altitude, pulls Link Trainer into climbing position—levers lower platform dropping cannon ball on sleeping dwarf, G, (A war neurotic) Dwarf, thinking it's an air raid, turns wheel under sign allowing water to flow from pipe, H, into funnel, I, through pipe and out shower onto sleeping dog, J—Dog immediately shakes himself, vibrating spring hung platform, violently shaking pigeon decoy, K—Dwarf hunter, L, sees game—fires both barrels of large gauge shotgun——terrific recoil knocks him back into platform, M—Extra weight moves system of levers, lowering cyanide gas chamber, N, over instructor's head, O—thereby silencing profanity.

(In case of failure of machine, stone mallet, P, may be used with same results.

OPENED BY MISTAKE

Dear Joe:

You asked why I joined the Air Corps when I had such a fine job in the Infantry. Well, here, in a few simple words, are the reasons:

Our day in the Infantry began by lying around in bed every morning until five o'clock. This, of course, gave us plenty of time to get dressed, washed and to make our cots by 5:10. At 5:15 we stood around outside and shivered while waiting for one of Satan's children to blow a bugle.

After we were reasonably well chilled, we groped our way through the darkness to the Mess Hall. There we had a hearty breakfast consisting of a grotesque liquid tasting like iodine and a choice of white or rye bread.

After gorging ouselves with this delicious repast, we would struggle back to the barracks. There we had nothing to do until 7:30, so we just sat around and scrubbed latrines, mopped the floors, washed the windows and picked up cigarette butts and match sticks within a radius of 150 feet of the barracks.

Soon the sergeant would blow that horrible whistle of his and say, "Come on out in the sunshine kiddies." So we would all fall out into the Texas sunshine and stand in six inches of mud.

In order to limber up we would do a few simple calisthentics, like touching your toes with both feet off the ground and grabbing yourself by the hair and holding yourself at arm's length.

At eight o'clock we would put on our light packs and start walking to the mountains—20 miles away. The light pack is not to be confused with the heavy pack. The light pack contains a gun, bayonet, canteen, knife, fork, spoon, meat can, cup, pup tent, rain coat, cartridge belt, first aid kit, fire extinguisher, tent pins and other items far too numerous to mention. On the other hand, the heavy pack, or full field pack as it is lovingly called, has a few blankets and a month's supply of clothing in it. Carrying my light pack I weighed 250 pounds and without it I weighed 160 pounds. So you can see how easy it is to romp and play in the mountains with my pack strapped to me. An ambulance followed us as we climbed the 90 degree slopes, picking up the fellows who fainted and fell out. Those boys were treated very well. They were only thrown in the guard house and did not have to face court martial.

At twelve o'clock those who could limp went to the infirmary where they were divided into two classes—those who had blisters and those who had colds. If you have more than five blisters they swab your feet with iodine and if you have a cold

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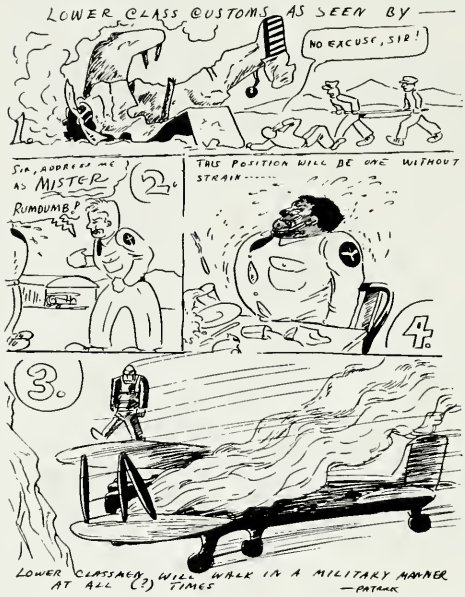
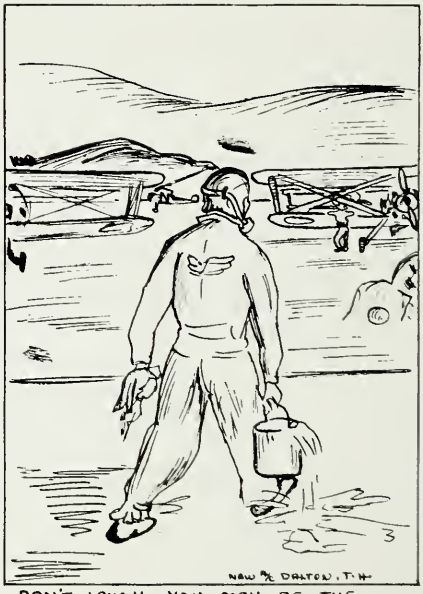




DON'T LAUGH YOU MAY BE THE NEXT ONE!

A MAD SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

By A/C BONE, V. F.—42-C

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a dodo. He got off the Colton-Hemet Express just like the rest of us but he wasn't "popped-to." He slouched along the walk taking 40-inch steps like he was still walking behind a plow 'til he got to the Army Office. He walked in without bothering to salute a lieutenant that was standing in the door. He asked for a whole room to himself and got it. He made his way to his cabin without being "redlighted" by an Upperclassman and later sent an Upperclassman to the OD's office for his baggage. An upperclassman unpacked his baggage and went to the supply room for his sheets, pillowcase, and blankets. The dodo then stood around the room while two Upperclassmen made up his bed so tight that it made a hollow boom when a dime was dropped upon it. About that time, Retreat was blown but our dodo didn't make the formation. Instead he stood in front of his window and looked at the marvelous California scenery, consisting of barren hills and wet, thick fog. At 5:15, an Upperclassman staggered into the room with a tray of food. Our dodo ate it without "popping-to" or sitting on Infinity. He also gazed about the room like he was going to buy the joint. But what surprised us so much was that he acted like he enjoyed the food.

At 7:30 an Upperclassman came in and shined the dodo's shoes and asked him if there was anything he wanted from the canteen. Our dodo went to bed at 8:00 without "Flying in the Rain" or "Rat-racing" and to beat that he actually slept between the sheets. When he awoke the next morning at 8:00 he found that somebody had polished the doorknobs and the brass on his uniform. He continued to lie in bed while the OD brought in his breakfast on a tray. When he had finished eating the OD handed him the morning paper and told him if he'd like anything else to holler for an Upperclassman. After reading the news our dodo got up, put on his uniform and told an Upperclassman to send the barber down to his room. The barber gave him a shave and a facial also the latest dope on the stock market. When the barber got through our dodo walked up to the area where all the rest of the dodos were drilling. He didn't drill but stood around criticizing the Upperclassman who was giving the commands. He convinced the Upperclassman that "By the Right Flank" should be given as the right foot struck the ground instead of on the left foot. Having completed this almost impossible task, he went over to the Army Office and got S.P.O.P. to go to Los Angeles. This all sounds crazy as hell doesn't it? Well, it is!

OPENED BY MISTAKE

Continued from page 25

you get your throat swabbed with iodine. If you have neither you are thrown in the guard house for impersonating an officer. I was very popular at the infirmary for I told them I had both, but what I really had was the measles.

And now, you ask me why I joined the Air Corps.

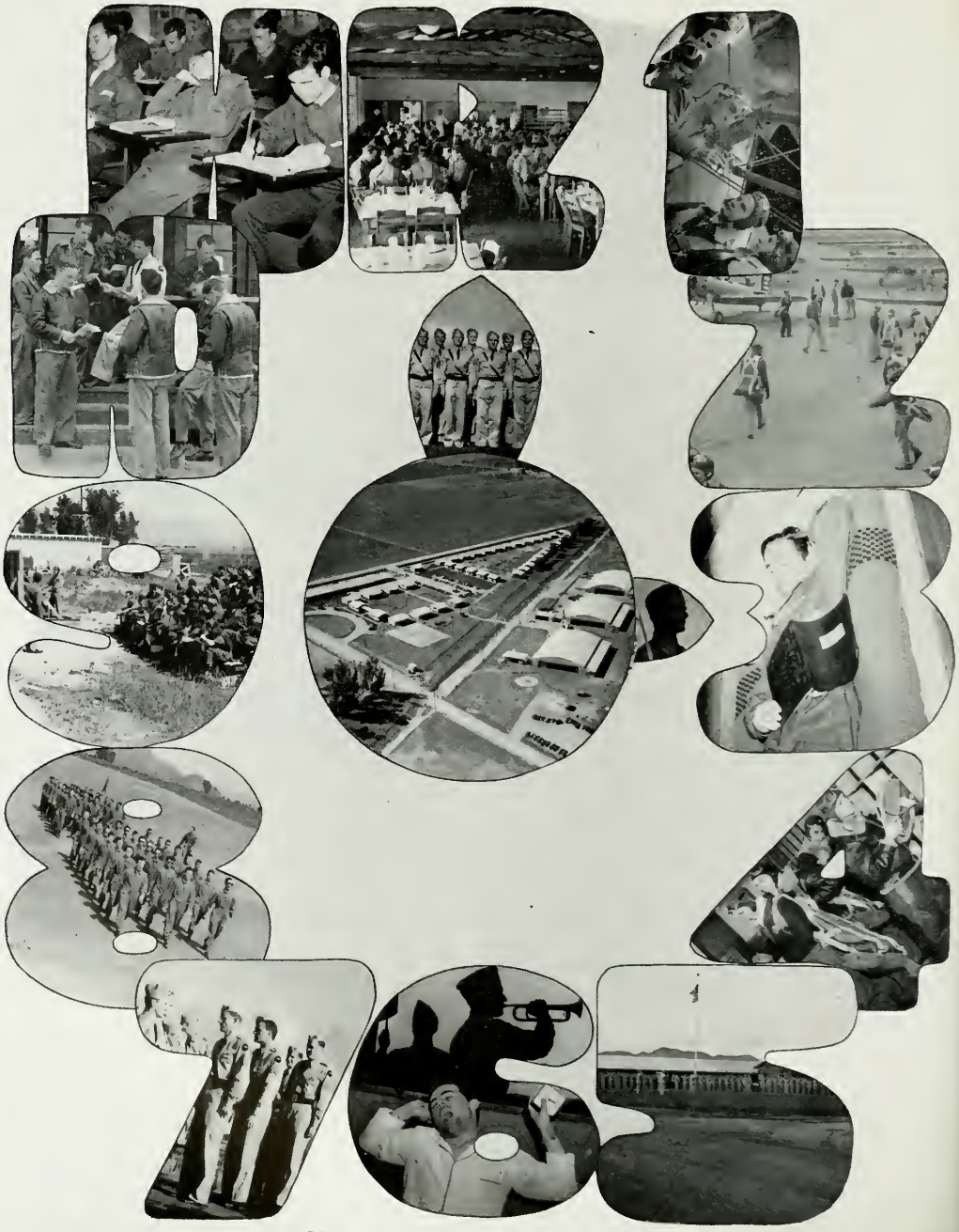
Yours,

Bill.

A/C Wilson, E.D. 42-C

You talk of Aeronautics
Air pockets, flying blind,
But you're grounded before you take off
By the air pockets in your mind.

A/C Bullard, C.S., Jr., 42-C



ONE DAY WITH A FLYING CADET

HOW TO MAKE A HIT WITH YOUR INSTRUCTOR

By A/C RITTER, L. A., 42-C

1. When you go to the flight line, run to the ship and climb in—let your instructor know you're eager.

2. If he tells you to get a "chute," ask him, "What the Hell, 'ya think I'm afraid!"

3. Don't bother to check your magneto—what's the ground crew getting paid for?

4. When the instructor gets in, jiggle the stick around, let him know you've been in a ship before.

5. Don't connect the gossport tubes, this will show him that you have self-confidence.

6. Don't worry about doing "S" turns while taxiing, if someone gets in the way, "Chop 'em up."

7. Don't look behind you before taking off, incoming ships can go around and save you some time.

8. Don't worry about the pattern number on the tower, the air's free isn't it?

9. Slam the throttle all the way in, let your instructor know you've done this sort of thing before.

10. Hold the ship down 'till the last minute, then horse back on the stick; this will give your instructor a thrill.

11. Make a quick turn back over the field and see if everyone was looking. If they weren't, do a snap roll over the hangars, this'll bring them out.

12. Do steep climbing spirals to about ten thousand feet. You won't spin out.

13. If you see an "S" split it.

14. Turn the ship over and do some upside-down coordination. Show your instructor you learned something in C.P.T.P.

15. Make all your turns steep and fast, this saves lots of time.

16. If another ship flys near you, hold your course, he'll go around.

17. Fly around to all the neighboring towns—see what California looks like. Fly low, so people can see you've got lots of nerve.

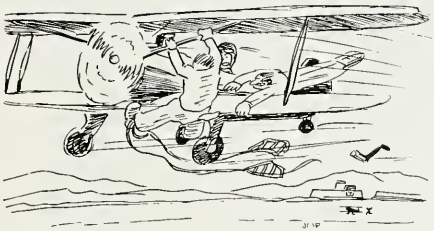
18. Chase all the cows you catch out in the pastures, the farmers will appreciate your exercising them.

19. Go back over the field at about five thousand feet and put the ship into a good tight spin; this gets you down quickly.

20. Land close to the line, this way you don't have to taxi so far.

21. Use your brakes as soon as the wheels are on the ground. It won't nose-over, what did they put brakes on the ship for?

22. Race up to the line, ask your instructor how he liked the ride, then duck, brother, duck FAST!



"NEXT TIME, JONES, WAIT FOR THE NOD FROM THE GROUND CREW"

SELECTED NOTES FROM SCIENTIFIC OBSERVATIONS OF THE STRANGE BEINGS INHABITING THE WILDS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,

OR,—

HMMMMM, WHAT HAVE WE HERE

By DR. U. R. RAUNCHY

Of all the very interesting sights I encountered on my recent foray, junket or safari—however you wish—into Southern California, the picture of the genus Aviationus Cadetus cavorting at large in its wild state is one that will remain to give me constant amusement and no little amazement for the rest of my life.

Centered about a large mat of macadam not far from the village of Hemet there is a particularly interesting group of beings resembling somewhat, the homo sapiens. I want to point out, though, that the resemblance starts and ends with their outward appearance. Because of the lack of a scientific appellation for the species, I have for the purpose of these notes, arbitrarily named it Aviationus Cadetus and henceforth in this treatise will refer to its members as such.

This species leads a monastic life in neat little cabins referred to as "holes." Their main endeavor seems to be the riding of monstrous blue and yellow bugs, which, after a little manipulation, emit a harsh and ear-splitting noise, then crawl along the ground and then suddenly jump off into the air. These bugs seem amenable to a certain amount of control, because quite often they come back to their original position upon the hard-surfaced ground. This phenomenon is one that future scientists will have to explain—it is far beyond the ken of this paper.

Let's return, then, to the appearance and actions of this species. While away from their bugs, the members of the species carry on in somewhat of a normal manner. At feeding time, though, wildness appears, because they make a great deal of noise and are prone to eating in a crouching position with no visible support. This is, evidently intended to strengthen the leg muscles, because physical well-being is another of their peculiar goals.

At this point it appears the proper thing to do to point out that there are two varieties of the species. One variety has a special name and is generally held in contempt by the other members of the colony. This variety is called "dodo" and its members seem to be unlearned of the rather esoteric rites used in nearly all of the activities of the colony. The "dodos" seem in constant sorrow over their ignorance and may be seen at feeding time bowing their heads in shame.

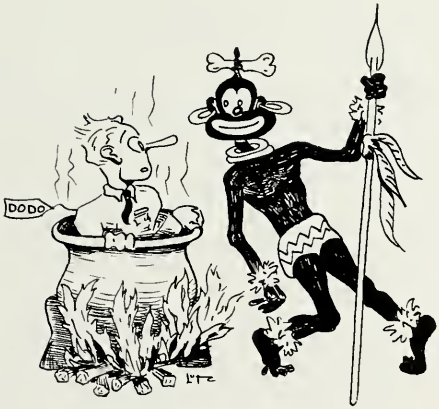
Speaking of the rites of the colony presents a little point on which there is ample room for contention. It is my theory that the older members are priests of some strange religious cult. The "dodo" members are neophytes learning the various rituals required for priesthood and are preparing themselves for purification, or "soloing," which has some special significance apropos to respectability. In support of my contentions, I want to point out several odd bits of custom that convince me of the truth of my theory.

First of all, the neophytes or "dodos" have a certain number of customs or rituals they must learn and they may often be heard chanting these weird incantations. Also they may often be seen praying to Allah, giving a religious significance to their activities. Occasionally they are seen in rather strenuous poses simulating a hunting dog or a duck and I have noted these antics as being similar to the contortions practiced by the Yogies of India. One of

the contortions, called "Pop-to" by the older members, seems to resemble the position a pouter pigeon gets itself into in its best moments. There seems to be very little reason for this outlandish, but somewhat virile pose, because none of the feminine gender of the species have ever been present to be impressed by such a show of chest expansion.

There are yet many loose, but interesting threads that must be left dangling because of the necessary shortness of these observations. I am, however, quite pleased that for the short period that I was there I received the utmost cooperation and even my name was adapted as a tag for "dodos" who were particularly adept at being "dodos."

A/C Neeff, E.R. 42-C



SHOOTIN' THE 'CHUTES

Continued from page 9

What with watching to see that no one takes a chute out of the rack by the D-ring, and listening to the angry howls of upperclassmen whose pet chutes have been checked out by eager dodos, combined with their actual maintenance work, the Sheely's have little idle time. They seem to feel, though, that in general proper respect is given the precious silken bundles—that is, except on Mondays just after open post. Then no one, from instructor to dodo, can find a chute that fits him.

As this publication goes to press, we are informed by our War Correspondent that one more hero has just taken his place among the immortals. One of the shining lights of that outstanding Class 42-B, gallantly and in peril of his life, bailed out unhesitatingly in the Parachute Room on Sept. 8, 1941. It is an honor indeed, a privilege none of us here now should forget, to be in the school at the same time that one more name is emblazoned upon that illustrious roster of the Junior Caterpillars, Mr. Getzovitz, we salute you .

A DODO'S PRAYER

Our upperclassmen who art above us,
Lenience to be thy name.
Thy Commission come, thy will be done
In the Army as it is on earth.
Give us this day some decent bread,
And forgive us our Rum-Dums
As we forgive those who Rum-Dum with us.
Lead us not into "gigs"
But deliver us from "Pop-To's"
For yours is the Honor of upperclassmen
Which lasts only five weeks . . . Thanks it's not forever.
And that ain't no Damn Propaganda.
—Amen.

A/C Wight, R.G. 42-C

THE PARABLE OF THE H. P.

Continued from page 19

the speed of the wild-kitty who sitteth himself upon a cactus.

And behold the lad closeth his eyes and kicketh the rudder and wobbleth the stick to all directions which showeth upon the Compass. Verily, he longeth for the end.

Then behold cometh a still small voice in the Gossports: "Hot stuff, kid, thou hast just passed thy sixty hour test. Unto my many years, never has come one so righteous unto the ways of slow rolls, pylon eights, loops, and, etc. Enter thou, my son, unto the joys of the Basic School.

And the lad feeleth like unto one who falleth into the sewer and crawleth out with a freshly laundered shirt. As a matter of fact he feeleth Damn good; yea, he again feeleth like the something on a stick.

Really, he careth not a great big Damn even for the Helen Highwater.

●————————

Ryan Field,
Hemet, Calif.

Dear Mother and Dad:

Will you please forgive me for not writing sooner? I haven't had time even to smoke all of a cigarette at one time, let alone write.

Here's what happened as soon as we drove up. Just as we stepped out of the car it started, "Pop to, mister!" "Suck in that gut, dodo!" "Eyes on a point, mister." These are only a few of the cordial remarks of greeting that we received upon arriving and have heard thousands of times since.

Here is how I am thought of here: I have a "horrible gut," "wandering eyes," "terrible table manners," "always out of step," and will probably never get out of the "raunchy dodo" stage.

OH, OH, will write more next time. There goes the buzzer, I have to cut out the lights and hit the blankets. (9:00 p.m.) Can you believe it?

Love,
Your Son.
A/C Atwood, C. G.

STATISTICALLY SPEAKING

Continued from page 11

believe that the pace will be even more dizzy than in the past. More hangars, more planes, more cadets, and more instructors will all be blended in Uncle's teapot to make his brew more potent than any at the party across the pond.

●————————

MY FLIGHT

I am ready to take her out
Can't I talk, do I have to shout.
Sure I can drive it on the ground
But in the air I am not so sound.

Open the throttle and let it roar,
I have told you this a dozen times before.
Check the wind and keep it straight.
You think just five minutes late.

Give me a smooth coordinated turn;
Throttle back, no use to let the motor
burn.
That turn was too steep—
A medium bank you've got to keep.

At five hundred feet level out;
You must always turn your head about.
This turn is much better—
It won't do anything—you won't let her.

Now we are ready for the glide
Lower the nose and let her ride.
Never again turn that low
Or you will make the daisies grow.

Look at the sock and check the tee,
You are going crooked—can't you see?
I'll take over before we spin,
The way you fly is an awful sin.

Then we taxi to the line;
He can park that plane and very fine.
To fill the report I ask his number—
He says, "You are still in a slumber."

BARBER SHOP

CANTEEN

MR. HOWARD, Linenroom

CHEF HOUK

JEAN BOVET

DINING ROOM AND CANTEEN STAFF

KITCHEN STAFF

AIR VIEW OF CANTEEN

MAW HEARS FROM ELMER

July 29, 1941
Himit, Californy

To Mrs. Sadie Cuckleburr
R. F. D. No. 7⅝ Cowchip, Texas

Deer Maw:

I hav bin on the Flite Line since sun rise and have saw so many flyin contrapshuns thet i am seein those big spots befor my eyes do ground loops.

One of the majer atrackshuns on the Flite Line is a feller called by sum the dis-patcher. His reel name is Mister Willbern .Today he had a flock of dodoes marchin threw the hangurs while 4 other stewdents sung a song about bein dum and ignerunt. Seemed kinda silly to me. i guess his teechur didnt let him play enuf games the 4 years he wuz in the furst grade. He puts stars up by the Kaydets names. This shews how much he likes we uns. i took up a collection to buy him a box of purty colored pincils and pictur book to play with when he is to home. He is also tryin to sell his big rolls-roice ottomobeel to my instructur but he tole Willbern thet he wood stick to his byesickle. I will rite and tell you moore about this dispatchur in my next lettur.

Pleese send me five bucks as i need it fur another lessun from Mister Petersun in a very inturestin game called pokur. Go out in the pastur and kiss Betsy fer me as i miss her lovin moo sumthin turrible.

Your affectshunate sun,
Elmer

CONFIDENTIALLY YOURS

Dear Elmer:

I'm glad to hear that you have taken your physical examination and have been accepted as an Aviation Cadet for the next class.

Never having been in the Air Corps, Elmer, you will naturally assume that the rigid physical you took was for the purpose of selecting men who can stand the high physical strain along the lines of high altitudes and extreme speeds.

Never having been in the Air Corps, Elmer, your assumption would be wrong. The real reason for the physical is in the direct anticipation of the mental and physical strain of being a dodo for five weeks.

Any man who can stand the physical strain of "popping-to" ten times a meal, and who can withstand Mr. Freeman's piercing stare, or the mental strain of sleeping, without an armed guard, in the very cabin next to Mr. Kyle, who rivals Edgar Bergen when it comes to "voice throwing," especially after he has done a walking tour of five hours, while his fond parent looks on patiently.

Any man, Elmer, who can stand this in addition to the rare sport of eating embarrassment a la mode for dessert every evening, will undoubtedly become a lieutenant soon; or will become so immune to disappointment from being refused open post that nothing will really matter anyway.

But listen, Elmer, don't let me talk you out of anything. Aside from a few duties and hardships we live a life of sport. We have some of the finest rat races here I have ever seen. They'll just slay you, Elmer. Then too we have a beautiful lighting system here, possibly the best in the world—any time of the day you will be able to see red, yellow, blue, and green lights—. You'll understand why you took that color blind test when you see these lights, Elmer.

You remember last year when we went gigging for fish? Well, out here the fish are plentiful and your gigs are furnished by upperclassmen who endeavor to see that you enjoy your stay at what we call "our Country Club."

We get all uniforms furnished by a civic minded man at Hemet named Cory, a maid to make our beds, and get to sleep 'way past midnight every night. Come on out.

Confidentially yours,

A/C Self, M.L. 42-C

P. S. Bring your snowshoes and a can of shoe polish; you won't need anything else.—M.S.

THUMBNAIL BIOGRAPHIES

Continued from page 5

held football scholarships at both the schools he attended.

Lieut. Murray D. McCormick, Texan in appearance and bearing, hails from Blooming Grove, Texas, and is a graduate of Texas A. and M. College, carrying a degree in Geological Engineering.

Originally trained as an Infantry officer, Lieut. McCormick served two short tours of active duty at Fort Crook at Omaha, Nebraska, and at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, before being assigned to the Air Corps here at Ryan Field. He took over his duties as Assistant Supply Officer here the middle of August.

Previous to his being commissioned, Lieut. McCormick was employed as a technician with the Siesmograph Service Corp., of Illinois until February of 1940. From there he went with the Stanolind Oil and Gas Company as a production engineer.

Lieut. McCormick laments that he is too old to be eligible for training as a flying officer, because his favorite hobby is flying. Football claims second place in his affections, as it does all Texan Army officers.

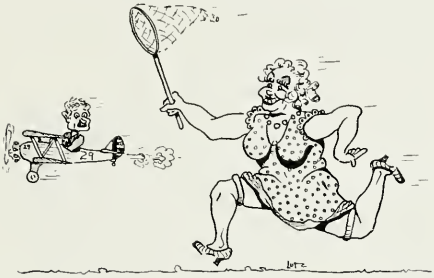
A DODO WEEKEND

On our second weekend at Ryan School four of us dodos left for our usual weekend in Hemet.

We first went to a cocktail lounge where we met four girls. My three room mates quickly grabbed the three good ones and I was left with a huge blond menace. She stood six feet, two inches and weighed 190 pounds to my five foot seven and 155 pounds.

I decided it would look less humorous if I took her riding. So, after bidding my three room mates a sad farewell we left for the car. We drove leisurely out into the country, and had just turned down a narrow road when the car stopped. I I looked down just in time to see her remove the key from the ignition, and drop it down the front of her dress. "If you want it you'll have to get it," she said coaxingly.

Speed was essential as it wasn't quite dark yet, so with full throttle I dove to the rescue. Immediately I knew I was trapped. I tried left rudder, then right, but my speed was gone. My breath came in



gasps. I began to black out. Faintly I heard a bugle blow—no doubt Gabriel extending me an invitation to abide permanently in the super-strata! With all my remaining strength I leaped from the car, clutching automatically for the rip-cord.

Crash! I land on my cabin floor with all the grace of a ton of coal; in My right hand are the torn shreds of my pajama pocket. In the distance I hear the battalion bugler sounding the last staccato notes of "first call." Well, of all the dirty ?' "! ! ' ! tricks of fate.

A/C Nelson, L.A. 42-C

GENERAL ORDERS IN THE MESS HALL

From the 124th Cavalry News

1. To take charge of the spuds and all gravy in view.
2. To watch my plate in a military manner, keeping always on the alert for any stray sausage within sight, smell or hearing.
3. To report any bread sliced too thin to the mess sergeant.
4. To repeat all calls for coffee more distant from its position than my own.
5. To quit the table only when there is nothing left to eat.
6. To receive, but not pass on, to the next man to me, any meat, cabbage or beans left by the K. P.'s or table waiters.
7. To talk to no one who asks for onions.
8. In case of fire in the mess hall, to grab all eatables left by others in their escape.
9. In any case not covered by instructions, to call the mess sergeant.
10. To allow no one to steal anything in the line of chow.
11. To salute all chicken, beefsteak pork chops, ham and eggs, and liver.
12. To be especially wachful at the table, and during the time of eating to challenge anyone who gets more pie than I do. (If we ever get any.)

A/C Dollard E,.H. 42-C

POT POURI

A CADET'S DESIRE

At great expense to the managerial staff of CONTACT, and through the untiring efforts of its reporters, a Post-wide poll was finally secured which presents a true, unbiased cross-section of the feelings and thinking of a Cadet facing this world of international crisis and ever-changing New Orders.

1. To be entwined in the arms of a luscious Colorado blonde.—Cunningham, L.W.
2. To have Murphy-beds so that they won't have to be made up.—Anderson, G. T.
3. To be a physical education instructor in a woman's college.—Miller,R.G.
4. To keep out of the "Washing Machine."—Ellis, E.B.
5. To be a better bull-slinger than my roomies.—Brady· J.B.
6. Sixty hours in the air.—Dickenson, S.R.
7. A tall, cool, beautiful frosted, exquisitely aromatic mint julep, brought to me on a silver tray by a sylph-like blonde.—Mitchell, M.L.
8. Open Post. The whole Upperclass. —Yarborough, W.
10. A binge.—Barker· A. L.
11. A maid for my room.—Matlock, R.
12. To keep in step.—Arnold, E. F.
13. To put a Stearman nose down, and let 'er go.—Keuhl, A.R.
14. A new Buick, with a controllable-pitch red-head to match.—Skinner, J.H.
15. To be first in the bath-room in the morning.—Dorich, L.B.
16. To make formation on time.—Forte, R.A.
17. An expense-paid trip to Catalina. —Beckham· V.
18. To make the flies here wear diapers. —Dolan, L.W.
19. To have someone pronounce my name right.—Getzovitz, S.
20. To be able to out-fly Lt. David.—Hair, J.
21. To have a better gravy train than Cory. —West, M.F.
22. To draw a full-house.—Peterson, M.E.

A/C Murphy, L.J.

DODO DEFINITIONS

Red light: A command given frequently by upperclassmen and executed correctly by all dodos, but never in the right direction.

Green light: A command given, eventually, by any upperclassman and anxiously awaited for and unhesitatingly executed by all dodos.

Sat. inspection: A formal party given by both upper and lower classmen and attended by a lieutenant and a cadet officer.

(Ed. Note:—And a good time was had by all.)

Right dress: The correct attire for attending The Hemet Women's Tea Dances.

Open post: (Obsolete term) An arrangement between the Commandant and the dodos whereby the post is eradicated of upper classmen over the weekand.

Cabin: A place to be cleaned, dusted, and polished, but not to be lived in.

Mess: A formation to be met where dodos are "popped-to" by the upperclass. As a sideline, food is supposed to be eaten.

Recreation: The final punishment after a hard day's work.

A C Andrew, R.O. 42-C
A C Lawley, W.B. 42-C

It's Humor . . .

"How high can you count, Mr. Peterson?"

"Two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten, Jack, Queen, King and Ace."

Hostess: "I've met you some place before, haven't I?"

Cadet: "That's right, last summer you met me halfway at Long Beach."

Dodo: "Honey, I'm wild, wicked and extravagant with my money. Will you marry me and reform me?"

Airport Annie: "Well, I'll marry you!"

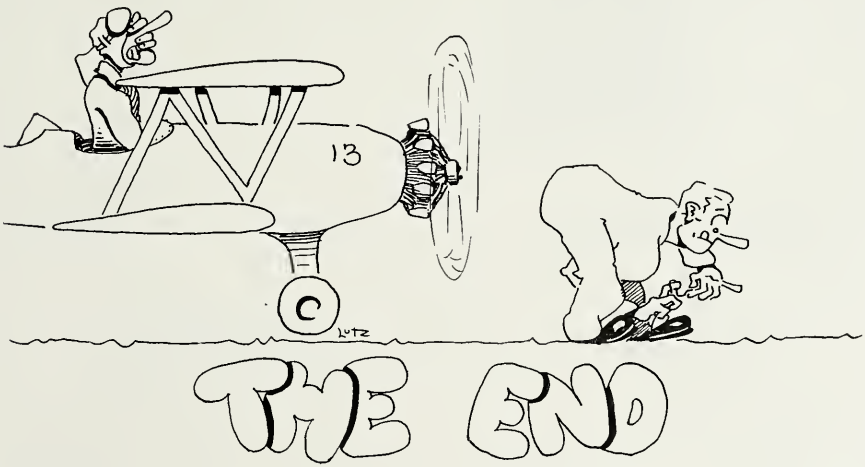
"You say your dodo friend won $50,000 in a lottery? Are you sure you got the right dope?"

"Well, he'll do until another dodo comes along."

A dodo walked into a tough beer joint and was going to buy a bottle of beer. He saw the sign "Billiards, five cents," and ordered five cents worth of billiard beer. The bartender decided to fix the dodo up so he just added turpentine and coloring and served it. The dodo drank it down, smacked his lips and made a face. He turned to the bartender and said, "If I weren't such a billiard drinker, I'd swear that was turpentine."

Three dodos died and went to heaven. One dodo knocked on the door and said he was a Cal Aero dodo, another dodo knocked and said he was from San Diego Ryan Field. St. Peter refused both admittance and sent them to hell.

The third dodo knocked and said he was from Ryan Field in Hemet. St. Peter said: "Come in, you've had enough hell."



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Ryan School of Aeronautics
Air Corps Training Detachment
HEMET, CALIFORNIA
CLASS 42-C

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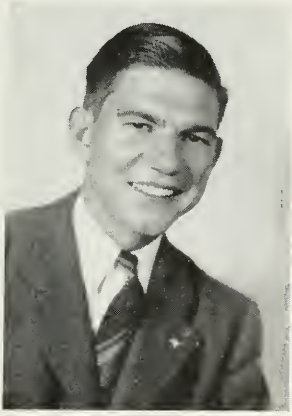
Cartoon Editor	A/C Turner, William H.
Business Manager	Cooper, R. D.

FROM THE EDITOR

Humor is the thing! In our task of producing the present CONTACT for the class of 42-C, we felt that at least an effort toward a "different" type of publication would be desirable. Hence our efforts have been directed to more humor and comedy and consequently less of the articles on the serious side or of those dealing with technical subjects. And we think it is for a definite purpose: Good sound morale is essential to the success of a military organization and good sound morale can only be maintained if its personnel is kept happy, light-hearted, and content. Thus, we hope to contribute an issue which will give you pleasure and help maintain your happiness, light-heartedness, and contentment. Humor is the thing!

A/C Beseda, J. M.

YE OLDE EDITOR



CORNY CARTOONIST

AN H. P.'S PRAYER

I think I shall never see,
A grade as lovely as a "B."
A "B" whose loving arms point rest,
When "C's" and "D's" and even less

Have made us look to God all day,
And lift our lanky arms to pray —
"B's" are made for fools they say,
But only God can make an "A".

By Coats, C. B., 42-C

FLIGHT "A"

L. to R.—Lake, D. N., Ass't. Flight Commander; Sloan, W. P., Flight Commander; Mergenthal, L. C., Ass't Flight Commander

FLIGHT "B"

L. to R.—Scheifele, W. B., Ass't. Flight Commander; Evans, C. W., Flight Commander; Cooper, L. J., Ass't. Flight Commander

McCallum, Roy L., Dispatcher

L. to R.—Wilburn, Jack, Chief Dispatcher; Caldwell, Wesley, Dispatcher

"A" FLIGHT

INSTRUCTORS AND STUDENTS

L. to R.—Bradshaw, F. D., Lorenzo, Tex.; Lt. Graham, John K.; Sindlinger, A. E., Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

L. to R.—Flusche, R. P., Electra, Tex.; Sloan, W. P., Instructor; Johnson, E. A. Brinkley, Ark.

L. to R.—Elder, H. T., Cuero, Tex.; Walters, E. N., Odlebolt, Iowa; Cronin, H. J., Olean, N. Y.; Cundry, W. M., Instructor; Waltner, W. R., Kansas City, Mo.

L. to R.—Wallen, P. J., Dallas, Texas; Wight, R. G., Denton, Tex.; Franscioni, W. R., Instructor; Kincheloe, J. W., Waco, Tex.; Holmes, J. H., Des Moines, Iowa.

L. to R.—Curlee, R. B., Mart, Tex.; Redman, F. O., Randolph Field, Texas; Bowen, H. L., Instructor; Allen, C .R., Franklin, Tenn.; Bryant, W. H., Denton, Texas.

L. to R.—Moore, L. E., Dumas, Ark.; Hall, Wayne, Lubbock, Tex.; Schumann, R. C., Instructor; Coats, C. B., Lubbock, Tex.; Murphy, L. J., Silver City N. M.

"A" FLIGHT

INSTRUCTORS AND STUDENTS

L. to R.—Barber, J. L., Santa Ana, Calif.; Goode, H. W., Moody, Tex.; Bala, P., Instructor; Pemberton, D. L., Tahoka, Tex.; Daniel, A. L., Lubbock, Texas

L. to R.—McLean, D. C., Blytheville, Ark.; Crysler, C. J., Buffalo, N. Y.; Payne, L. L., Instructor; Byers, H. E., El Paso, Texas

L. to R.—Bullard, C. S., Middletown, Conn.; McCarty, W. A., Lubbock, Texas; Saupp, T. W., Instructor; Ritter, L. A., Sweetwater, Texas

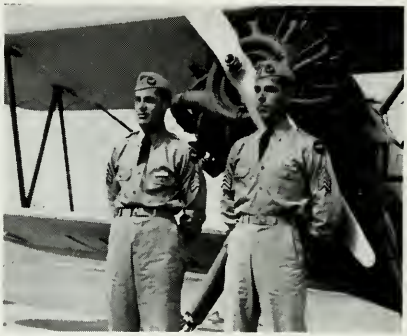
L. to R.—Newby, W. E., Reedley, Calif.; Ainsworth, P. H., Beaumont, Tex.; Garner, C. R., Instructor; Byrne, R. J., St. Louis, Mo.; Pape, C. M., Cleveland, Ohio

L. to R.—Lyman, J. B., Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Carlisle, T. E., Instructor; Murray, H. W., Amarillo, Tex.; Turner, R. K., Abilene, Texas

L. to R.—Bradley, R. A., Tonkawa, Okla.; Lewis, S. D., Instructor; Davis, E. L., Amherst, Tex.; Anderson, F. E., Denver, Colo.

"B" FLIGHT

INSTRUCTORS AND STUDENTS



L. to R.—Dodd, Robert H., Ft. Worth, Texas; Andrew, Robert O., Wichita, Kansas; Lt. Cape, R. D., Instructor (not pictured)

L. to R.—Sonntag, W. H., Frisco, Texas; Cooper, L. J., Instructor; McClendon, H. M., Denton, Texas; Milner, G. E., Canyon, Texas

L. to R.—Orso, J. J., St. James, Mo.; Dewey, W. A., Instructor; Lane, J. C., Nacogdoches, Texas; Smith, Clure E., Pampa, Texas

L. to R.—Reed, A. S., Hooks, Texas; Akins, D. S. Hillsboro, Texas; Chase, Art L., Instructor; Horton, Perry R., Big Spring, Tex.; Self, M. L., Denton, Tex.

L. to R.—Amelunke, W. C., McGregor, Tex.; Grady, J. C., Instructor; Perry, J. W., Beaumont, Tex.; Sewell, S. E., Jackboro, Texas

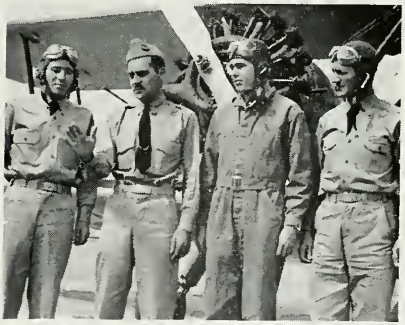
"B" FLIGHT

INSTRUCTORS AND STUDENTS

L. to R.—Mauch, R. V., Lafayette, Ind.; Hanson, R., Instructor; Nelson, L. A., Red Oak, Iowa; Davison, D. B., Oklahoma City, Okla.

L. to R.—Weddle, F .O., Lamoni, Iowa; Botosh, S. J., Instructor; Dalton, Tom H., Dalton, Ark.; Yeager, P. M., Nowata, Okla.

L. to R.—Biggs, A. G., Dallas, Texas; Fitch, W. J., Instructor; Kirkpatrick, C. W., Amarillo, Texas; Albrecht, R. J., Madison, Wisconsin



L. to R.—White, J. H., Kensett, Ark.; Molitar, E. T., Instructor; Garner, H. P., Dalhart, Tex.; Heflin, C. S., Denton, Texas

L. to R.—Bouck, W. C., Instructor; Powell, S. L., Slaton, Tex.; Chandler, Berry, Houston, Tex.; McNutt, R. R., Dallas, Texas.

L. to R.—Hart, J. E., Instructor; Collinsworth, "JD", Borger, Tex.; Apperson, W. J., Jr., Pharr, Texas; Miller, N. N., (not pictured) Denton, Texas

A DODO'S DICTIONARY

or

IF NOAH ONLY KNEW 'EM

By A/C TOMS, B. M., 42-D

Airplane—Flying adaptation of the Morris chair; designed for relaxing. It flies itself —like hell!!

Dodo—Lowest form of animal life; similar to the amoeba except in reproduction.

Open Post—Paradise; Heaven.

Closed Post—Dante was a sissy!

Port-hole—Variation of sea-going window, used to facilitate eating. Similar in appearance to the back of a chair.

Upperclassman—(Censored) (Censored)

Girl—Mythical inhabitant of the outer world.

Sir—Military prefix to all conversation; rapidly being replaced by 'no excuse, sir.'

Quartermaster—Department in charge of supply in U. S. Army; like Corey's.

Infinity—Cellophane chair, designed by Yahoodi and manufactured by the little man who wasn't there.

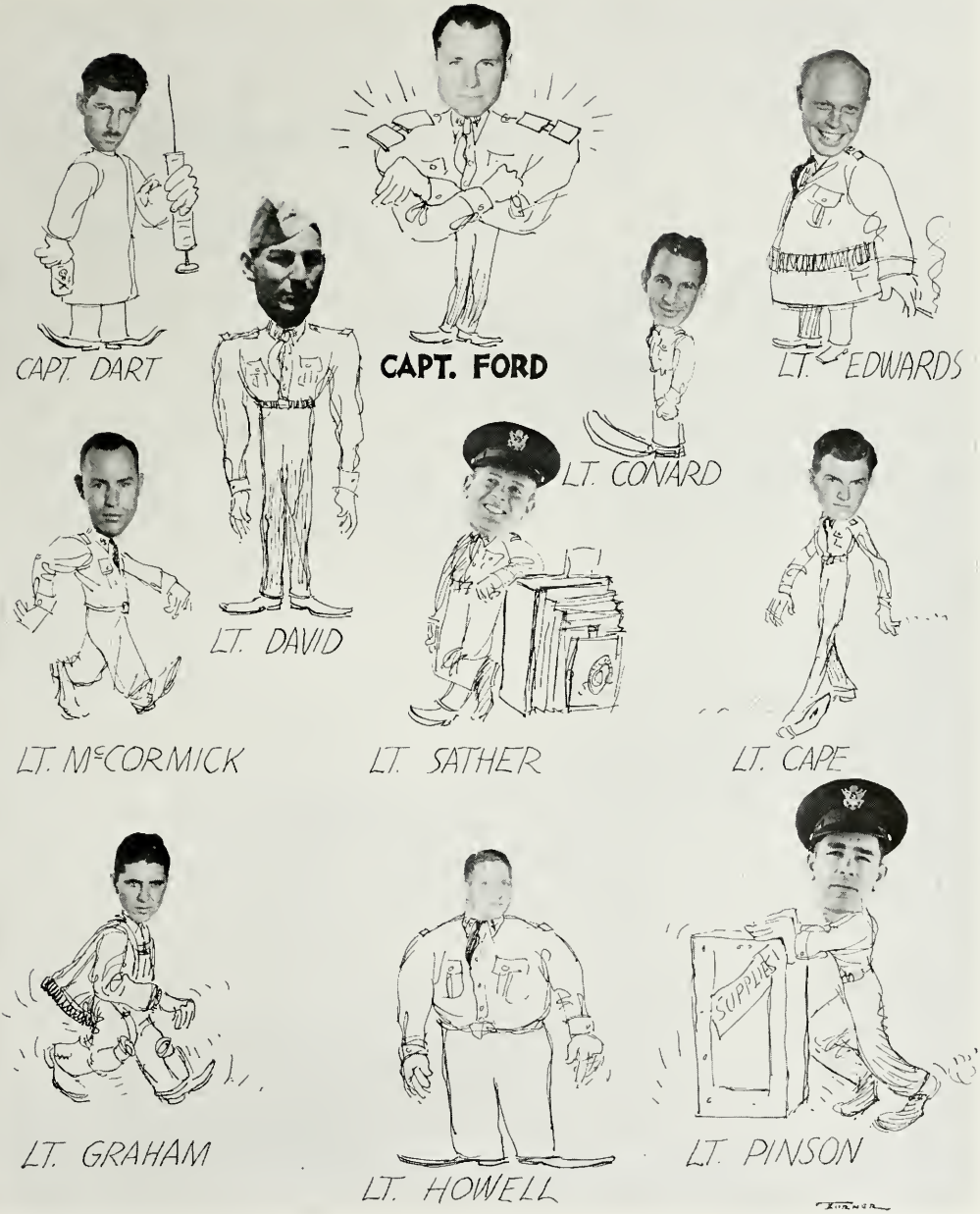
Pop-to—A dislocation of the first six vertebrae, caused by a violent backward motion of the head, chin and shoulders — followed by a mild palsy.

Raunchy—Idiomatic expression of Texas; similar to the English adverbs, lousy, putrid, awful, despicable, and odoriferous.

RYAN CREDO

Read Across:

The Dodo Hopes:	The Upperclassman Hopes:	The Lieutenant Hopes:
That someday he will solo:	That someday he will get to basic:	That someday he will be a colonel:
That someday he will not have to run to all formations:	That someday he can walk at attention naturally:	That someday the cadet will walk in a military manner:
That someday he will get an open post:	That next week he will get an open post:	That someday the cadets will **merit** an open post.
That he will be able to eat at rest some day:	That he will get a big thick steak each day:	That someday the mess hall will quiet down:
That he can find a girl when he gets open post:	That the girl he met will be around next week-end:	That blonde loves him and not his uniform:
That he gets a letter from his girl friend:	That his girl friend doesn't hear about that redhead in Los Angeles:	That the blonde doesn't meet his fiancee.


CAPT. DART
CAPT. FORD
LT. EDWARDS
LT. CONARD
LT. DAVID
LT. McCORMICK
LT. SATHER
LT. CAPE
LT. GRAHAM
LT. HOWELL
SUPPLIES
LT. PINSON

AFTER the seemingly unending ordeal of kicking and pushing one of our "Stearman Speedsters" through a series of gyrations, known to the upper class as "the old Army Check" (but which resembles nothing which the check pilots have ever seen before), we feel inclined to relax and divulge some of the wind which has been caressing our post these past weeks.

One of the high points of interest can be observed as one enters the cabin area. Cabin 7-A is over-vibrating to the rhythm of its occupants' rantings. "Union Lover" Byrne and "Lady Killer" Turner are constantly at swords point over some major topic of the day.

We wonder where McCarty "takes-off" for, alone, each week-end—Some say he visits kinfolks in Perris—but we say, "Tell it to Sweeney."

"Cassanova" Cronin seemed to be doing allright at the Hollywood Plaza last week-end, and she has a sister, hasn't she, Ed?

Many are the parties (purely for relaxation) which the boys throw around California in general. Couldn't be that Pemberton really went fishing one whole Saturday nite and Sunday. Could be, but he surely looked like an old G. I. shirt in a wet wash when he returned.

Speaking of stiff necks—or were we?—there were some pretty stiff cadets to one of the football games in Los Angeles a short time ago. Texas Tech did win, didn't they Horton?

One of our Company captains seems to be doing quite a few slow rolls around Hemet, or are they snap rolls, Andy? Be the real pal and leave the name with the lower class when you go!

Gossport Gus's heart goes out to the lonely (?) looking cadets around the "Palladium" on Saturday nights. Heaven help the working girls on nights like those—the wolves!!

Sure, and it warms the cockles of our hearts to see a good "Joe" like handsome Mr. Waltner who only charges his own roommates a nominal (Oh yeah) fee for week-end rides.

These incessant nocturnal telephone calls which R. K. Turner receives have the boys wondering—but not too much. A very nice looking Plymouth, Mr. Turner.

Envious gasps of awe are not the only rewards which the "Hot Pilots" receive for making a "B" on their stages. Messrs. Johnson, Newby, McLean, Wight, Lyman and Akins can attest to the additional laurels—can't you, fellows? And they were all good sports. (Alcohol is the best thing we know of for removing shoe polish and mercurochrome.)

Sindlinger, the kid from the corn state, seems to have taken the Board of Education in around these parts. Careful with your conjugations, cadet!

We're still wondering what happens to "Jitterbug" Johnson on week-ends. Couldn't be that he gives the local women all the breaks. Hm-m-m, could be, could be.

"Sadie" Akins, the Texas flash, seems to be doing arlright with his spare time, or do you remember, Sadie? But we know she's a mighty sweet morsel—in fact our nomination for 42-C's class beauty.

We can't see how he manages it but Bobby Dodd has had three birthdays since he has been here. (Yes sir, two angel cakes and one chocolate layer!)

Yeah, some say Lt. David is the ace stunt pilot in these parts but for sheer chills and thrills we still like the "under-high-tension-wire" flying of Raunchy Miller. Confidentially he can tell you a lot about what goes on in a nearby nudist colony, too. Slow rolls at 500 feet for the best view, says he!

And speaking of chills and thrills, it apparently is one heck of a thrill to be promoted from a first lieutenant to a captain; a lot of people received quite a thrill from the "chilled" evening.

Well, Gosport Gus feels that enough of enough is enough. So I'll sign the form one and leave the rest of the gosport breeze to that gullible bunch of 42-D's. Let's keep 'em flying!

I AM A HOLDOVER

From 42-A to 42-B one never knows, maybe 42-C;
Grounder from flying, the turned to dodoes,
The final blow our ground school they soloed.
Efficiency plus?—can they love us that much
The answer you can tell me.

'Tis purely one-sided—we're just shooting the blanks
Will we continue to be butted with pranks?

Years from now it may prove humorous,
Time alone will permit us to see.
But for present and allowing for trend
It is a cinch we will see 42-D.

THE TALE OF TWO CADETS

A/C RYDEN, R. 42-D

Once upon a time there were two cadets; one was called Algernon, the other Oscar. Now Algernon was a very conscientious and industrious individual while Oscar was quite the typical lousy loafer. Algernon would sit under his lamp at nite and study his navigation and write all his relatives while —well—Oscar would sit under a street lamp and "wolf-jaw" with the gals. On the flight line Algernon would listen to his instructor with the intent of one athirst for knowledge —Oscar would bask in the sun or "hot-foot" his pals. Ah! so much for their character-at-large.

Came one Saturday our two cadets journeyed to the nearby hamlet where resided the one girl meant for them both. Her name was Eve, in fact Innocent Eve. After a few moments of kicking the brick around, both Algernon and Oscar asked Eve to be their "perpetual heart beat." Now Eve is both beautiful and sensible so she said to Algernon: "You are industrious and handsome; you are the number one ranking cadet; you can make me happy because you will be successful. My hands are yours forever." And unto Oscar she said: "Oscar, you are a fly-by-night loafer and a drugstore cowboy. I shall never speak to you again."

As time marched on Algernon steadily climbed the ladder of success as a pursuit pilot. In fact he was so busy he rarely had any time to even see his beautiful wife Eve. Eve was unhappy and miserable. Now Oscar transferred to Armaments where the work was light and he could happily tease the girls. Still he longeth for his lost-love, Eve, and thinketh he got the raw end of the deal. Gradually he forced himself to forget his terrible plight. This he did mainly through his escapades with all the fairer sex which happened in his range.

Then one day Algernon, while piloting a P-40, forgot to lower the flaps on a landing. Enough said. Eve was still alone and unhappy while Oscar was still having a wonderful time playing with all the girls.

Moral: It is better to have loafed and lost than never to have loafed at all.

—AND THEN I MADE A NICE LOW, FLAT, TURN.

POP TO!
WHERE'S YOUR TENNIS RACKET MISTER? - GOT ANY GOLF CLUBS?
STAND AT ATTENTION! — PULL THAT CHIN IN!
JUST WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU GONNA DO WITH ALL YOUR SPARE TIME MISTER?
TURNER
WELCOME?

THE SAGA OF DAN M'LEAN

You may talk of flying kings,
Bishop, Brown and all them things;
Before the hand of time forgets to blot it;
But when the fight gets busy,
Then you'll take a guy that's dizzy—
Like our good ole grinnin' windbag—Dan McLean.

Now in Hemet's sunny clime,
Where we spend our time:
With the toughest flying club you've ever seen,
Of all the screwy crew, the screwiest that we knew
Was our order-shoutin' adjutant—Dan McLean.

It was Lean, Lean, Lean—
You short-haired, noisy, fog-horn, Dan McLean:
Tho they put you up there each day steady,
You show up the next day ready—
Do you think you're every cog in this machine?

Oh! the uniforms he'd wear, he would scarcely know or care:
It could be the house of David if you choose—
For the only thing he knew,
As he fogged his snap rolls through
Was the voice of his instructor saying "Would never do."

And when he'd sit all day somewheres,
In them cabin loungin' chairs;
While the rain was washing out our flying game,
You could always hear him gabbin',
Crabbin' cause he couldn't fly a Stearman to save his name.

Oh! we shan't forget the time,
When we were all on the line,
With pink slips where "Passers" should have been;
When things were at their worst,
The face that we spied first,
Was our good ol' grinnin' windbag—Dan McLean.

So we'll see him later on,
When we have all washed and gone;
Where it's double flyin' daily at one-fifteen:
He'll be right there at the stick,
Pullin' up and roarin' quick
And we'll pass that test in hell from Dan McLean!

McLean, McLean, McLean—
You short-haired, noisy, fog-horn, Dan McLean;
Tho we've liked you and we've griped you,
By the livin' God that made you—
You're a better man than we'll be—Dan McLean.

By Kemmerer, French,
Corbin, Szold, 42-D

STUDENT TYPES . . .

A flying cadet is a species of homo sapiness in a class by himself. However, when viewed from the tired eyes of almost any instructor, he can be segregated into several categories, some of which are as follows:

The Excitable Student: Comes late to flying period every day—dashes madly out to waiting ship and puts foot through wing while climbing in. Forgets to set brakes while checking mags, causing line mechanics to scatter. Ground loops while taxiing out to runway. Pushes wobble pump handle forward and wonders why plane won't take off. Is violently startled when given a forced landing—trembles as though he had palsy and ends up down wind toward only tree in fifteen miles. Nods head vigorously when spoken to. Jerks stick hastily if he sees another plane within two miles. Taxies into gas truck when returning to line—jumps from cockpit with gossport still attached and dangles by the ears—counts to three and pulls rip cord . . . .

Mother's Boy: Shows up on the line with rosy cheeks, fresh-scrubbed ears, shoes untied and helmet on backwards—goggles are generally upside down and strap twisted—ten minutes per day is lost in getting him dressed again. Always responds with a quick "yes, please" when spoken to, followed with a demure curtsy. Must be led by the hand to ship to keep him from wandering into propellers. Must be helped into cockpit and have safety-belt adjusted and tucked in by line mechanic. Must be told to release the parking brake and put goggles down. Pouts if spoken to harshly, and hides out of sight of mirror to sulk the remainder of the period. Initiative and aggressiveness comparable to that of a WPA workman. Thinks flight instructors are mean, nasty men, and wishes mother were here to tell them so.

Exhibitionist: Has a voice like a fog horn, and begins every sentence with "Boy!! Was I hot today . . ." Favorite occupation when not flying is to swagger back and forth between hangars and "ad" building in full flying regalia (including trailing scarf) to impress gaping civilians with his aeronautical prowess. Loves to spend ten minutes checking mags at full throttle. Condescends to wave to everyone when taxiing out to runway, and holds up traffic while parked cars admire his airplane. Enjoys being cut out on approach because it gives him a chance to roar across the field at full throttle. Is hasty to criticize anyone's flying and sneers at all dodos. Very seldom dies of natural causes and never lives to enjoy old age.

The Alibi Artist: I didn't know there was a cross wind—the sock wasn't working; it wasn't my fault—the guy in front of me made his base leg too wide; I couldn't hear you—the gossport wasn't working; the altimeter must have been wrong; I thought you said lazy eights, not pylon eights; the rudder must have been sticking—I pushed hard with both feet and nothing happened; Sir, wasn't the air rough today??? Oh, I thought the yellow flag meant to land; Sure, I saw the air-liner, but I had the right of way; But Sir, I thought you meant three hours all at one time. . . . Who, Me???

GRADUA

CLA

HONO

Miss Roc

Miss J

ON DAY

2-B

UESTS:

Hudson

arker

POET'S NOOK

THE DODO'S LAMENT

Here's to all the dodos
A very raunchy crew.
We resemble pouter pigeons,
It's caused from popping to.

We get up at dawn each morning,
And polish up our rig.
We spread our wings to formation,
When late, it's "Mister, report a gig."

We fall in at attention,
Our eyes upon a point,
We stand so long with our chins back,
We ache in every joint.

Then it's "Open ranks—March," for inspection,
And the sergeant starts down the line.
Gigs for raunchy shaves and haircuts,
Gigs if your shoes don't shine.

Gigs if your nails are dirty,
Gigs for raunchy brass.
Gigs if your buttons aren't buttoned,
It's nearly impossible to pass.

We eat our meals in shift,
We square our turns by habit.
We face into the wind at "Red light,"
We play the "Ittle gway wabbit."

We "Sound Off," we play "Choo-choo train,"
We "Rat race," we "Fly in the rain."
We go to bed, all aches and pain,
And next morning we start over again.

A/C Dehler, C. E.

NOTES FROM AN AIRSICK DODO

Since entering this flying game,
I really haven't been the same.
I eat, I fly, I regurgetate.
To suffer seems to be my fate.

Now what in the heck am I to do?
Lucky charms and diet too,
I've tried them all to no avail.
But suppose I try to end this tale!

One more verse to try my skills,
From Captain Dart, I got some pills.
With me the darn things didn't rate.
I eat, I fly, still regurgetate.

A/C Bunting, H. F., 42-D

PINK SLIPS

Into a plane to take a ride
With an instructor at my side.
This is the way to get your pink slip—
Just do something wrong in that darn ship!

Up into the air where skies are blue,
You soar and soar—your instructor too.
You think you've improved a little bit,
But soon you come back with a pink slip!

At times you sit and wonder why
You ever got the urge to fly.
It's not nice to be an agitator
But who the h—— wants to be a navigator!

And then soon you have passed your final check—
And in all it wasn't so bad, by heck.
But now your orders seal your fate
Because you must report to RANDOLPH in the Lone Star State! !

By A/C Rath, L. J.

SONS OF ALLAH

For ages it was a man's world
Then for a time it belonged to the girl
Lo and behold! here's why it came to pass
They were only preparing for our upperclass.

For centuries the Pharoahs tried hard
Then holy knights—long sung by the bard
Were followed by kings—all made a pass
At building a world for our upperclass.

Democracy worked hard for a hundred and a half,
And smoothed the edges for this great class.
A fine job was done all dodos agree
They've perfected a world for 42-C.

A/C Hallford, John A.

ARMY LIFE

I left my home, bid my friends goodbye;
I came to Ryan to learn to fly.

I traveled fast with anxious heart;
In order to get an early start.

I arrived on time and approached the gate;
The guard said, "Come in son, don't be late."

I entered the office of the O.D.;
From his remarks it was plain to see

That the life at Ryan would be a hot old time
With reveille at five and taps at nine.

For nearly a week it was march and drill:
To last a life-time—I've had my fill.

Every morning we are personally inspected;
"Gigs" for raunchy brass if it's detected.

When I enlisted little did I know;
That the life of one man could be changed so.

Do I wish to be a civilian again—Why Hell No!

By Hawley, D. C., 42-D

CALIFORNIA WEATHER

Back home in Michigan they said,
The weather here was swell.
And this all over I have read,
So here I came to dwell.

The first day, all that I could see,
Was blowing dust and sand.
The second was the same to me,
With wind in the upper hand.

But then the sun came out in full,
And everything was fine—
The clouds up high looked just like wool
To dodo's eyes like mine.

For five whole days this weather stayed
And I began to think,
That when the climate here was made,
All others were extinct.

However good, it couldn't last—
This sky of royal blue.
And so a heavy rain came past
Which natives called a dew.

To this I think that I'd prefer
The summer days at home.
For there the elements confer
Before they start to roam.

By A/C Carter, O. B.

FROM DODOS TO MEN

The day of the dodo is one of delight
When he is along the line of flight—
But as he follows the course of the day
Things begin to come the other way.

Red light, green light, flying in the rain!
At times you wonder why you ever came.
Look up at mess, "Pop-to, From there! !"
Smile—wipe it off including your hair.

In the last analysis here is a thought
That cannot be borrowed, traded nor bought:
For loyalty, men, nothing will suffice;
Our freedom must be kept—whatever the price!

A/C Staebell, E. F.

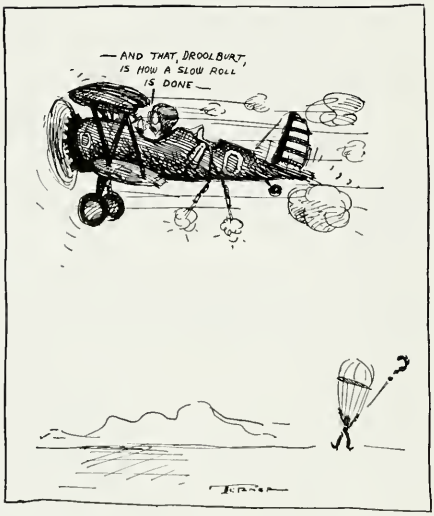
A STUDY IN SOLO

It's not the whir of the engine;
It's not the force of the air—
It's just the pressure inside me
Keeps pressing me down from up there.

And after I've landed again,
My confidence soars to new heights.
I swear to myself again and again,
That tomorrow I'll conquer the flight.

For days I've been afraid of the flight line;
I've trembled at the sight of a ship;
But today I'm carefree and happy—
My solo ride was grand—not even one slip!

A/C Minton, G. A. 42-D



SING A SONG OF DODOS

Sing a song of dodos
Pocketful of scorn
For raunchy upperclassmen
Orders full of corn.

When the post is open,
And "C" class starts its leave,
Isn't that a luscious dish
On up 'till Sunday eve.

The boys are in the city,
Spending all their money,
The dodos in their cabins,
Are writing to their honey.

The maids are in the village,
Dating up each boy,
But even with confinement,
The dodo's heart knows joy.

Sunday eve is over,
And dodos look forlorn,
At raunchy upperclassmen,
Orders full of corn.

A/C Williams, C. T. Jr., 42-D

LIVE AND LEARN

It wasn't so very rash,
When starting flying school,
To shave off a mustache,
And get a haircut, cool,
To eat at attention,
With eyes upon a plate,
And do a little "pop-to."
That wasn't hard to take—
But one thing that surprised me,
I never knew before,
But someone has informed me:
That the South won the War!

A/C Groendyke, M. R.

Definition of a true musician: When a man hears a beautiful woman singing in the bath-tub and puts his ear to the keyhole.

CAPTAIN FORD, LT. EDWARDS, AND LT. DAVID ENGAGE IN A BIT OF FORMATION FLYING —

THE LOVE OF LOVES

There's the wonderful love of a beautiful maid,
And that of a staunch true man.
There is the love of a baby that's unafraid;
All existing since life began.
But the most wonderful love of loves,
Even greater than that of a mother,
Is the infinite, passionate, tender love
Of one dead drunk for another.

A/C Carmichael, D. L., 42-D

A DODO'S IMPRESSIONS ON HIS FIRST FLIGHT

IT'S A FUNNY FEELING, mister. In the first place, there are so many things to think about and look at that one isn't sure just what he is looking at by the time the instructor has taxied the ship out to the lane to take off. "Look at the rudder bar, look at the stick, remember not to take the ship in a straight line, watch for planes taking off and glance at the planes coming in." By the time the instructor had the plane headed into lane No. 6 I wasn't right sure where I was. I kept waiting and feeling for the stick to go far enough forward to raise the tail and in the meantime I forgot about the throttle altogether. By the time I expected the tail to come up I looked down and the plane was about 25 feet off the ground.

After we got into the air it wasn't so bad for a while. All we did was climb steadily to about 1100 feet. Then my instructor began to show me how to use the stick and rudder. He'd pull the nose up and my stomach (it wasn't feeling very good, anyway) would come down. Then the nose would drop and I remember swallowing twice the first time to keep everything in place.

There was one thing about it, when I was told to take the controls for a minute each movement was slow and steady because I didn't want any more jerks than possible.

Finally the instructor began to talk about going back to the field. Well, which way was it? It ought to be right over there but it wasn't. There were only patches of oats and a few red cattle in a pasture there. Huh, maybe it's to my right. Only mountains there. Finally I looked up ahead and saw it right where it should have been anway. We were headed back toward it. No, I wasn't lost, I just wasn't right sure where I was, that's all.

"Once around it to the left at 1000 feet, then cut the motor." Are we going to try to glide in from here? Down to 600 feet and still miles from the T. That was all right. The instructor picked up the motor at 500

Continued on Page 27

"Quote"

By ANDREW, R. O.

"Murph" Murphy—"We sure is cookin' with gas now."

"Raunchy" Miller—"I am tired of trying to be romantic. All I want is a small farm and a few sheep."

"Bessie" Beseda—"Stand up fool and entertain us."

"Yap-yap" Apperson—"Mah family is definitely Army."

"Sadie" Akins—"Any of you all knows we is wastin' time when we could be at the Monterey Bar in Riverside."

"Rusty" Turner—"What I need is a good old fashioned love affair."

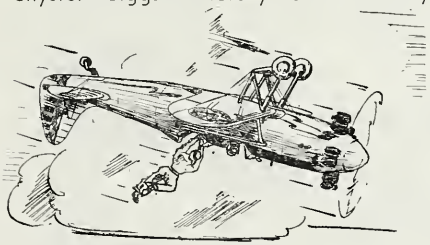
"Andy" Andrew—"Dodo, report a gig—report two gigs!"

"Rudolph Valentino" Waltner — "Anyone want a ride to Los Angeles for $2.50 EACH?"

"Broad-beam" McNutt—"My shoulders are broad from playing a violin with the Dallas Symphonic Orchestra."

"Romeo" Davison—"My gal isn't old. She is only forty."

"Shyster" Biggs—"Morally and ethically this is not according to the letter of the law."



RELAX!!

Dodo "Kid" Fink—"I am 123 pounds of dynamite and walking hell, sir."

"Big Shot" McLean—"Some people say I'm a loud-mouth, but I really ain't."

"Slick" Horton—"Now you take my gal back in Texas——"

"Red" Redman—"Suh—What makes the propeller turn?"

"Raunchy" Self—"Who's got the raunchy dodo medal?"

"Arky" Moore—"Shure would like to be back in Little Rock tonite."

"Stripes" Chandler—"@!?*%$, I'm the only military man in my Company."

"Cookies" Flusche—"Talk about monotony—one day I get sick and the next day I get a check ride."

"Lanky" Coats—"Sir, do you cut the gas or ignition on forced landings?"

"Muff" Mauck—"The difference between flying and teaching school is certainly amazing."

Jack Wilburn—"Mr. Miller, run around all five hangars eight times with your parachute on, on the double, on the double!"

AT THE POST"

Yep, It's a Great Life, Mom . . .

October 3, 1941

Hemet Country Club

Dear Mom:

Well, here I am in California at last. When I jumped off the streamliner that took us from San Bernardino to Hemet, some fellow with a uniform on runs up to me and says real loud: "POP-TO, MISTER!!" So I says no sir, I came all by myself as my pop couldn't get off from work. I musta said something wrong because he pulled a lot of hair out of his head. But honestly, Mom, they did give me a swell welcome—it certainly was nice and considerate of you to write Lt. Howell that I was coming—I think he made all the welcome arrangements.

A whole bunch of the fellows were around then and all of them were so anxious to show me what to do and just how to do it. They kept looking at the new golf clubs and tennis racket you gave me just before I left and then they would look at me and raise their eyebrows. I think they were giving me the buddy-buddy act so they could borrow them sometime, but of course I won't be able to loan them as I will be using them most of the time myself.

The fellows went to considerable trouble directing me around the place—from the O.D. office to Army Headquarters and then to my cabin. I told them I could find my way but they insisted on walking with me all the way—seemed to enjoy it, too, giving me instructions and tips on everthing. A Mr. Murphy and a Mr. McLean even invited me to tea in their cabin immediately after dinner. Guess I'll be expected to wear my new tux.

Mom, you know how we wondered if the R.A.F. men were training somewhere out here? Well, I haven't seen any yet but a lot of the Texas Air Corps is here. Guess they're building up their defenses too. I heard one chap say that there is no question but what Texas will throw in with the United States in case we are invaded. I guess they'll have to teach them to speak English so we won't be getting our orders mixed up.

They have a lot of funny customs out here, mom. Instead of saying "Hello" or "Hya, pal," they greet you with "Pop-to, Dodo". The "Dodo" part is because we fly, I think. A dodo is a bird, something like a cross between an eagle and a sea-gull. The cadet's manner of eating is very interesting as each one has his own idea of table etiquette. Some of them eat with their chairs turned around and some don't use any chairs at all. Some of them eat with the backs of their spoon and I've even seen some of them eating under the table.

Guess I'd better stop, Mom, as one of the fellows wants me to hunt some rats with him. He says they have a lot of trouble with them here as they crawl right into your bed and you have to chase them out before you can get any sleep. He also promised to teach me to fly in the rain if I did a good job on the rats. He sure is a swell fellow, looking after me like that. Gbye, Mom.

Your aviator son,

RAUNCHY, JR.

P.S. Please send me a pair of skis and my long tail tux—I'll be needing them real soon.

By A/C Toms, B.M., 42-D

IMPRESSIONS

Another stage. Boy! I'm going to show them a swell one today. Maybe I can join the "B Club." I wonder what's the best way of getting that mercurochrome off. Hope they don't . . . .

Gee! I better get going here. Wonder what those instructors thought I was waiting for. Oh, well; I'm on my toes now. Glad I'm not nervous. Better put my flaps up. Oh, oh .. . they're already up. That's right, I just took off. Gotta make a good pattern. Wish that guy up ahead would step on it. What's wrong here? 2200 rpm! It might help if I would pull the throttle back.

Let's see now . . . everything's going OK. Right altitude? Yep. Right rpm? yep. Should be straight in line with those roads, though. Ah, that's better. . . . I see they haven't changed the Tee. Wonder if the wind has shifted.

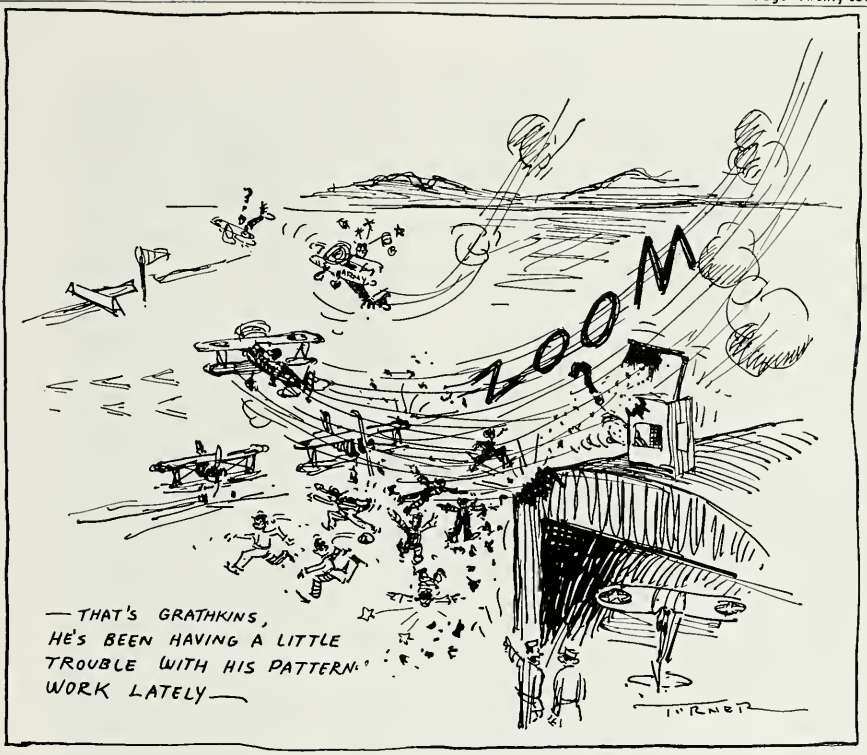
Well, it's about time to cut the gun . . . no . . . yep, there. Boy, this is going to be good. Make my first turn around that cow, then base leg right toward that woodpile. Looks a little high from here. Better slow down this glide. Whoops, steady there. Must be too slow now . . . the wings are shaking. Gee! watch her settle. I'm drifting, too. Darn it, I'm going to be short. Glide, baby—GLIDE . . . don't let me down now. Hold her off . . . hold her OFF!! . . . oh, oh, whee! landing! Bet my instructor is cussing. Well, I'll show him a good one next time. These other guys can do it--so can I, by gum!

How's my pattern? Left wing's low. Wonder who that is ahead of me? Must be a 20, he's 200 feet too high . . . or am I too low?

Let's see now, cut the gun, around this cow, inside the woodpile this time—gotta overshoot just a little. Here she goes. Pretty close. Get that stick clear back this time. Bring her in. OOoph, gosh, what a bounce! Stalled her in. Come on, snap out of it kid. You can do better than that. Gotta do better than that. . . . Gotta get to Randolph! Gee, won't that be great! I'd like to be in a BT-9 right now.

Where in the heck is that guy going? Maybe he's out of traffic. They wouldn't have the pattern clear over Perris. No. guess I better turn. Hope I'm right. Would hate to cut anybody out. Now, where's my cow? There she is. Good old BOSSY. Same approach as last time. . . . That was pretty close. Better landing though . . . I hope. Gosh, this looks a little high. Wonder if I could . . . oh, my GOLLY! where did that plane come from? Darn that guy ,cutting right in front of me. Somebody's always got to spoil things, just when I'm heading for a B. Now I'll land too close to him. Gee, I hope nobody's looking. . . I mean, I wish nobody was looking.

Oh, oh, I haven't been watching for the red flag. Stage must be about over too. Hope they didn't flag me last time. Don't see any ships stopped yet so I guess I'm all right. Boy, what a landing I'm going to show them this time. Split the line right in two.



HERE IS TO RYAN

Here's to the primary King
Whose praises we eternally sing
Where fellowship is at its peak
And great and small are mild and meek;
Where the Gods of the elements
Look down and smile
And make your life here a pleasant while
The dodo's live through their pregnant days
Then they are upperclassmen with dodos to haze.
You learn millions of things that you never knew:
The customs, the flying, the gigs, and the stew.
So here is to Ryan, upperclassmen and all
Long live the dodoes, keep your nose up, don't stall.

A DODO'S IMPRESSIONS ON HIS FIRST FLIGHT

Continued from Page 22

feet, and was in the pattern to land.

I started to yell "there's a plane taxiing right into our path." But that wouldn't help anyway because he couldn't hear me. By the time we got near the landing field, there was much more room than there seemed to be and the planes were a couple of hundred feet from where we were already landing. The landing wasn't as bad as I expected because I didn't do anything. Instead of following the controls as I had been instructed to do I just sat with my mouth open waiting for whatever might happen. Nothing happened except the instructor made a very smooth landing without very much help from me.

INNER THOUGHTS OF A DODO

BRING—BRING—BRING! There goes that d - - - 'larm clock—gosh, I'm sleepy—wish those u.c.m. would let a fella sleep 'stead of rat racin'.—Wonder if I've time for forty winks before first call—hum-m-n-sn— — . Ta-Ta-Te-Da-Ta. What's that—gosh, first call and no shave or clean brass—outa my way, fellas—woops revielle and me with my face fulla lather—hope they don't see me—that's over—now for a rest. Ye Gods! me, room orderly—what a raunchy room—let's see, toilet clean, shower dry, hangers spaced, shoes shined, beds made—I sure hope it passes inspection—Breakfast call—maybe I can get by the u.c.m.'s—On the double—am I tired or am I tired—spread my wings and sound my motor—anyhoo, I should have an appetite. Com'knee tenshun! Right dress—hey! quit jabbing your elbow in my ribs—inspection huh — hope my brass is clean — here he comes—eyes on a point—chest out—whatya mean dirty, oh H - - - one gig—for what? Hope I get a good table—those Texans are nuts—just my luck, four Texans — what a life—sound off, general orders,—when ya gonna let a fella eat anyhow?—that's over—guess I'd better get out and march. Is that sun blazin'—is it blazin! Bet I sweat gallons today. Com'knee, ten-shun, parade rest, tenshun, close intervals, dress right, dress, left face, forward march, to the right flank march, to the rear march,—whatya mean dress it up—thought they said this climate was cool—sure feels hot to me. Sure wish I had a drink—oboy, oboy, I'm comin'—march-march-march,—my dogs are sure yellin' for help. Dinner call and am I hungry—that sure tasted swell—D - - - more marchin'—guess they never get tired—I'm so tired now I can't feel it—my poor dogs—oh, mess call again—didn't eat very much but I did get some rest. Wonder if I can make the cabin before the u.c.m.'s catch me.—Rack it back, oh, H - - - now I'll get it—gosh he let me go—four hours till taps—sure hope I get some rest tonite—Boy listen to those dodoes catch it—sure glad I'm not there—must be my lucky nite—this sure is a dog's life—God help the next batch of dodoes if I'm still here.

And so with stealth steps night stole into the room on the notes of a snoring dodo who had spent one more day becoming an aviation cadet.

THE DRAFTEE'S LAMENT

I used to work in the oil field
For a company by the name of Sun.
I worked like hell for my money
And on pay day I had my fun.

I had hopes of becoming important
And someday replacing my Boss;
But as it usually happens to labor,
I was given the double cross.

The draft board gave me a number
And it made me plenty sore.
I had always dreamed of flying,
So I joined the Army Air Corps.

Well they sent me to a place called Hemet
But don't you believe them, Bub,
When they tell you a pretty story
About this being a Country Club.

Out here they call me a dodo,
So I guess that's what I am;
But I have hopes of becoming an officer
And a pilot for Uncle Sam.

A C Beckham, V. W., 42-B.

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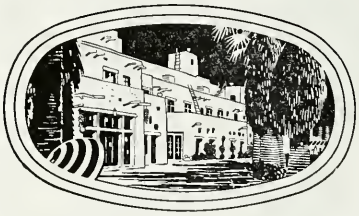

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Hemet, California
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THE EDITOR SPEAKS

Editing a magazine is always confusing. One gets all mixed up and finds it difficult at times in knowing which way to turn.

The Army office knew this from previous experience, so they picked me to edit this issue. They picked me because they knew right after my first check ride that I was confused and didn't know what way to turn.

This is strictly a humorous issue. I am telling you this so that you may grasp the idea quicker as you thumb through the pages. Cartoons are relatively few on purpose, but slightly better than in past issues. The first good cartoon is placed directly below. It shows a person, obviously a moron, disguised as a Cadet.

The issue is blessed with the good art work of dodos Hutton, J. W., Brooks, W. H., and others. It is cursed with the drivel of the editor, and saved financially by the advertisements. It is urged that you buy extra copies and send to your friends—friends that you don't like.

THE EDITOR

NO. 19003981—EDITOR

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Toms, B. M.

Varneau, G. O.

Wallace, A. L.

Westerfeld, M. E.

Whitten, L. G.

A LESSON IN STATISTICS

By A/C Williams, C. T., Jr.

THE TWO were seated in a booth eating a lobster. It was the lobster that attracted my attention to them at the very first. I was seated at the table next to them, and only the thin plywood partition separated their conversation from my ears, now alertly pointed.

At the beginning I heard only snatches of their conversation, and from what I gathered I became aware that they must indeed be men or aeronautical note. Being a student of aviation myself, and upon hearing various and familiar terms of the flying world floating over the wall, I soon began to be whole heartedly a part of the discussion.

It soon became obvious to me that each of the two thought himself to be a learned authority on the subject.

"You take aircraft oil, now," said one. "They put it in a device called . . . a . . . ah . . . oh, you know what I mean, and heat it up to . . . er . . . fairly high. If it pours at the rate of say . . . oh, so much a minute, then it is used."

"Yes," replied the other, "it's a marvelous piece of machinery, quite like the test for aviation gasoline, you know."

The first grunted knowingly.

"They take the highest . . . er . . . let me see . . . what is the term used? . . ."

"Percentage?"

"Yes. Percentage; that's it, or possibly a given alphabetical number of gasoline. At any rate, they put it in an engine, and if it makes the machine run, then it is acceptable."

Conway, J. J.

Williams, C. T. Jr.

Zimonick, R. E.

"Ah, yes," returned the first, "I have often seen the stuff running engines. But the most amazing thing, sir, is the carburetor. You undoubtedly understand the wonderful thing it does."

"Ingenious device, isn't it?"

"And the way the gasoline comes through the . . . er . . . a . . . that tube into the . . . hummmm . . . that little chamber, which controls the amount of fuel flowing out the . . . er . . . opening into the . . . oh, well, and on into the engine."

"Yes, yes," nodded the other, "but you can fly, of course—I mean you know about navigation and such?"

"Navigation? Of course! The art of determining where you are going by . . . a . . . er . . . navigating. Turning the compass and all that."

"Very simple. But acrobatics, sir, is my game. Say for instance, the loop, when you . . . ah . . . move the . . . er . : : proper things to complete the circle."

"And the slow roll," interjected the other.

"Ah, ha!"

"The way you apply . . . ummm . . ."

"The tail."

"Yes, of course."

(Chomp, chomp) Here the learned ones paused for a well earned bite of lobster. I had begun to suspect that their tales were in a likeness to their food. Two or three bites and a deep breath, then they were off again.

"This newest pursuit job they have—aren't they the things!"

"Quite so. I have a close friend who told me that they climb at the rate of . . . a . . . er, something dreadful, and have one of these . . . er . . . newfangled propellers."

"They're equipped with those . . . er . . . ummm . . . those pointed engines."

"Oh, no. Decidedly not. They're equipped with . . ."

At this point I had heard enough.

"They are equipped with dull ones—like you," I said and walked out into the fresh air.

They Say . . .

By A/C TOMS, B.M., 42-D

"Whyinell don't ya." . . . "Crunchy" Munschy.

"Is that clear." . . . F. D. R. Alexander.

"My chandelles are just too smooth for a Ryan." . . . H. P. Johnson.

"Listen, Meathead." . . . "Simon Legree" Johnson.

"There was a fella and a girl parkin' on a cliff." . . . Dodo Taylor.

"Here's the formula." . . . Mr. Butler.

"It's for DEfense." . . . Lorenzo, E.

"A bottle of Bud and a steak dinner," . . . "Pappy" Carroll.

"T. V. M. D. C." . . . Mr. Bristol. (Tch! Tch!)

"I **like** it here." . . . "Tijuana" Barr.

"Pawse in review." . . . Bingham, R. G.

"Ready, exercise." . . . Austin, J. K.

"Who's bald?" . . . Belcher, L. F.

"Readyfrontateasecorporalstaketheroll." . . . "Herbie" Bunting.

"Get drunk? Not me." . . . Corbin, H.

"I didn't see that they were running a stage there." . . . Mitzner, H. W.

"Want to bet a nickle on this game, too?" . . . Gamber, 15070317.

"You mean you think she was old?" . . . Philo French.

"Who, me? . . . oh, I got a "B" . . . Jack Grove.

"Report another gig, sir?" . . . Held, T. W.

"O.K., so what if she did have three other crash bracelets." . . . Kemmerer, R. G.

"I saw her . . ." . . . Kleinsteuber, H. E.

"Did I really come in that low, sir?" . . . "Raunchy" Miller.

"And then I found out that there wasn't any gas in the tank." . . . Wallace, A. L.

"Mr. Hendricks, I wonder if I could borrow your car?" . . . Szold, A. F.

"Pass the meat." . . . Stockton, R. W.

"South of the border." . . . Smith, C. W.

"Number three, men." . . . Nelson, L. J.

A LITTLE BIT

A little bit of introduction,
A little bit of explaining;
A little bit of instruction,
A little bit of aeroplaning.
A little bit of joking,
A little bit of slipping;
A little bit of coaxing,
A little bit of skidding.
A little bit of dual flight,
A little bit of solo;
A little bit of shaking fright,
A little bit of furlough.
A little ground loop now and then,
A little bit of acrobatics;
A little bit of engines, then,
A little bit of mathematics.
A little bit of Basic eyeing,
A little bit of seven-eleven;
A little bit of "Keep 'em Flying,"
Is a little bit short of heaven

A/C Jennings, T. B., 42-E

Idea—Glettler, B.

Sir: I wish to be transferred to the Colonel's Dept. I find I'm not able to entertain the Riverside girls on my salary.

Forced Landing

By A/C TOMS, B.M., 42-D

"A LITTLE MORE rudder there. Ease on the back pressure; don't let 'er dive. Start the roll-out — gotta get that wing tip through ol' San Jac. That's it. Man, am I hot! Wattaneight! Wattaneight! H.P.? Sizzling, 'at's me.—Now for the next one; bring 'er nose up slow—start the . . . Whatsamatter? Where's the motor? WHO TURNED OFF THAT MOTOR! SOMEBODY CUT THE . . . Oh, forced landing, huh? Remind me to tell you what a fine gosport voice you have sometime, Mr. Dinwiddie. Okay, don't shout! I heard you. I'll have her down to a normal glide in a minute. Now for a field; how's it on the right? Rocky as hell! Left? Same old . . . Yessir, I'll keep my glide even. I ought to set you down on those goddam rocks. Maybe it'd cure ya of pullin' this ol' stuff. If I don't find a field pretty soon I'll have to. Oh, oh; there's nice green one just over the hill—a regular airport! Wattabreak! Now to get . . . Nossir, I wasn't going to land in that orange grove. Damn! Okay, Mr. Dinwiddie, I'll take the next one. As brown as that is, it can't be an orchard. Now for that base leg . . . Wattinell are those things movin' around? A guy oughtta be shot for puttin' sheep out here! It's a serious hazard. What if it was a real forced landing? A bottleneck in defense, that's what it is. . . . Hope I can stretch this glide just a little farther. Maybe I can make the next one. Shouldn't allow power lines around, either . . . Okay, okay, I see 'em. You'd think as long as he's been flyin' he'd have better depth perception. I'll clear 'em by a good ten feet. . . . Quit jerkin' that stick! If you were a white man, you'd clear that motor again and give us a little push. . . . If my mother were here you wouldn't talk to me like that. . . . Wow! That field's little. Goddam garden patch!

Gonna overshoot. Better use flaps. FLAPS! FLAPS! Hope he heard me. . . . Boyoboy! Weregonna hit 'er okay. Hey, that ain't bad! From 3000 feet! Over mountains, too! That's really ridin' the beam. . . What's that? Smoke? Yeah, I see it. It's blowin' from. . . . Omigod, I'm landin' downwind! Who changed that wind? SOMEBODY'S BEEN FOOLIN' AROUND WITH THE WIND! SOMEBOD—Okay, so it was strictly Navy—ya don't have to rub it in, do ya? I'd a made it if there'd been a decent field. Pullin' forced landings in this country; what'd ya expect? Yeah, I'll head for the main airport. Wait'll I find the guy that changed that wind!"

CAPT. WALLACE S. FORD
"That's Strange, Gentlemen, I Won Again"

LT. JOHN C. EDWARDS
"Say, Who Took My Comb—Er Wash Rag?"

LT. GUNNAR J. SATHER
"I'll Be Late, Due To A Big Deal, Dear—Okay, Boys, Give Me Another Card."

LT. ALFRED S. HOWELL
"Biggest Liar Since '29"

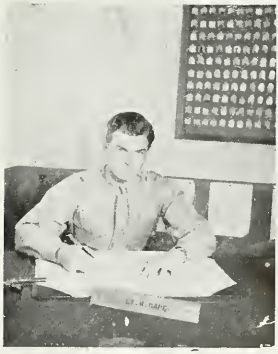
LT. ROBERT DAVID
"Bobbie, Kin I Go Out Tonight?"

CAPT. MERRILL O. DART
"What, He Ain't Dead Yet?"

LT. JOHN K. GRAHAM
At That "Hot" Stage

LT. MURRAY D. McCORMICK
The Only Man To Ever Cover Three States and a Foreign Country In A Trip From Palm Springs.

LT. D. D. CONARD
"And So I Took My Shoe Off"



LT. ROLF D. CAPE
"They Build Those Boundary Markers Too High."

FROM RANKS TO RICHES

or

A Tour About is Foul Play

By A/C CARL WILLIAMS, 42-D

I became an aviation cadet on October 1, 1941, and I'm almost through primary school now. In fact, my instructor said today that if I keep on flying like I have been lately, that I will be out of here in no time!

I was in the Cavalry before I became a flyer. That's where I got the idea of flying. I took short flights nearly every day from the back of a horse to the ground.

I'm an ambitious soldier, and in three months I worked my way through the ranks to be a sergeant. In fact, my Captain used to say I was the rankest man in the organization.

On my first airplane ride here at Ryan my instructor took me up for thirty minutes. I was all over the sky. Some of it got on the plane and he made me wipe it off with a bucket and sponge. The next day was better, and he didn't have to tell me to do it. I already knew where the bucket was!

He asked me if I ever had any previous time. I told him no, but that I had a brother who did two years at San Quentin. One day he said we would shoot landings, so I hurried over to my cabin and got my old Colt. We never did see any, though.

I'll never forget my first solo. I did three landings—the first two were honeys. We certainly are lucky to have so many available parts of airplanes to study in ground school.

When I first got to this school I astounded my fellow cadets with the large amounts of mail I got each day. Why, I got more mail in a day than my roommates got in a week! Then I paid my bills, and it dropped off to nothing.

Cadets used to drop in my cabin all the time. We would play poker, although it was against regulations. I won all of the time, except the night the mirrors clouded up when my roommate took a Turkish bath.

It sure is nice to have Hollywood so close. I go there nearly every week-end and hob-knob with the movie stars. Last week I was hob-knobbing with Betty Grable and Ann Sheridan. Then some guy bumped me and I dropped my binoculars and broke them.

We get lots of recreation at Ryan—basketball, baseball, volleyball, badminton, tennis, ping pong, and billiards. Badminton is my game, and I am pretty good at it. When I come around they are all afraid to play me. They just walk off and give me the bird! I used to box some, too. My technique was different. They carried me both ways!

One Saturday we all went for a ten mile hike just to remind ourselves of how glad we were to be in the Air Corps. Most of the cadets got pretty tired, but I came out fairly fresh. For a while I thought the Lieutenant saw me as I sneaked back into ranks when the boys marched back.

Well, a few days ago I took my final Army check ride. The Lieutenant who rode with me was quite a pilot. He did a slow roll by the numbers. Then I did a slow roll by the numbers. My numbers were rounded off!

He did a Chandelle, starting 50 feet off the ground and gained 200 feet. Then I did a Chandelle starting 50 feet off the ground. In the second plane we took up I did my lazy eights and pylon eights.

He gave me two forced landings. I hope we go to Randolph for Basic; I understand the ground is all flat around there! I did two snap rolls and came out on the point. The third one I did at 150 miles an hour. Those parachutes sure give a fellow a jolt when they open!

The Story of Three Dodos

By A/C JORDAN, E. G., 42-E

Once upon a time there were three Dodos. These Dodos were baby Dodos, because nobody has even seen a mama or a papa Dodo. So nobody knows where Dodos come from.

Some say that Dodos are made out of college students, which is logical since college students are easily convertable. Anyway nobody knows what happens to college students after they graduate.

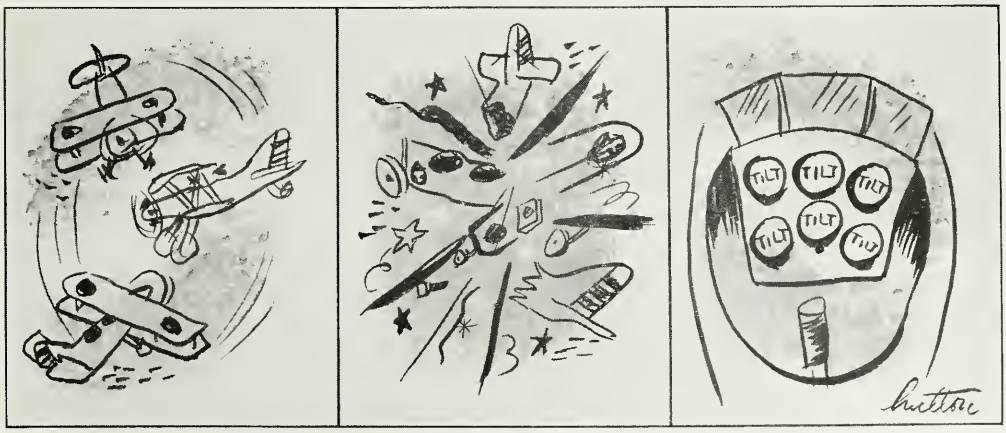
One day when the three Dodos were on the flight line, little Peroxidelocks wandered into their cabin. Peroxidelocks was a favorite of the fellows who had washed out, because she was washed out, too. But the fellows weren't washed out because they used peroxide.

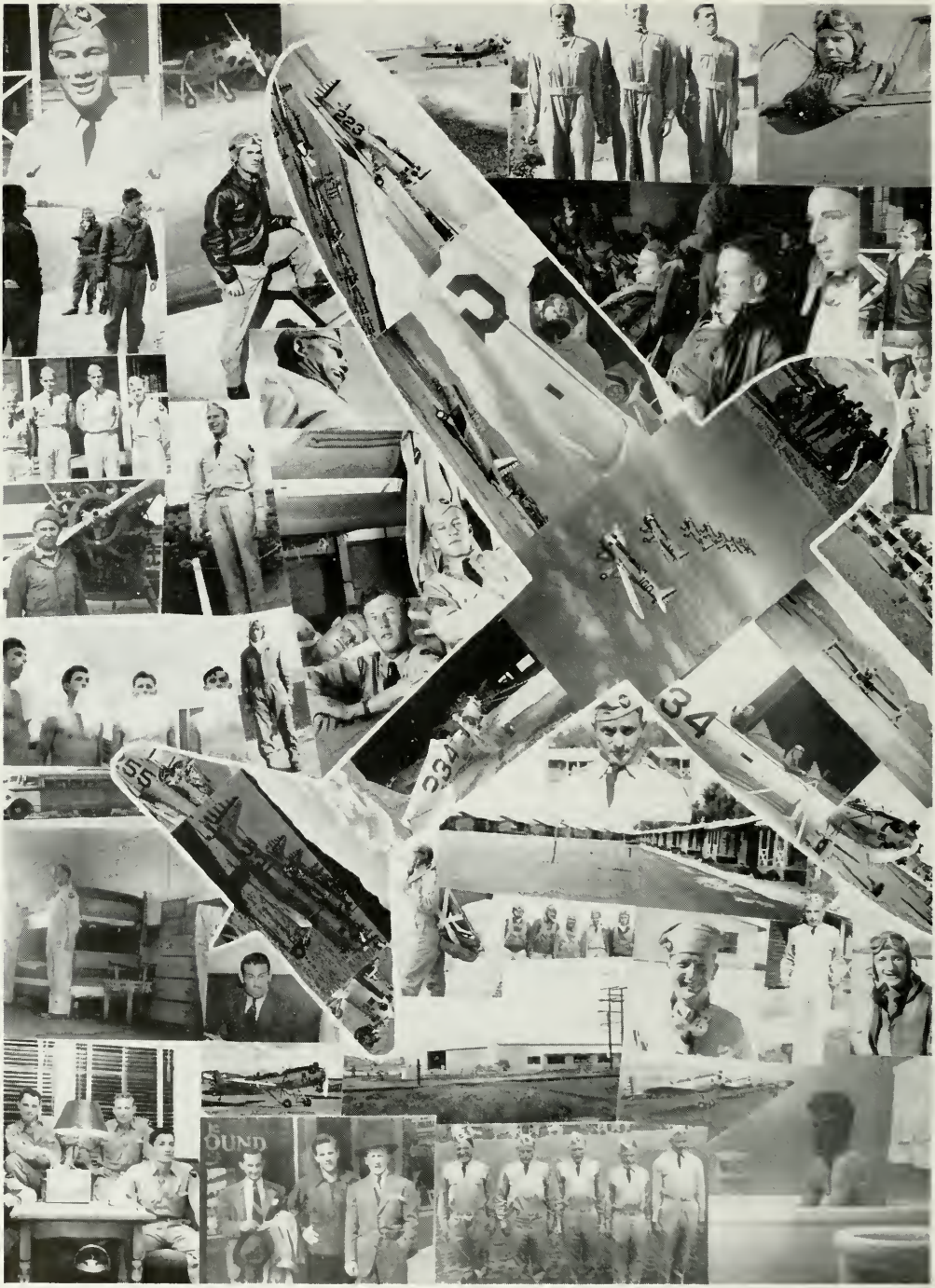
Well, anyway, little Peroxidelocks got lost when she was out picking dates. She couldn't decide between some fat, rich, juicy ones, or the regular run at Ryan.

She was very tired when she wandered into the three dodos' cabin, so she lay down on the bed. The bed, being made in a military manner and having the blankets drum tight, threw her to the bottom of the upper bunk and she was knocked cold. When the three Dodos came home from their formations and saw the messed up bed they presumed that someone had rat-raced in it, and so gave it no further thought.

The Dodos were tired so they crawled into the other three bunks and went to sleep. Little Peroxidelocks awoke before reville the next morning and ran all the way home, because she knew that wasn't her bed, and besides, she happened to remember her way home.

The original ending of this story was censored because nobody has even seen a mama Dodo or a papa Dodo. No one would have believed it anyway—of the Dodos.

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OUND

DRIFT

Once there were three bulls walking along a road. There was a big bull, a medium sized bull, and a little bull. They walked and they talked until they came to a pen. The big bull said, "This is where I stop," and he turned and went into the pen. The medium sized bull and the little bull walked and talked and talked and walked until they came to another pen. The midium sized bull said, "Well, this is where I stop," and he turned and went into the pen. The little bull walked and talked and walked and talked.

The moral of this story is that a little bull goes a long way!

Overheard about the area.

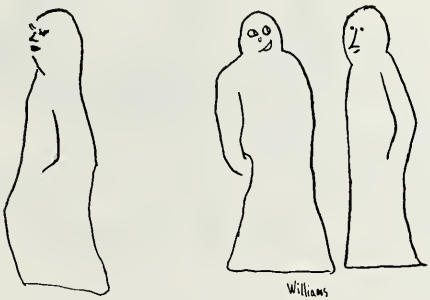
Dodo: "Let's just walk around and not salute anybody."

Have you ever danced on a two-bit dance floor with a nickle change?

"Hey, I've got an excuse from flight line to go get a haircut. Does anybody else want their mail?"

Pilot (to mechanic): "Say, are you sure this wing is safe since you repaired it?"

Mechanic (Uncertainly): "Well, I wouldn't bank on it!"



"I understand she's not on spooking terms."

Idea—Hutton, J. W.

Yes, Mr. Abercrombie, I believe you did stall it in a little high!

Three storks were talking together after their day's work was over. The two older storks were telling about all of the calls they had made that day. One of the older storks asked the younger stork what he had been doing.

"Oh," he said, "I've just been scaring h—— out of some college girls!"

Upperclassman: "Where are you going with that skunk?"

Dodo: "I'm going to put him in my cabin, sir."

U.C.: "What about the smell?"

Dodo: "Oh, he'll get used to it, sir."

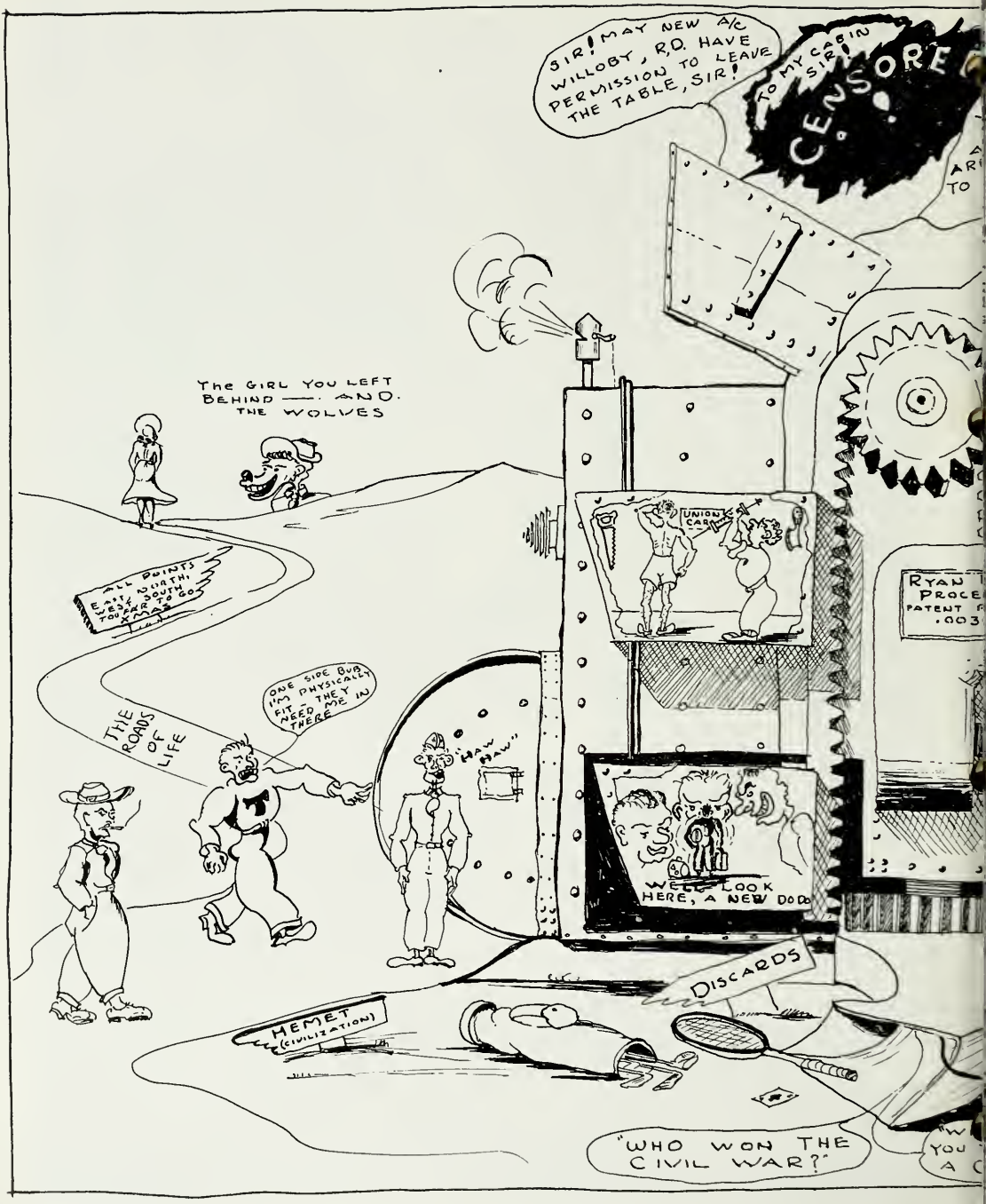
Aviation Cadet: "I could kiss you 'til the cows come home."

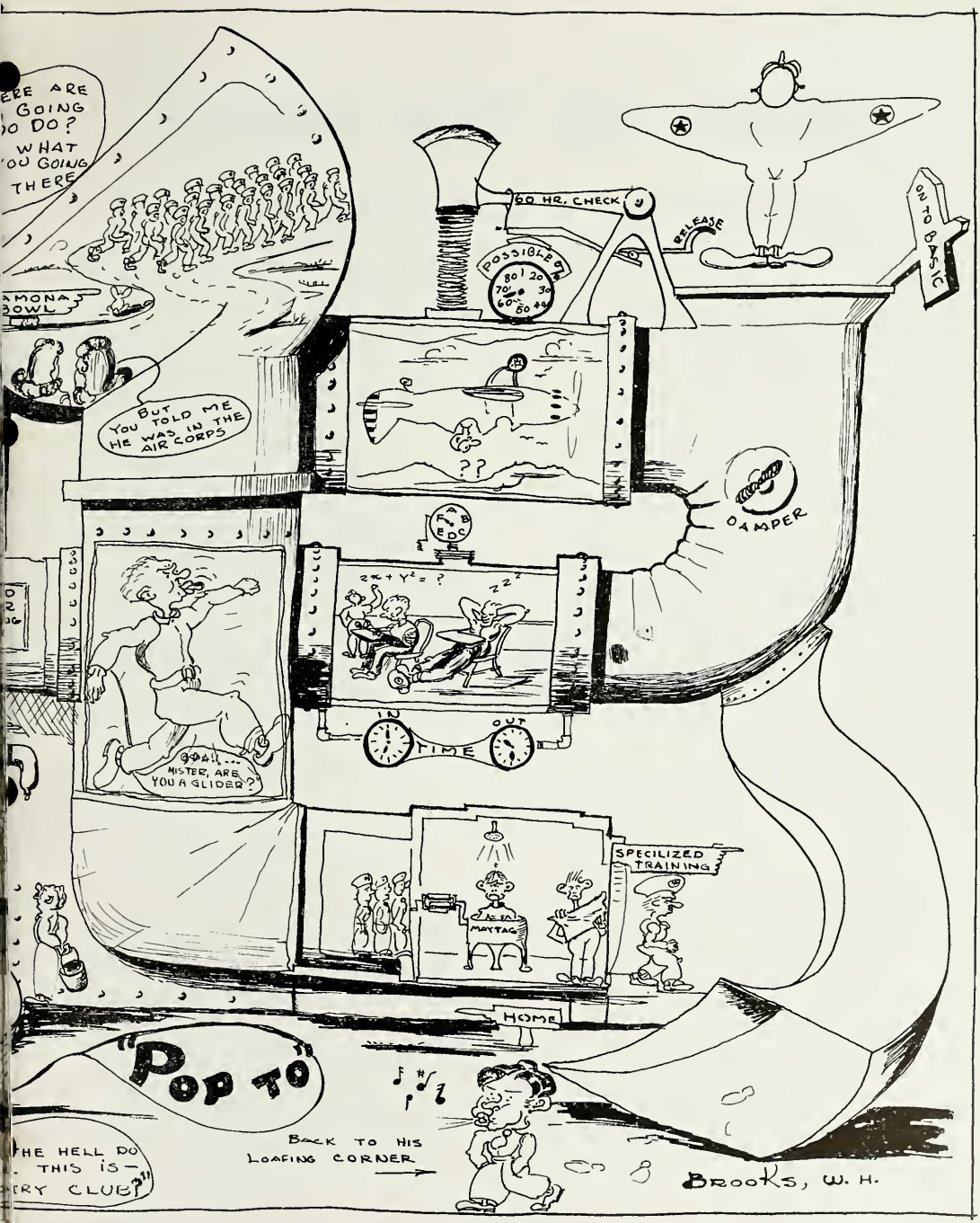
Hemet Belle: "Ridiculous, there aren't any cows within several miles of here."

A/C: "Well, you get the idea."

"You look awfully sick, mister."

"Sick? Why, I'd have to get better to die!"


SIR! MAY NEW A/C WILLOBY, R.O. HAVE PERMISSION TO LEAVE THE TABLE, SIR!
TO MY CABIN SIR!
CENSORED
The GIRL YOU LEFT BEHIND —— AND THE WOLVES
ALL POINTS EAST NORTH WEST SOUTH TOO FAR TO GO
XMAS
THE ROADS OF LIFE
ONE SIDE BUT I'M PHYSICALLY FIT THEY NEED ME IN THERE
"HAW HAW"
UNION CAR
WELL LOOK HERE, A NEW DOG
DISCARDS
HEMET (CIVILIZATION)
"WHO WON THE CIVIL WAR?"


ERE ARE
GOING
DO DO?
WHAT
OU GOING
THERE
AMONA
BOWL
BUT YOU TOLD ME HE WAS IN THE AIR CORPS
60 HR. CHECK
POSSIBLE
80 20
70 30
60 50 40
RELEASE
ON TO BASIC
??
DAMPER
A B
F E D C
2x + Y² = ?
ZZZ
IN
OUT
TIME
MISTER, ARE YOU A GLIDER?
SPECILIZED TRAINING
MAYTAG
HOME
"POP TO"
HE HELL DO
THIS IS—
TRY CLUB?"
BACK TO HIS LOAFING CORNER
BROOKS, W. H.

NEWS OF THE NEWS

NAZIS ACKNOWLEDGE HEAVY FIGHTING

—L. A. TIMES

Aw! Come on now.

SMALL BAG OF ICE CUBES BECOMES DADDY RABBIT

Even Tube of Cold Water Causes Conception, Declares Hahnemann College Medical Expert.—L. A. Times

My God, Mabel, turn off that ice box before this place becomes a hatchery.

A Scotch and soda, bartender, and easy on the rabbit!

HARVARD BEATS ARMY IRISH SINK NAVY BRITISH LOSE 27 PLANES

—L. A. HERALD-EXPRESS

Gee! Things really ARE in bad shape.

HUMAN SPIRIT REGENERATED THROUGH LOVE

—L. A. TIMES

Did you say REgenerated?

WIFE ACCUSES STUNT FLYER

Spouse Declares Cruelty

—L. A. TIMES

Lady, you ought to watch us fly if you think he's cruel!

WOMEN REPLACING MEN IN FACTORIES

Poll Shows Female Laborers Nearly Double of Last Year

—TUCSON DAILY STAR

Hummmm—I thought there was a wench in the machinery.

POLICEMEN AT INGLEWOOD WEEP AS TEAR GAS CARTRIDGE LEAKS

—L. A. EXAMINER

We're sorry, fellows, did you really care a lot for it.

1200 S. AFRICANS ARE LOST IN LYBIA BATTLE

—L. A. EXAMINER

"Be it ever so humble . . ."

LADY pleasing appearance wishes meet mining prospector or stock rancher 50-60, love outdoor life. Matrimny. Exchange photos. Not a club. Box A8689. Exam.

"Oh, Give Me a Home . . ."

MAN, 49, dairy worker, wishes to meet congenial lady. Box A2346. Exam.

"Hummmm! I wonder . . ."

CHIMNEY sweeping, $1.50. Furnaces, stoves repaired. Campbell. GL-7979.

"Soots me."

MAN, 57, like meet honest sincere L. A. lady, age 25-30, matrimonially inclined. Send snap. Box A3720 Exam.

"Save your dough, mister, it never works out."

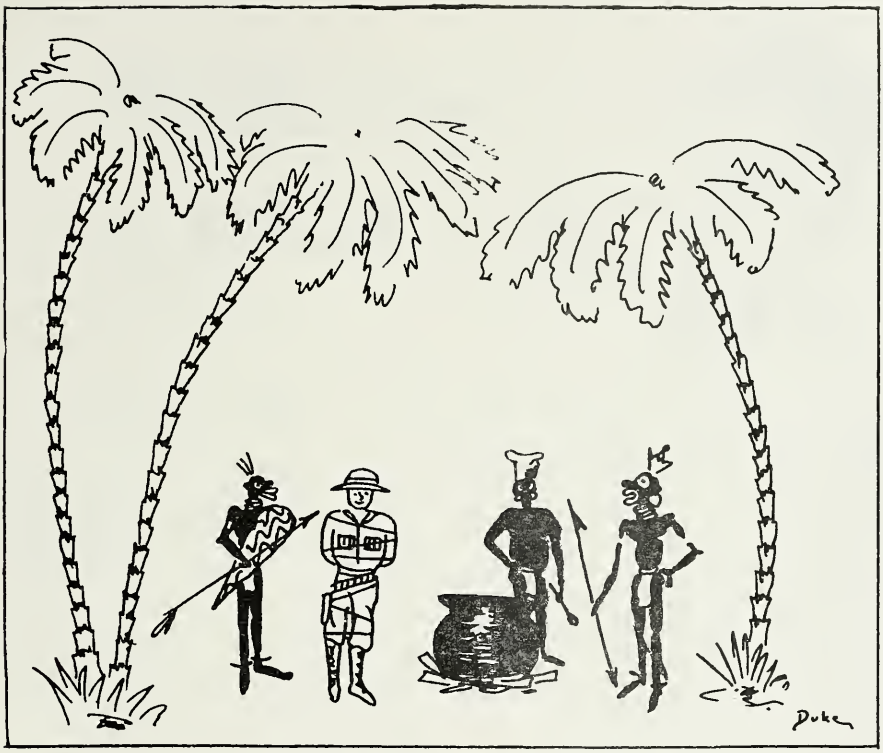
JEWISH Date Club will make things interesting for you. CH-53366.

"Could be!"

LADY ESCORTS CR-61119
EVERY GIRL A GLAMOUR GIRL
Miss Fontaine's Date Bureau.

"So that's what happened to those girls."

A/C Williams, C. T., Jr., 42-D



"And when you hear the missionary scream, it will be exactly 12:00 o'clock, noon.

A group of new, large, healthy men joined the army and were assigned to a certain company. They were all lined up in proper order and were introduced to their captain. It so happened that the captain was small in stature. When he gave his first command one of the big fellows made the following statement in a deep, loud voice: "And a little child shall lead them." When the captain heard this he asked for the guilty person to step out. No one stepped out, so he dismissed the company.

The next day an order appeared for this company to prepare for a twenty-five mile march. Underneath this order the following was written: "And a little child shall lead them—but on a damned big horse!"

●———————

And then there was the cadet who left a certain town on a dark night for a cross country trip. After three hours of flight he landed and hailed the port attendant.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"Abilene," was the reply.

"Hell," the cadet answered, "I left here three hours ago!"

POET'S NOOK

JUST A DODO'S CONCEPTION

"What mister! you didn't bring your skis?"
The first words I heard, yep, they were these,
"What are you gonna do in your spare time, mister?"
On his face was a smile but his words were sinister.
"Pop to!" may not be a phrase legendary
But from its usage here it should be in the dictionary.
To say any more I haven't the heart,
But I soon found out this was only the start.

If you join the air corps 'cause it's a bit "drafty,"
This only proves that you ain't so crafty;
An upperclassman's acquaintance isn't any joy,
He makes a top sargeant look like a momma's boy;
At a seashore resort time may flee,
But five weeks at Hemet is an eternity;
The time for it to happen is too darn far,
But if you ever get it Mister, you earn that bar.

By A/C Berry, J.S., 42-E

HERE'S TO WALLACE

I took a plane up in the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
My flying's perfect, but alas! —
I failed to check up on my gas.

A/C Baldwin, J. B., 42-E

A DAY AT RYAN

A day at Ryan begins early in the morn
With the sound of a lil' old horn.
It's sound would be awfully sweet,
If it just didn't disturb my sleep.

After I shave and wash my face,
I pretend to put everything in place;
For I know that the morning inspection
Carries "gigs" for its proper correction.

At meals when I ask for food,
I hope my superiors are in a happy mood;
For if they were not such *good* men,
I would have to "Pop-to" again.

Here, I have come to realize
That everything isn't run by size;
For I have seen some little pigs
Give to large ones a bunch of "gigs."

Marching is one thing I like
For it is nothing but an all day hike;
But after four times of "Passing in Review,"
I find that that's only the preview.

At night, I set a terrible pace
Making up beds for a good "Rat Race."
To home would I like to go?
Why the answer is—HELL NO.

A/C Mack E. Laxson, 42-E

DO I WORRY?

Do I worry if my flying stinks?
Do I worry about what my instructor thinks?
Tho my turns aren't clean, do you think it matters to me?
Do you think I'm in a stew because I can't make a "C"?
Do I worry when I take off alone,
When my instructor has already quit and gone home?
And when I start to land, and I grab with both hands at the stick,
Do I worry?—No, my doggone head's too thick.

A/C Dean, J. A., 42-E

TO RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS

A dodo, an upperclassman, a cadet at Ryan,
A Mister, a "pop-to"—sayings divine;
Did you bring any golf clubs, skiis, or racket?
What the hell you got there in that little packet?

Sit at attention—arms off the table—
Eyes on a point—that is if you're able—
You'll cuss upper-classmen from night until morn,
When you fall out of bed at the sound of the horn.

A Dodo, an upper-classman, a student at Ryan,
Well, Mister, what do you do with all your time?
I tried and I tried to be an "H.P."
But they say that I failed to land with the "T."

So here's to future dodos, who want to ascend—
Just bring all your money—see what you spend!
But take my advice and be on the ball—
And whatever you do, don't stay in a stall!

You'll like it, you'll love it, all the damn time,
A dodo, an upperclassman, a student at Ryan.

A/S Hicks, F. E., 42-E

THE DODO

You come out to Ryan all full of cheer,
You enter the gate, so glad that you're here,
You step from the car and stand there aghast,
When you see that you're met by the whole upper class.

It's "Pop to," mister at every word,
And they tell you about the Dodo bird;
You stand at attention till you're filled with pain,
Then you go home and "fly in the rain."

They give you some lowerclass customs to learn,
And remind you of them at every turn;
They expect you to learn them from first to last,
But it's hard to do cause they talk so damn fast.

You don't have a chance any way that you go,
Because you're only a dumb dodo;
But you'll get even for this some day,
When you're upperclassmen, there'll be hell to pay.

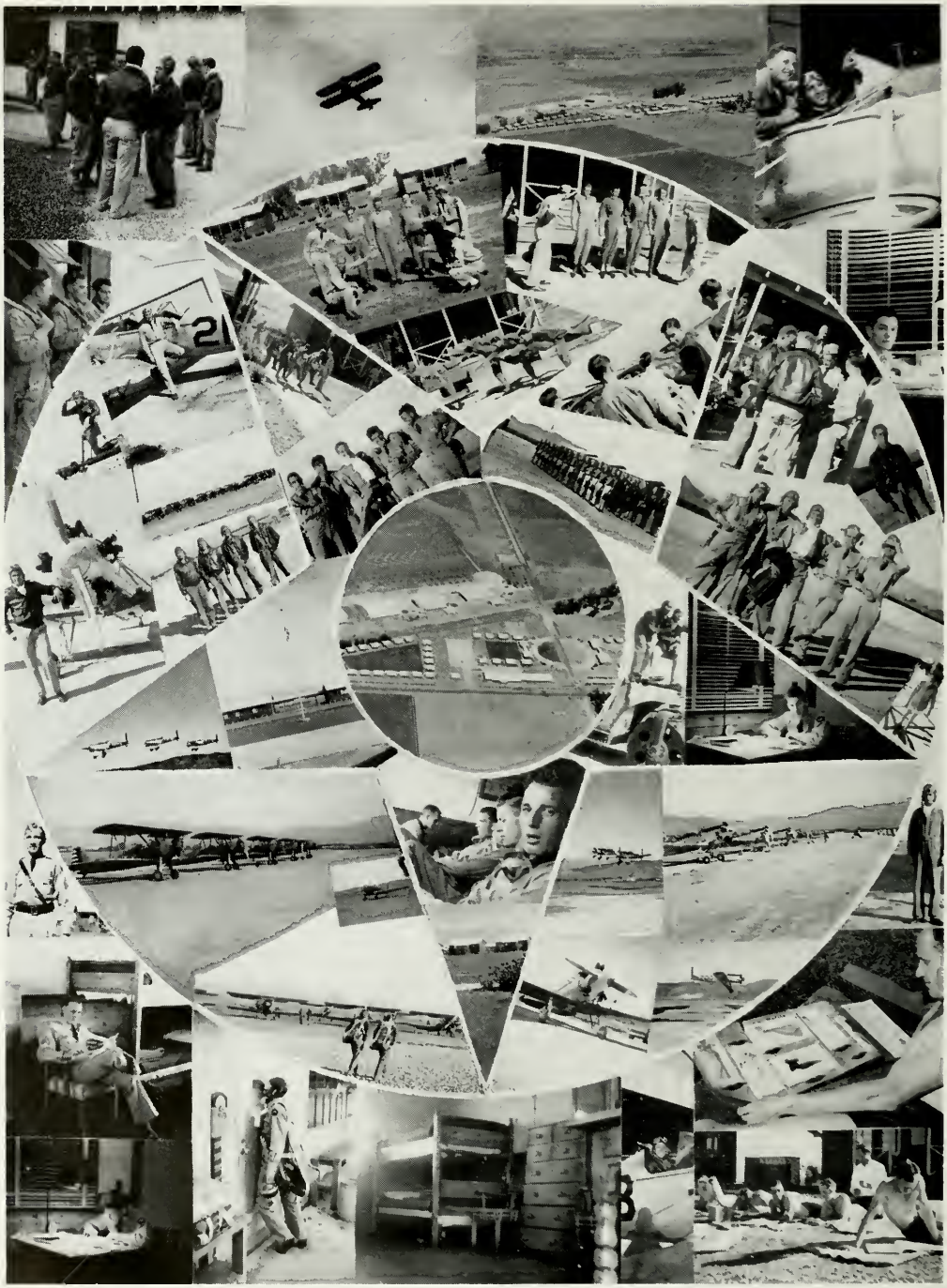
A/C Howard, J. W., 42-E

Little Herbie Bunting . . .
For wings he went a'hunting.
To Hemet came this dodo . . .
A'wanting bad to solo.

Oh weep a tear for Bunting,
Who had to do some stunting.
For sad was Bunting's fate,
When he had to regurgitate.

But weep for Bunting nevermore,
Who's head's as red as ghoulish gore,
For now his dodo days are past,
And his tummy's contents fast.

A/C Moser, R. R., 42-E



WHAT DODOS THINK

By A/C HORTON, H. E., 42-E

That a wind-sock is apparel for cold days.
That prop-wash is cleaning the prop.
That a steep bank is a bank with a high interest rate.
That a hangar is something to put clothes on.
That a snap-roll is something to eat.
That elevators are to ride in.
That stalling is beating around the bush.
That mushing is making love.
That a tachometer is used to measure tactics.
That a tour duty is a furlough.
That a wind tee is a breezy picnic.
That slipping a plane is to steal it.
That to peel-off is to undress.
That a Colonel is a nut.
That a medico is a pipe.
That the dispensary is a building dispensed with.

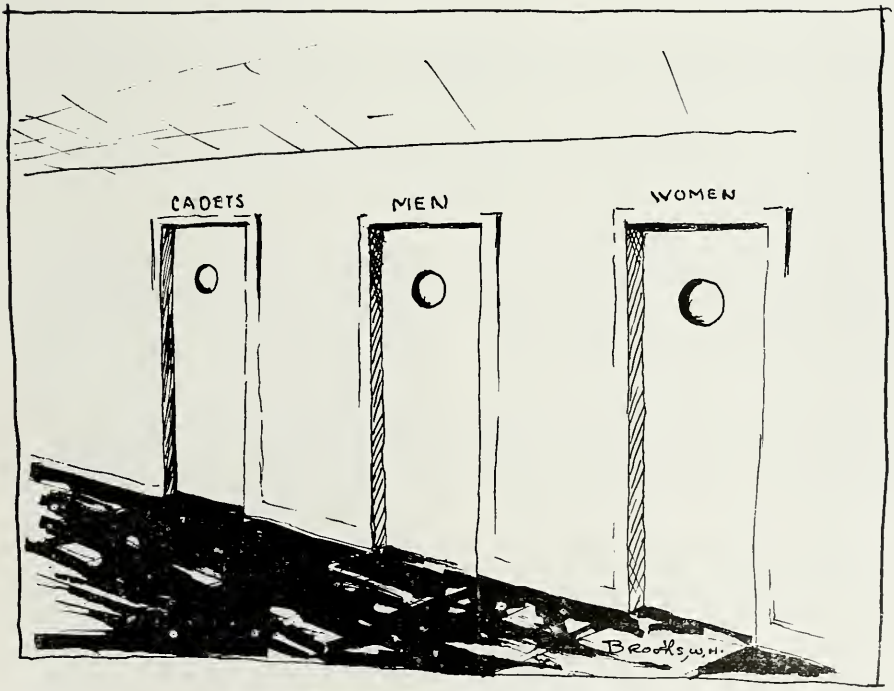
A PIECE OF POULTRY

The Dodo is a funny bird,
His wings are short, his tail is low;
His mating call is never heard,
He runs, but has no place to go.

Upon the ground his feathers glisten,
His beak is high, his eye is proud;
And always eager will he listen,
For the command to mount a cloud.

And when the call comes, watch him hustle,
Watch him spring with nimble leg;
He takes the air—what's all the bustle?
Darned if he hasn't laid an egg.

A/C Baldwin, J. B., 42-E



A Good Thing Carried Too Far.

A/C Szold, A. F., has suddenly acquired a large number of intimate buddies, due, naturally, to his pleasing personality. Unimportant is the fact that he recently discovered TWO girls from home living in an apartment in Los Angeles with ready access to a car.

Cadets John True and Philo French, those gentlemen of refinement, recently spent a lovely evening in Riverside dining, dancing, and being generally seen in the better spots. With them, as guests, were Mademoiselles Pat and Jean of Berkeley's Carnival, current at San Bernardino.

It's amazing what invigoration and **spirits** abound in a good **old fashioned** hay ride, even a **short one** from town through the **corn** field and past the cotton **gin.** This procedure is heartily endorsed by a large number of our cadets. As an extra treat some added genuine Riverside debutantes. E.g., Misters Golomb, Carmichael, Holt, Carter and Kemmerer. Others tried lemons.

Leland Rath is recommended herewith as "fixer upper" number one. Any little troubles that you may have can be immediately, promptly, and alertly, remedied by this able gentleman. References? Oh, quite! We will cite the incidence of the comely, dark-skinned bruette whom he readily dated at the "It Cafe" of the Hollywood Plaza Hotel. Oh, Yeah!

Attention Aviation examining board! We are turning over to you the name of an Aviation Cadet whom you mistakenly let pass with entirely bad eyes. There can be no doubt of it. Mr. Crombie has twice shown his eyesight to be defective. The first time she was crosseyed, and the second one was O.K. until her false teeth fell out.

Comparable to the Smith-Barr sojourn into Old Mehico, was "A" company's Mr. Munsch's safari into the bushland south of the Mason-Dixon line. Upon being asked for a statement he said, "It was all too short."

Mr. Henderson, of the Michigan transmission Hendersons, has gone commercial in his spare time. We understand he is now official demonstrator for the "Sixty Second Workout."

The newly acquired "bent over" posture of Mr. "Help-the-Dodos-all-you-can-Mitchell" is not from sitting in class too long: is it Inspector?

And on the stroke of twelve on the night of November 30, into the Somerset House walked the first blind man we have ever seen without a white cane or seeing-eye dog — and did he need 'em.

Ten dollars doesn't last long in L. A. Says Dodo Taylor, "I'll stick to Capistrano."

Two-thirds of the battalion staff was seen walking on the night of the play. The "military manner" was decidedly not that described F.M.-5.

Requests are coming in thick and fast for another performance of "George Washington Slept Here"—or at least the sequence of Uncle Stanley saying, "If you must have the truth, I haven't got a — cent. (Censors can certainly kill a good line, can't they?")—and Mr. Toms never did get any coffee and cake!

It is indeed comforting in times like these to see men striving for the finer things. We are proud to hear of the work of Mr. Briill, and give him our whole hearted support in his pursuit of the fine arts—even though he must go to the High School to get it, and we ain't foolin' about the pursuit!

To think of how close we came to having Betty Grable as a graduation guest, gives us all a thrill. Mr. Bender says, "I was only about ten feet from her when the waiter stopped me."

There seems to be an avid controversy over the subject of which is the best nickname for Donigan, T. P. One party is for I-salute-the-general-with-a-pipe-in-my-mouth Donigan, while the second group favors I-was-only-doing-acrobatics-to-scare-him-away Donigan.

Idea—Foster, A. L.

"I believe you're a little tense on the controls, Mr. Richards."

And then there was another Cadet who started out on a cross country flight. After running our of gas and cracking up fifty miles across the Mexican border, he wired the home port and asked what he should do.

The answer was—"Do you want to come after your clothes, or shall we send them to you?"

Moral: Each day before climbing into your ship catch yourself by the ears and lift, but not gently.

●————————

Dodo in conversation with an upperclassman:

"Yes, Sir."
"No, Sir."
"No excuse, sir."
"Yes, sir."
'No. Sir."

Curtain!

By A/C TOMS, B.M., 42-D

HIS HANDS trembled as he tied his tie for the third time. He was nervous, but then he had reason to be. This was the greatest moment of his life; the one he'd been waiting for. How'd he look? Okay? He took inventory for the sixth time—shoes shined, pants pressed—he hadn't dared sit down for fear of making the knees baggy—instrument shined—everything shipshape.

The time for his entrance drew nearer, and the fourth match made a heroic attempt to reach the end of the palsying cigarette. He paced back and forth, back and forth, his mind running wild.

He remembered the first time he had ever seen a trumpet—back in Central City on band concert night. He'd fallen for those shiny brass coils, and the pearl tipped valves, and the gold plated bell. He'd found his life's work that night.

Then came days and days of practicing, a never ending nightmare of scales; up 'em and down 'em, in his bedroom, out in the woodshed—anywhere that people weren't—chromatics, stacattos, lagattos, triple-tongues, double-tongues, everything. He recalled his first concert with the high school band—his first solo, for his mother's club.

After high school; college. That old horn had put him through. He'd made good money pushin' the middle valve down for a local jam gang, and how he'd loved it—mixin' it up for the hep cats, and servin' it hot. Givin' the 'gators takeoffs in fine shades of blue. Watchin' 'em cut the old rug into shreds, and listenin' to that heavenly jive. "Well all right!"

Then had come the lean years, when his stomach had overruled his heart, and had forced him to find a job with a more stable income. But he hadn't given up. Always he had kept the trumpet near to practice during spare moments—even though the boss hadn't had sense of music appreciation. And now he was reaping the fruit of that loyalty. Now he would be heard! This was his big chance!

As the minute hand reached the appointed hour, he gave himself a last look in the mirror, picked up the glistening instrument, and walked out. He stood there at attention, knees stiff lest they knock too violently, lips quivering slightly; and, as he raised the horn to his lips, the first strains of Revielle floated out upon the early morning air. "I can't get 'em up. I can't get 'em up. I can't get 'em up in the morning."

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

By A/C KORMAN, J. G., 42-E

"I thought you said switch **on.**"

"I brought my golf clubs to use in my spare time, sir."

"Let's sleep 'til reveille in the morning."

"I think I can make the field all right."

"This class is a good place to catch up on lost sleep."

"Sir, do you shift gears when you taxi?"

"Hey, you, what are those bars on your shoulder for?"

Idea—Heller

"I made a slight mistake on my Form 1, Sir."

"Contact"

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